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J. Edward Ekins.

THE

SPIRIT

OF THE

PUBLIC JOURNALS

FOR

1799.

THE

SPIRIT

OF THE

PUBLIC JOURNALS

FOR

1799.

BEING

AN IMPARTIAL SELECTION

OF THE MOST EXQUISITE

ESSAYS AND JEUX D'ESPRITS,

PRINCIPALLY PROSE,

THAT APPEAR IN THE

NEWSPAPERS AND OTHER PUBLICATIONS.

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

VOL. III.

NEW EDITION.

To be continued Annually.

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THE very rapid and extenſive ſale of the firſt two volumes of this Work has fully confirmed the Editor's opinion that ſuch a publication was much wanted, and induced him to believe, that, ſo long as it ſhall be conducted with judgment and impartiality, it will continue to be honoured with the patronage of the Public.

The Reader is reſpectfully aſſured, that no political bias has, in any one inſtance, affected the conduct of this Volume. Wit or humour, ſound ſenſe or juſt ſatire, have always ſecured inſertion to an article, without any regard to the party which it ſeemed deſigned to favour. If it be found, that the majority of the political

papers are ſtill on the anti-miniſterial ſide, it muſt be attributed to the cauſe aſſigned in the Preface to the Second Volume; namely, the paucity of articles poſſeſſing the requiſite qualifications, that have appeared in what are called the Government Journals.

It will not, however, eſcape notice, that the contents of this Third Volume are of a more miſcellaneous nature than thoſe of the preceding: a circumſtance which, it is believed, will render the Work more extenſively intereſting.

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SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL,

FARMER AND MANUFACTURER.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

JOHN Bull inherited from his anceſtors ſeven fertile and valuable farms, and a large ſheep-walk, which one of his forefathers did not come by very honeſtly: but this affair happened ſo long ago, that no degree of bad character attached itſelf to John on that account. By a fortunate marriage he alſo acquired a very large farm to the northward; about half the ſize of all his other farms, but not ſo fertile. It was however very valuable to John, becauſe there had always been diſputes about their marches, between John's anceſtors and thoſe of his wife; and theſe diſputes were generally decided by club law. Hence there were many bloody heads and broken limbs on both ſides, and the contending parties neglected their farms when they were engaged in theſe quarrels. The marriage therefore was equally favourable to both parties. But previous to his marriage he was engaged in ſeveral adventures, and after it his life was full of buſtle and enterpriſe. It would take ſeveral volumes to give a full hiſtory of his life and opinions, but the following ſketches will give ſome idea of his real character.

When John was young, he was too fond of hunting and of martial exercise to pay particular attention to his farm. Hence his crops of corn were very deficient, though his arable fields were extensive, and their soil was excellent. At that time he paid no regard to manufactures, but sold his wool to a company of weavers, who made it into cloth, and enriched themselves by selling their work at a very high price, owing to the fineness of John's wool. The money which he got from these weavers he expended on tournaments or tilting-matches with some neighbouring gentlemen; and though he always fought bravely, and sometimes carried off the prize, yet he got many bruises and dangerous wounds in these contests of chivalry. Thus in the giddiness of youth his arable lands were ill cultivated, and the price of his wool, the only thing he sold off his farm, was all squandered away in these unprofitable excursions: and all that John got, was the reputation of a brave fellow who was somewhat light-headed. But amidst all his youthful follies he showed unequivocal marks of great vigour of mind; and several rubs, which he met with in life, taught him reflection. Hence he grew wiser as he grew older; and by the time that he arrived at the age of manhood he began to improve his fields and attend to his flocks. Instead of keeping a multitude of idle people about him, who had no fixed employment, he divided his people into two classes. The first class was employed about his farm: but every man got a particular task assigned him. Some ploughed his fields, or wrought as labourers without doors: others made his ploughs, carts, waggons, and other implements of husbandry. The second class was employed as weavers and other manufacturers; for John, seeing the great riches which the above-mentioned company of weavers had gained from the superior quality of his wool, resolved to sell no more of it to strangers, but manufacture

manufacture it himself; and he prevailed on his people to learn the arts of weaving and manufacturing it. To encourage them to exert themselves, he gave them considerable privileges, and very good wages for their labour. In process of time he found great advantage from these regulations; though at first his people were a little awkward, and did not relish confinement. Instead of being Jack of all trades, but master of none, every one of John's servants became very expert at his particular employment. He had now the best ploughs, carts, and waggons in all the country, and also the best ploughmen and waggoners. His weavers manufactured his wool into the finest cloth; and John derived great advantages from their industry. He was naturally a man of observation, and an enterprising character; and he retained all the activity, after he had laid aside the folly, of youth. His marriage, which happened at this time, was a prudent one, and attended with many advantages. The people of John's old farms were free of disputes about their marches; and those on his wife's estate had had the same advantage in their turn, and found their condition altered much for the better. Instead of making excursions into John's fields that bordered on their own, carrying off his cattle, boiling the poor beasts in their own skins, and then making shoes of what had served them for a kettle, they now learned to improve their fields, and manufacture their wool, like John's other servants on his old and better cultivated farms. John was now equally successful as a farmer and manufacturer. As his whole property since his marriage was bounded by rivers or lakes in all directions, he could now have no disputes about the marches or boundaries of his lands; but having excellent streams for catching salmon and other kinds of fish, and wishing to carry his corn or cloth to market, or to bring manure to his lands, where it was too expensive, or even impracticable, to carry it in his

waggons, John ſaw it was neceſſary to encourage the building of a great number of boats, and to excite the ſame ſpirit among the watermen who managed theſe boats, as he had done among his weavers and farmers. At the ſame time being informed that ſome of the neighbouring gentry envied his proſperity, and were endeavouring to carry off his cattle and plunder his effects, he built ſeveral larger boats for the general ſecurity of his people. He ſelected the moſt expert of his watermen to man theſe boats, and alſo ſeveral landmen to act as centinels at proper ſtations. He had indeed ſome reaſon for theſe precautions: for a wrong-headed gentleman in the ſouth had once come, with a number of men and large boats, to take violent poſſeſſion of John's property; and more lately a quarrelſome old fellow had attempted to force John to take back an overſeer of his farms, whom John very properly turned off for bad behaviour. By theſe prudent means John was not only able to defend himſelf, but to overawe his troubleſome neighbours. He kept no ſlaves on any part of his farm, but his people were all freemen. In his youth they were bondmen, and wrought very little, becauſe their work was not their own; but John, when he came to man's eſtate, gave them all their liberty. Hence they were very much attached to him, and always ready to ſupport him. He had only one overſeer over all his farms, for John was too wiſe to have many overſeers. Alſo to encourage his people, he gave his farm ſervants a piece of land, his weavers a houſe and a loom, and his watermen a boat; and took a ſmall ſhare of their profits for his recompenſe. He likewiſe allowed them to make bye-laws, or regulations for cropping their grounds, ſelling their cloth, or fixing the freight of their boats, for their common intereſt. The overſeer was allowed to examine thoſe bye-laws, and to diſapprove of them if he thought them bad, or wiſhed to conſult John himſelf

ſelf concerning them. But if he once approved of theſe regulations, he was obliged to enforce them. His farmers exchanged his corn with his weavers, who gave them clothes and other neceſſaries in return. His watermen, who were the beſt watermen that ever plied an oar or ſpliced a rope, carried what John's people could ſpare to the neighbouring farms or villages, and ſometimes to farms at a conſiderable diſtance, and brought back in return whatever was wanted at home. In conſequence of all theſe exertions, John's own villages became populous, his lands were highly cultivated, and all his people happy. Inſtead of lying on ſtraw, in mean cottages, and even in John's great hall (which was the practice when he was a young man), they had all ſoft beds and comfortable houſes. Inſtead of depending upon the chance of killing any of the deer which roamed at large through the country during his minority, and often ſtarving for ſeveral days afterwards, they had all plenty of excellent bread and roaſt meat, and were both well clothed and well fed. They were ſtrong, wealthy, healthy, virtuous, and all free as their own thoughts. Theſe were John's beſt days; and though ſome diſcontented people think theſe days are gone, yet I would ſtill rent a houſe or a few acres of land from John Bull, ſooner than from any other perſon I know.

But though John is one of the worthieſt and beſt men in the world, a regard to truth obliges me to point out his foibles. I ſay his foibles; for I don't accuſe him of any intentional error or crime. But I muſt honeſtly ſtate the inſtances in which he has been miſinformed or ill adviſed.

Upon any falſe alarm, his watermen are taken by the neck and put on board John's large boats. For, with all his good qualities, he is rather credulous: and though he has more boats and far better watermen than any of his neighbours, he is too eaſily made to believe

that ſome of them are going to attack him, and carry off his cattle, or even take poſſeſſion of his lands. Indeed ſome of them are a little hare-brained and troubleſome at preſent. His centinels or landmen are hired for life, inſtead of watching only a limited time in their turn; and none but privileged perſons are allowed to deſtroy the moles which appear in his fields. On his old paternal eſtates, his ſhepherds, inſtead of being paid a fixed allowance for taking care of his flocks, are allowed to carry away a tenth part of all his corn. As they do not plough any themſelves, John did right to give them as much corn as would maintain their families. But he ſhould have given them a certain quantity, and then his farmers would not have complained, nor his lands have been neglected to be broken up. John knows this is a bad practice; but as it is an old one, he does not chooſe to aboliſh it. Another great error of John is, that his labourers are encouraged to be indolent, by receiving a certain allowance, when they will not work. This is falſe humanity; and all theſe things are hurtful to his old and beſt cultivated lands. On his wife's eſtate, by an equally bad old cuſtom, if a man once get a farm, his children are continued in it, though they ſhould neither cultivate the ſoil nor pay their debts; and the bye-laws are not ſo good on this eſtate, nor executed in the ſame way, as in his older and better improved farms. Theſe things certainly prevent its improvement; but were it not for them, it would ſoon be highly cultivated. John is really a friend to liberty: yet out of regard to ſome old rules of his forefathers, he ſometimes compels his labourers to work at any price he pleaſes. Alſo, no farmer is allowed to carry any corn off John's eſtate, without getting a preſent from John to take it away, when it is very cheap: and when it became too dear, John lately gave a much larger donation to bring it back again. In the *ſale* of his

his corn, likewiſe, John is a little whimſical. The full of his *hat* is the ſtandard of his corn-meaſures; and, unluckily, though John has but *one head* he has *four hats*, all differing ſomewhat in their ſize; and as John's farmers alſo uſe *their* hats for their corn-meaſures, the weavers are often hurt by theſe practices. Indeed it is a thing well known, that John's bye-laws at firſt were ſimple and wiſe: but they are now both more numerous and more obſcure. All theſe things hurt the intereſts of his people. Nay, what is more remarkable, their riches have hurt their health and their virtue. Some of his farmers are become ſo effeminate, that they will not work in all weathers. His weavers drink pretty freely; and one of them actually ſwallowed a bank note, to ſhow that he deſpiſed money. Hence they become bankrupts; and ſometimes help themſelves out of John's granaries or ſtore-houſes. John employs a phyſician, a ſurgeon, and an apothecary, and he has built an infirmary; but he has been unfortunate and ill-adviſed in this affair. The health of his people has not generally mended; but many of them have contracted the jail diſeaſe in the cloſe rooms of his infirmary; his phyſician is too partial to botany, and his ſurgeon deals too much in performing operations.

Farther, as before remarked, John is really a friend to liberty; yet ſome diſcontented perſons inſiſt, that he has of late been favourable to corruption, and has even ſometimes been a little arbitrary. "His people," it is ſaid, "are not regularly, or ſo often as formerly, convened to tell him what they want. They dare not ſpeak their minds, as they might formerly do, to his overſeer; nor meet, as before, to talk over their affairs. They are not allowed to do as they pleaſe with their property, though they pay their rent."—And it is even alleged, "that John has once or twice broken his word." It muſt be acknowledged, that while any of

the above abuſes prevail, there will be no economy in John's affairs; and that with all his extenſive and well-cultivated farms, and with all the exertions of his manufacturers and his watermen, John has got himſelf deeply in debt. He was at firſt put to a good deal of expenſe in getting rid of a wrong-headed overſeer, who, becauſe he ſucceeded John's *tutor*, and was called the *Steward*, fancied he was the *proprietor* of all John's eſtates. In order to puniſh that quarrelſome old fellow, who, as already mentioned, endeavoured to compel him to take back his overſeer, John entered into an agreement with ſome neighbouring gentlemen, which coſt him a great deal of money, but gained him ſome reputation. But this reputation did him no real ſervice; for his old paſſion for tilts and tournaments was not extinguiſhed, but revived in another form. Though his own marches and boundaries were perfectly clear, yet thoſe of his new friends and other neighbours were diſputable; and John became a ſelf-created juſtice of the peace; and often engaged with all his watermen, and many of his landmen or centinels, in ſettling the marches of his neighbours. He gave great ſums of money to thoſe who would accept of his arbitration. Inſtead of receiving, he actually gave, what is very unuſual, high fees merely to be employed as an advocate, where he was no judge at all. Had he ſtaid at home, and improved his fields, and attended to his manufactures, he would have acquired great riches; but by this imprudent conduct he got himſelf deeply in debt. And here one circumſtance deſerves to be particularly mentioned, as adding to his difficulties: his men of buſineſs, in order to get money of John, and ſometimes to get a little to themſelves, when they get only 60*l.* write down 100*l.* and when they got 100*l.* ſometimes wrote 180*l.* and even ſometimes 200*l.* in John's books. This made it extremely difficult for John to pay his debts; and when he

he happened to pay off any of his bonds, his agent told him, that the more money he paid to redeem one of them, it was ſo much the better, and a proof that he was getting rich. By all theſe methods he is ſo much involved in debt, that he is obliged to ſqueeze both his farmers and his weavers, and to do many odd things to get money. And after all, ſome think he never can retrieve his affairs.

But this opinion has been formed without duly conſidering John's reſources. He has extenſive and well-cultivated fields, populous villages, inhabited by thriving manufacturers, formerly called weavers, and boats manned with excellent watermen. If he keep at home within his own marches, and (were he once out of the preſent ſcrape he is in) leave his neighbours to ſettle their boundaries as they pleaſe, there is no fear of him. Let him only cultivate his fields, encourage his weavers and his watermen, and attend to whatever can make his people ſtrong, rich, healthy, virtuous, and free; and I will undertake that all ſhall yet be well with honeſt John Bull.

He muſt, however, change his meaſures, and make an effort to retrieve his affairs. Particularly as he cannot, in any preſſing exigency, do without his watermen, let him command their ſervices in the moſt gentle manner. Let all his young men be centinels or land-waiters in their turn. Let no man be hindered from catching moles, except in the harveſt ſeaſon, when all ſhould be employed in cutting down their corn. Let all his ſhepherds on his paternal eſtate be well paid for taking care of his flock; but let their wages be fixed, and not paid in ſuch a way as to hurt his farmers. Let no man be encouraged to be indolent; though his poor labourers ſhould be treated kindly. Let no man, who cannot cultivate his field or pay his debts, be allowed to keep his farm on John's northern eſtate, becauſe the man's grandfather or great uncle willed it ſo, or be-

cauſe ſuch a cuſtom has prevailed formerly; nor let there be any bye-laws or farming regulations on his wife's eſtate that are not on his paternal farms. Let John's ploughmen, his weavers, and his watermen, charge what they pleaſe for their wages, provided no man is bound to employ them. Let John alter the regulations both about the price and meaſure of his corn; and let all his bye-laws be plain and ſimple, that every ploughman, every waterman, and every weaver, may underſtand them. Let John reward every induſtrious ſervant, and diſcourage every ſpendthrift, and every ſilly fellow who will not work in all weathers. And where the health of his people is hurt by their own folly, let him truſt more to proper diet, and to air and exerciſe, than to quack medicines or keeping his people confined in cloſe rooms. Let his people be regularly called to lay open their caſe to him; and let his overſeer be obeyed, but reſpected and loved rather than dreaded. Let his people be allowed to ma[illegible] their property as they pleaſe; and let John's word be always ſacred. But eſpecially let John take proper ſteps for paying off his load of debt. Until this be done, his farmers will be diſpirited, his weavers diſcontented, and his watermen oppreſſed and ill-treated. His debts are now ſo great, that they cannot be paid at once; otherwiſe his people would find their intereſt in paying them. But, inſtead of paying John for every drop of ſpirits, ale, and even ſmall beer, which they drink, and every hat-full of malt or yard of cloth which they make, and a number of little articles about their clothes, their ſhoes and hats, for the houſes in which they dwell, for their windows which admit light in the daytime, or the candle which they uſe at night, for ſoap to ſhave their beards, and for powder to conceal their want of hair on their heads, let John Bull's people ſhow their attachment to one of the beſt fellows in the world, by paying every man a ſmall portion

portion of his income to clear off all the debts which John has promiſed to pay, whether juſt debts or not; only let the people who pay the money chooſe proper men to manage it to the beſt account; and let John Bull's overſeers and his clerks be all tied up in future from booking 200*l.* or 180*l.* or 112*l.* 10*s.* where John only got 97*l.* And where this falſe reckoning has been already made, let them get up John's bonds as cheaply as they can; and let John's managers, whether farmers, weavers, or watermen, be choſen by thoſe who give a conſiderable ſum annually to diſcharge his debts.

If ſuch meaſures be adopted, honeſt John will be relieved from all his difficulties. His ploughmen ſhall again *whiſtle* at their ploughs; his weavers ſhall *dance* at their looms; and his watermen ſhall give him *three cheers* from their boats.

A DREAM.

[From the True Briton.]

SIR,

I LIVE in a ſmall cottage in the weſt of England, and have been able by my labour to maintain myſelf and bring up a large family, without ever having had aſſiſtance from the pariſh, except in caſe of ſickneſs. It does not become men in my ſtation to trouble our heads much about public affairs; but notice having been given lately, that a meeting would be held in our veſtry to ſubſcribe to keep away the French, a good deal of converſation has ariſen upon that ſubject in the neighbourhood. Moſt people ſeemed to think, all ſhould contribute in proportion to their means; but a young man lately come from London, who ſaid he belonged to ſome clubs there, which met for no other purpoſe than to conſider the ſtate of the nation, told me and ſome more labouring men, as if in confidence,

that we ought not to give any thing; "for," ſays he, "the rich may well ſubſcribe to keep themſelves in poſſeſſion of their lands and fine houſes, but no change will place the poor in a worſe condition than they are in at preſent; and the French are not the enemies of the cottage, but of the palace."

While I was ſitting alone by my fireſide thinking over theſe things, I inſenſibly fell aſleep, and dreamt that the French were landed, the government overturned, and the people in our village aſſembled by proclamation to plant the tree of liberty. Methought we danced with all our might, men, women, and children, round a may-pole, with a red night-cap, inſtead of a garland, on the top of it. I then thought I returned home, when one of my ſons came to tell me the French ſoldiers were driving our cow (I have but one) off the common, and had beat him for endeavouring to prevent them. As I was going out of my houſe to put a ſtop to theſe doings, I ſeemed to ſee the young fellow I mentioned in the former part of my letter, with a large bunch of ribands in his hat, ſtanding near my door with a French officer. I deſired the young man to acquaint the French gentleman of the behaviour of his ſoldiers; but he told me they were very right; for that cattle were put in requiſition, which he explained to mean that the ſtate wanted them. On my expreſſing my ſurpriſe that the ſtate ſhould want my property, he told me mildly, that I was under a great miſtake; for that every thing poſſeſſed by individuals was the property of the public, and no man ought to call any thing his, till the demands of the ſtate were firſt ſatisfied. While he was expounding theſe matters to me, I heard a ſcream, and looking round, ſaw the French officer behaving with great indecency to one of my daughters: methought my fingers itched ſadly to knock Mounſeer down; but recollecting how things were, I only

ſnatched

ſnatched the girl from him, and aſked his companion, if my daughters too were the property of the public? to which he made no other anſwer than, that he ſaw I was not a good patriot; for if I were, I ſhould not have queſtioned the right of the ſtate to the cow, or been offended with one of the deliverers of my country for taking notice of my daughter. I thought the Frenchman ſaid nothing, but laughed in my face and pointed to his ſword, and then they ſtrutted away arm in arm.—Thunder-ſtruck at his behaviour, I thought I reſolved to go up to old Sir *William Worthy*, who has long acted as a juſtice of the peace in this neighbourhood; "for though," ſaid I to myſelf, "Sir *William* may not be in the commiſſion now things are changed, mayhap his Honour may be able to tell me how to get my cow again, and whether there is any law now to protect a man's daughter from being inſulted." So I ſeemed to lock up my doors, and ſet off for the old baronet's. It appeared, when I got there, as if every thing was in great diſorder; and there were no ſervants about. However, going forward, I found myſelf in the hall amongſt a number of people, men and women, drinking, with whom I was made to ſit down. I thought I aſked the man who ſat next me, what was become of his Honour, Sir *William*; but was told to take care how I mentioned that perſon again in thoſe terms, for that he was only a *citizen*, and moreover he was a bad citizen, for he was a vile ariſtocrat, and on that account in priſon. A man, towards the top of the table, then hollowed out to us to drink "The continuance of liberty." The toaſt appeared to me to be rather hard upon the poor gentleman in priſon, at whoſe expenſe we were drinking it; however, this did not ſeem to ſtrike any body elſe, and I did not dare make the obſervation aloud, after what I had heard; and ſo "The continuance of liberty" was drunk with much ſhouting.—Methought a ſecond toaſt, of "Deſtruction

ſtruction to all ariſtocrats," was received with ſtill greater acclamations of joy than the former; but after the noiſe had a little ſubſided, I ventured to aſk what an ariſtocrat was? Methought this queſtion was followed by a good deal of diſpute and altercation; for though all the company agreed that an ariſtocrat deſerved every thing that was bad, yet they did not ſeem ſo well to agree in deſcribing what kind of a perſon he was: one ſaid he was "a man born with an antipathy to liberty;" another, "one who had been at court;" a third, "one who had ſerved in the army or navy during the preſent war."—A nobleman, a clergyman, a 'ſquire, a judge, an exciſeman, a lawyer, an overſeer of the poor, and a keeper of the pariſh-workhouſe, were ſucceſſively mentioned as ariſtocrats. Some ſaid, they were ſuch as rode in their own coaches, or uſed hair-powder; and a ſhabby-looking man, who ſat not far from me, aſſerted with an oath, that every man who wore fine clothes was an ariſtocrat, caſting his eyes, as he ſpoke, upon my coat, which methought was the ſame I uſually wear on Sundays and holidays, made of good ſecond cloth with white metal buttons.

During the confuſion which this converſation occaſioned, I ſeemed to have eſcaped from this drunken ſet, and was walking along towards the parſonage-houſe. "Perhaps," ſaid I to myſelf, "ſome conſolation may be found here; our worthy clergyman has often ſpoken comfort to me before now, when I have been in trouble." The parſonage, however, being a pleaſant ſpot, appeared to have been taken poſſeſſion of as a lodging by ſome of the French officers; ſo not being likely to get much good there, I thought I reſolved to go back and look after my family. My way from thence home lay through the church yard, and I was grieved to ſee the church ſpire, which had been new leaded but lately, torn down, and the church itſelf all unroofed: on looking in, the pews too, I ſaw, were all broken

broken down, and the chancel full of horſes, being converted into a ſtable for the French troopers. The tombſtones and monuments ſeemed all overturned or defaced; and I thought a large figure, which the lord of the manor had lately put up in remembrance of his wife, had been taken down from the ſide of the church, where it uſed to ſtand, and was fixed up againſt a yew-tree, with this inſcription underneath it in large letters: "*Sleep—Death is nothing but eternal ſleep.*"

Hurrying from this place with feelings very different from thoſe I uſed to bring away from it, I did not much wonder, as I came near the ſpot where the ſtocks ſtood, to ſee them broken and half burned, for I had long ſince heard ſeveral perſons in the village complain of them as an abominable monument of ſlavery, though for my part I never ſaw much harm in them, and indeed they had not been uſed for many years. Near the remains of the ſtocks, methought there was a great crowd of French and Engliſh, but moſtly French, laughing and ſhouting, and making a great noiſe round a kind of wooden ſtage. I went near to learn the cauſe of their merriment, imagining it was ſome public ſhow or fight, ſuch as we have at fair-time. On the ſtage ſtood a kind of ſcaffolding made of two beams placed upright, and a large piece of wood acroſs; and there was alſo on it a man lying all along. I thought I ſtopped to ſee what was going forward, ſuppoſing the man on the ſtage was going to tumble, or perform ſome extraordinary feat for the amuſement of the people; when on a ſudden, a rope being looſened, the croſs piece of wood came down with a loud noiſe, and chopped off his head in an inſtant. One of the Frenchmen then lifting it up, called out, "*Long live the nation!*" in which the others joined, and kicking the body on one ſide, with no more regard than if it had been the carcaſe of a dog, he laid another man in the ſame place; and methought before

before one could have told twenty, the ſecond man's head was off too; on which the Frenchman, and a few of the mob ſtanding round, called out as before. "The Lord have mercy upon us!" quoth I to myſelf; "the nation won't live long at this rate." My heart now ſeemed to ſink within me, and I thought I returned home as quick as I could, when, as I was ſitting before the fire, quite ſick with the ſight I had juſt left, but reflecting how exactly all I had been witneſſing, agreed with the account that one of our farmer's ſons, who had been abroad, had given us of what had happened in other countries where the French had got footing, I ſeemed to hear a loud knocking at my houſe-door: I began now to fear it was my turn to be laid along the bloody ſtage—when I awoke ſuddenly from my dream, and was rejoiced to find that nothing of what had been paſſing in my mind, was founded on reality, except the noiſe at the door, which was occaſioned by one of my neighbours, who came to aſk me to walk with him to the veſtry. I need hardly ſay, I went with him to contribute my mite very readily, being ſtrongly inclined to think that a change may place the poor in a worſe condition than they are in at preſent. When we got to the meeting, I told my dream to ſeveral of the perſons aſſembled, and believe it had ſome effect in increaſing the ſubſcription. In caſe you think any part of it worth communicating to the public, I have ſent it you, Sir; and am

Your obedient humble ſervant,

JOHN BRITON.

DESCRIP-

DESCRIPTION OF THE TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS,

GOLDEN FOOT, OR GUINEA.

[From the Freemaſons' Magazine.]

Extract of a Letter, by way of Introduction.

"SOMETIME ſince died in Germany, of old age, one Petrus Gaulterus, a man well known in the learned world, and famous for nothing ſo much as for an extraordinary collection which he had made of the Chryſipi, an animal or vegetable, of which I doubt not but there are *ſtill* ſome to be found in England: however, if that ſhould be difficult, it may be eaſy to ſend ſome over to you, as they are at preſent very plentiful in theſe parts. I can anſwer for the truth of the facts contained in the paper I ſend you, as there is not one of them, but what I have ſeen repeated above twenty times, and I wiſh others may be encouraged to try the experiments over again, and ſatisfy themſelves of the truth by their own eyes. The accounts of the Chryſipi, as well as the collection itſelf, were found in the cabinet of the above-mentioned Petrus after his death; for he could never be prevailed on to communicate of either, while alive. I am, Sir, &c."

We ſhall content ourſelves with giving the following extracts from the account of the learned philoſopher above alluded to:

The ſize of the body of a Chryſipus varies according to its different ſpecies.

I know two ſpecies only*, differing in extent almoſt one half; which, for diſtinction ſake, I call the *whole Chryſipus*. The latter of theſe is by no means ſo valuable as the former.

* A third has been diſcovered ſince the philoſopher's time. Theſe are now little known, and held in ſmall eſtimation except by *collectors* and *old women*.

I have

I have not, after the minuteſt obſervation, been able to ſettle with any degree of certainty, whether this be really an animal or a vegetable, or whether it be ſtrictly neither, or rather both. For as I have, by the help of my microſcope, diſcovered ſome of its parts to reſemble thoſe of a lion; I have at other times taken notice of ſomething not unlike the *flower-de-luce*. On their extremity (if they are not very old) may be ſeen certain letters, forming the names of ſeveral of our kings; whence I have been almoſt inclined to conclude, that theſe are the flowers mentioned by Virgil, and which appear to have been ſo extremely ſcarce in his time.—What has principally diſſuaded me from an opinion of its being an animal is, that I could never obſerve any ſymptoms of voluntary motion: but, indeed, the ſame may be ſaid of an oyſter, which I think is not yet ſettled by the learned to be *abſolutely* a vegetable.

But though it hath not, or ſeems not, to have any progreſſive motion of its own; yet it is very eaſy to communicate a motion to it. Indeed ſome perſons have made them fly all over the town with great velocity.

What is ſaid of the polypus, by a learned writer of the laſt age, is likewiſe applicable to the Chryſipus:—"They make uſe of their progreſſive motion, when communicated to them, to place themſelves conveniently, ſo as to catch their prey.—They are voracious animals; they lay their ſnares for numbers of ſmall inſects;—as ſoon as any of them touches one of them it is caught."

But then it differs from the polypus in the conſequence: for, inſtead of making the *inſect* its prey, it becomes itſelf a prey to it; and inſtead of conveying an *inſect* twice as large as its own mouth into it, in imitation of the polypus, the poor Chryſipus is itſelf conveyed into the *loculus* or pouch of an *inſect* a thouſand times as large as itſelf. Notwithſtanding which,

which, this wretched animal (for ſo I think I may be allowed to call it) is ſo eager after its prey, that if the *inſect* (which ſeldom happens) makes any reſiſtance, it ſummons other Chryſipi to its aid, which in the end hardly ever fail of ſubduing it, and getting into its pouch.

A Chryſipus, *by the ſingle contact of my own finger, has ſo cloſely attached itſelf to my hand, that by the joint and indefatigable labour of ſeveral of my friends it could by no means be ſevered, or made to quit its hold.*

I have ſome of them, that have greatly *multiplied under my eyes*, and of which I might almoſt ſay, that they have produced young ones from all the exterior parts of their body. I have learned, by a *continual attention* to the two ſpecies of them, that all the individuals of theſe ſpecies produce young ones.

I have for ſixty years had under my eye thouſands of them; and though I have *obſerved them conſtantly and with attention*, ſo as to watch them night and day, I never obſerved any proceſs like the common animal copulation.

I tried at firſt two of them; but theſe I found would not produce a complete Chryſipus; at leaſt I had reaſon to think the operation would be ſo ſlow, that I muſt have waited ſome years for its completion. Upon this I tried a hundred of them together; by whoſe marvellous union (whether it be that they mix totally, like thoſe heavenly ſpirits mentioned by Milton, or by any other proceſs not yet revealed to human wit) they were found, at the year's end, to produce three, four, and ſometimes five complete Chryſipi. I have, indeed, often made them in that ſpace produce *ten* or *twenty*; but this has been by ſome held a dangerous experiment, not only to the parent Chryſipi themſelves, which have by theſe means been utterly loſt and deſtroyed, but even to the philoſopher who hath attempted it: for as ſome curious perſons have, by hermetic

tic experiments, endangered the loſs of their teeth, ſo we, by a too intenſe application to this Chryſipean philoſophy, have been ſometimes found to endanger our ears.

A Chryſipus of the larger kind may be divided into one-and-twenty ſubſtances (whether animal or vegetable we determine not), every ſubſtance being at leaſt as large as the original Chryſipus. Theſe may again be ſubdivided, each of them into twenty-four; and what is very remarkable, every one of theſe parts is heavier and rather larger than the firſt Chryſipus. The only differenee in this change is that of the colour; for the firſt ſort are *yellow*, the ſecond *white*, and the third reſemble the complexion and ſubſtance of many human faces.

Theſe ſubdivided parts are by ſome obſerved to loſe, in a great degree, their adhereſcent quality: notwithſtanding which, Gaulterus writes, that from the minuteſt obſervations upon his own experience, they all adhered with equal tenacity to his own fingers.

As to the age of the Chryſipus (ſays our philoſopher), it differs extremely; ſome being of equal duration with the life of man; and ſome of ſcarce a moment's exiſtence. The beſt method of preſerving them is, I believe, in bags or cheſts in looſe numbers; *for they ſeldom live long when they are alone.* Some think, and think very properly, they never can put enough of them together. If they are put into the pocket ſingly or in pairs, they will laſt but a very little while—and in ſome pockets not even a day.

The Chryſipus is to be looked for in old houſes, behind wainſcots; and in ſcrutores: in ſearching for them, particular regard is to be had to the perſons who inhabit, or have inhabited in the ſame houſes; by obſerving which rule, you may often prevent throwing away your labour. They love to be rather with old than young perſons, and deteſt finery ſo much, that they

they are ſeldom to be found in the pockets of the gay and faſhionable.—They appear to have an averſion to the pockets of court dreſſes, and are very rare indeed in gilded palaces.—They are ſometimes very difficult to be met with, even though you know where they are, by reaſon of *pieces of wood, iron*, &c. which muſt be removed before you can get at them.

The virtues of the Chryſipus would occupy a whole volume.—A ſingle one ſtuck on the finger, will make a man talk for a full hour; nay, will make him ſay whatever the perſon who ſticks it on requeſts: and again, if you deſire ſilence, it will as effectually ſtop the moſt loquacious tongue. Sometimes indeed one, or two, or even twenty, are not ſufficient; but if you apply the proper number, they ſeldom, or never, fail of ſucceſs. It will likewiſe make men blind or deaf, as you think proper; and all this, without doing the leaſt injury to the ſeveral organs.

Secondly—It has a moſt miraculous quality of turning black into white, or white into black.—Indeed it has the power of the priſmatic glaſs, and can from any object reflect what colour it pleaſes.

Thirdly—It is the ſtrongeſt love-powder in the world, and hath ſuch efficacy on the female ſex, that it hath often produced love in the fineſt women to the moſt worthleſs and ugly, old and decrepit among mortal men.

To give the ſtrongeſt idea, in one inſtance, of the ſalubrious quality of the Chryſipus,—it is a medicine which the phyſicians are ſo fond of taking themſelves, that few of them care to viſit a patient without ſwallowing a doſe of it.

AN

AN ALLEGORICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE LAND OF PROMISE.

ON the firſt day of April, going upon a fool's venture, I embarked on board the good ſhip Expectation, Captain Courtly commander, which ſet ſail directly for the Land of Promiſe. After we had paſſed the Cape of Good Hope, we ſteered towards the Fortunate Iſlands, and with a fair wind ſoon arrived at the end of our voyage, and put into port.

We were all along very much deceived with reſpect to the diſtance; for when we thought ourſelves cloſe upon the coaſt, we found, by our ſoundings, that we were yet a great way off land, and the utmoſt ſpeed we could make ſcarce brought us nearer.—Nothing indeed could be more enchanting than the proſpect we ſtill had before our eyes of this country afar off: the mountains ſeemed to be covered with gold, the vales to gliſten with precious ſtones, the trees to be laden with the richeſt fruit, and the rivers to flow with milk and honey: the breezes that blew towards us, wafted the moſt refreſhing ſweets: nor could we perceive the leaſt cloud in the ſerene ſky, but the ſun ſhone continually with the moſt dazzling luſtre: in ſhort, every thing tempted us to advance, with an appearance of uninterrupted joy and happineſs.

As ſoon as we had landed, I found the inhabitants in a perpetual hurry of buſineſs, running to and fro, regardleſs of every body but themſelves, and wearing the face of care and importance.—There was a prodigious crowd ſtill puſhing on towards the principal city, called Favour; the entrance to which was guarded by the ſtrong gate of Intereſt, and nobody was allowed to go in by any other way. We ſaw many conſtantly preſſing forward for admittance, and as conſtantly repulſed: yet ſome of them took to the fortreſs of Hope, where they waited for a more favourable opportunity.

There

There are innumerable air-caſtles ſcattered all over this diſtrict, which the people are continually amuſing themſelves in building up, and pulling down; but the greateſt of all is the caſtle of Vanity, from the ramparts of which are diſplayed enſigns of blue, red, and green ribands. Some few, conducted by Pride, bent their ſteps thither; but the moſt part had their eyes fixed on the Grand Treaſury, the acceſs to which is ſtrongly barricadoed by authority. Some ſmall portions of the wealth lodged in this repoſitory are dealt out in the form of bribes, penſions, and ſecret ſervices: the reſt is divided among the chief keepers.

In the heart of this country there is a very high promontory, called Ambition, on the top of which is ſeated the grand palace of Preferment. Numbers were ſeen daily labouring to climb up to it, but came tumbling down again, and were daſhed upon the rocks of Diſappointment. Some indeed, who took the high road for Dependency, got *places* therein, and others ſtole into it through the bye-paths of Patriotiſm. Thoſe who aſpired to the lofty pinnacle of Power, endeavoured to turn others out, and put themſelves in their room: but this is a very tottering ſituation; for, during my ſhort ſtay among them, I ſaw ſeveral thrown down, and thoſe very perſons advanced whom they had before ſerved in the ſame manner.

I can ſay very little as to the religion profeſſed in the Land of Promiſe; diſſimulation and hypocriſy being openly practiſed among them. The ſect of Independents is entirely unknown to them; nor have they any Freethinkers. Indeed there is ſcarce any one has an opinion of his own, but (according to the ſtrict ſubordination obſerved among them) the inferior borrows his ſentiments from the ſuperior. This is very remarkable in two houſes, as they are called, where almoſt every one ſpeaks as he is ordered.

As to their manners, they are exceeding polite and complaiſant.

complaiſant. You are ſure to receive a ſmile, a ſqueeze of the hand, a nod, or a bow, from every body you addreſs yourſelf to. They are always mighty glad to ſee you, are your very humble ſervants, profeſs the higheſt eſteem for you, are ready to do you any ſervice, and you may command them; but their memory is unhappily very ſhort, and ſometimes they forget they ever knew their moſt intimate acquaintance. They are particularly fond of procraſtination; and *to-morrow* is a word continually in their mouths, but they are unwilling to do any thing *to-day*. Their hearts and their tongues are at a very great diſtance, and you muſt generally interpret what they ſay by the rule of contrary.

Through the middle of this country runs along the ſmooth river of Attendance, whoſe tide is very even and gentle. The people are conſtantly rowing down the ſtream; but ſometimes it happens, that, being quite ſpent, and unable to ſteer their barks properly, they are overwhelmed in the gulf of Deſpondency, or ſwallowed up in the quickſands of Deſpair.

ODE TO A PIG,

WHILE HIS NOSE WAS BORING.

[From the Expreſs.]

HARK! hark! that pig—that pig! the hideous note,
More loud, more diſſonant, each moment grows—
Would one not think the knife was in his throat?
And yet they 're only boring through his noſe.

Thou fooliſh beaſt, ſo rudely to withſtand
Thy maſter's will, to feel ſuch idle fears!
Why, Pig, there 's not a lady in the land
Who has not alſo bor'd and ring'd her ears.

Pig! 't is your maſter's pleaſure—then be ſtill,
And hold your noſe to let the iron through—
Dare you reſiſt your lawful ſov'reign's will?
Rebellious ſwine! you know not what you do!

To

To man o'er ev'ry beaſt the pow'r was given;
Pig, hear the truth, and never murmur more!
Would you rebel againſt the will of Heaven?
Thou impious beaſt, be ſtill, and let them bore!

The ſocial pig reſigns his natural rights
When firſt with man he covenants to live;
He barters them for ſafer ſtye delights,
For grains and waſh, which man alone can give.

Sure is proviſion on the ſocial plan,
Secure the comforts that to each belong:—
Oh, happy ſwine! th' impartial ſway of man
Alike protects the weak pig and the ſtrong.

And you reſiſt! you ſtruggle now becauſe
Your maſter has thought fit to bore your noſe!
You grunt in flat rebellion to the laws
Society finds needful to impoſe!

Go to the foreſt, piggy, and deplore
The miſerable lot of ſavage ſwine!
See how the young pigs fly from the great boar,
And ſee how coarſe and ſcantily they dine!

Behold their hourly danger, when who will
May hunt or ſnare and ſeize them for his food!
Oh, happy pig! whom none preſumes to kill
Till your protecting maſter thinks it good!

And when, at laſt, the cloſing hour of life
Arrives (for pigs muſt die as well as man),
When in your throat you feel the long ſharp knife,
And the blood trickles to the under pan:

And when at laſt, the death-wound yawning wide,
Fainter and fainter grows th' expiring cry,
Is there no grateful joy, no loyal pride,
To think that for your maſter's good you die?

THE DUTY OF THE SATIRICAL MUSE.

WITH AN ALLUSION TO THE AUTHOR OF THE "PURSUITS OF LITERATURE."

[From the "Progreſs of Satire."]

——SEEK the noble praiſe of him who draws
His pen in Virtue's and Religion's cauſe,
And mark what awful ſcenes, what deeds conſpire
To rouſe the patriot's zeal, the poet's fire!
See the cool ſophiſt, with collected mind,
Spread poiſon, rage, deſtruction o'er mankind!
See baſe Oppreſſion, uncontroll'd by ſhame,
In Freedom's garb, uſurping Freedom's name!
See, Britain, thy triumphant flag unfurl'd!
Thy ſons undaunted, "'midſt a falling world!"
And oh! while yet thy gen'rous bands maintain
True Freedom's empire o'er the circling main,
Senſe, Learning, Genius, in thy cauſe unite!
Be bold in eloquence, as firm in fight!
"Senſe, Genius, Learning, Wit, in me combine,"
A nameleſs Sat'riſt cries—"all, all are mine!
'T is mine, by keen unerring judgment grac'd,
To reign deſpotic arbiter of taſte,
To awe by myſtic threats the paſſive town,
Raiſe by a ſmile, extinguiſh by a frown,
And brand the name of each devoted wight,
But hide my own, ſecur'd by friendly night."
Alas! can pride to ſuch importance raiſe
A wretched mortal, puff'd by tranſient praiſe?
Thou, who no faults, no weakneſs canſt excuſe,
Hear thy own merits from th' ingenuous Muſe;
Who, proud all juſt diſtinctions to admit,
Proclaims thee half a poet, half a wit;
Now vig'rous, ſpirited, almoſt ſublime,
Now tagging feeble words to feeble rhyme;
Now arm'd, 'gainſt daring crimes, in Virtue's cauſe,
Now meanly cavilling at petty flaws;
Now candid, now by prejudice debas'd,
(A bigot's principles, a pedant's taſte;)
Prompt to repel Religion's barbarous foes,
Yet cruſh her ſons, and aggravate their woes;

And

And blending love of truth and zeal for right
With bloated arrogance and envious ſpite.
Nor think, howe'er ſhe boaſt her motley rhymes,
Thy ſhapeleſs Muſe ſhall live to after-times.
No! though, ſuſtain'd by mean unworthy art,
She feed each baſer paſſion of the heart,
Indignant Virtue yet ſhall mark thy ſhame,
And Juſtice blot thee from the rolls of Fame.
Thus Faſhion's praiſe allur'd the Sat'riſt's lay
To trifling themes that periſh with the day,
Bade him to fleeting modes adapt his mind,
Nor trace the bolder features of mankind;
And thus keen Ridicule, which, well applied,
Checks full-blown arrogance and upſtart pride,
Inſpir'd by ſelf-conceit, at random throws
Its wanton ſhafts, confounding friends and foes.
But you, ye candid few, whoſe gen'rous praiſe
Can beam on Merit's unpreſuming lays,
Whom ſacred truth can charm, whom Heav'n has grac'd
With native ſenſe, with independent taſte,
Aſſert your ſacred rights! fulfil your truſt!
And, ſpurning Faſhion's ſway, ſtill dare be juſt!
Nor you, ye injur'd bards! who ſcorn to pay
Baſe homage to the minion of the day,
Retort his ſneering proſe, or flippant rhyme,
But calmly wait the juſt award of time.
Britain, at length awak'd, ſhall own your claim,
Shall yield the full, the laſting meed of fame,
And ſtamp with juſt applauſe your honeſt page,
Secur'd from Envy's hate and Faction's rage.

A CHAPTER OF OHS!

WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN MORRIS.

OH what miraculous times!
Oh what wonders of wonders!
Oh what a ſeries of crimes!
Oh what a number of blunders!

Oh what pulling and tugging!
Oh what myriads do fall!
Oh what a deal of humbugging!
Oh about nothing at all!
Fal de rol lol de rol, &c.

Oh what a baby and nurſe!
Oh how Miniſters prate!
Oh what a Treaſury purſe!
Oh what ſedition of late!
Oh what a trifle of taxes!
Oh what cutting of throats!
Oh what a wanting of axes!
And *oh!* what turning of coats!
Fal de rol, &c.

Oh what a plenty of money!
Oh what faithful allies!
Oh what crimping ſo funny!
Oh what a number of ſpies!
Oh what a grand levee-day!
Oh for the hounds and the buck!
Oh how the Dutch ran away!
And *oh!* what an Orange to ſuck!
Fal de rol, &c.

Oh for a Corſican crown!
Oh for informers in pay!
Oh for a plot to go down!
Oh for a fleet at Torbay!
Oh for a treaſon repaſt!
Oh for a bundle of cords!
Oh for a general faſt!
And *oh!* for a ſtring of new lords!
Fal de rol, &c.

Oh that the French would but fight!
Oh how we pepper our foes!
Oh how we ſwim in delight!
Oh how we're led by the noſe!
Oh with what wiſdom we rule!
Oh how we conquer each evil!
Oh how the nation we fool!
And *oh!* how we drive to the devil!
Fal de rol, &c.

THE

THE PLAGUES OF AN ELECTION.

[From the Public Ledger.]

SIR,

I HAVE taken up my pen twice or thrice a day for the laſt week, with a view to write to you on certain ſubjects, but have as often laid it down:—"Pooh! (ſaid I to myſelf,) what ſignifies writing about the war, and the funds, and the police, &c. when the papers contain nothing but election matters?" and on this reflection conſtantly threw away the pen. I have, however, once more ventured to take it up, becauſe my ſubject having ſome connexion with the Election, will, I hope, be admitted, and even read. It is neceſſary to premiſe, I have no candidate to recommend, no intereſt to promote—I leave all ſuch buſineſs to "thoſe whom it may concern;"—but I am to repreſent the hardſhips which we quiet and orderly people ſuffer during a conteſted city election.

In truth, Sir, I can do no buſineſs, partake of no pleaſure, and go no where, without having this Election thruſt down my throat. If I meet a friend in the ſtreets, the good old *How do ye do?* is forgotten, and I am ſaluted with—"Well, and how does the poll go on?" If I go to dine with a party, the whole converſation turns on the Election.

Give me leave to help you to a bit of fiſh—Polled two hundred in a day—A little butter if you pleaſe, Sir—As to *his* coming in, there can be no doubt—Some bread, John—The poll was rather flat for ſome time—Two glaſſes of ſherry, John, for Mr. —— and me—He muſt ſpend a deal of money—Another bit of chicken, Mr. ——? I certainly do think him a very proper perſon to repreſent—A gooſe and green peas, Gentlemen—O! depend upon it, he'll be left out—A leg or a wing, Sir?—The numbers were nearly equal at two o'clock—A glaſs of ſmall beer—His intereſt is not

ſo ſtrong as ſome people thought—Cheſhire or Glouceſter, Sir? &c. &c.—And thus every mouthful I take ſmells and taſtes of the poll.

I went yeſterday to preſent a bill for payment. The tradeſman looked at it, and ſhook his head. I begged to know if it was right. "Right, Sir, I don't know what you mean by right; but by G—d I'll bet you a bottle there has been ſome d—'d miſtake." I begged to look at the bill again; but, ſmiling, he told me, that a name on it had brought *his friend* into his head, and then he paid the bill; and aſked me, "What I thought of the buſineſs at Guildhall?" I made ſome ſort of anſwer, and haſtily took my leave, perceiving the poor gentleman was *bit*.

Another gentleman I had to call upon on a very different buſineſs, for I had that morning received a letter from Nottingham, informing me of the death of his ſiſter, and requeſting I would inform him of it in ſuch a manner as not to ſhock his feelings, for he is rather tender-hearted.—I found him in his country-houſe, and as ſoon as I entered he flew to me with, "Well! Mr. Meekly, have you been at Guildhall?" "No:—but I have a very unpleaſant piece of news to give you."

"The devil you have? Why, Mr. —— is not on the wrong ſide, is he?"

"No ſuch matter."

"O! then, perhaps Mr. —— has gained upon him by this day's poll."

"No ſuch thing.—I beg you will let me adviſe you not to be too much ſhocked—for—your ſiſter is—dead!"

"Dead! Judy dead! poor woman, ſhe has long been ill!—Well! Heaven has been pleaſed to take her away from this evil world."

"Ay—ſhe was indeed a good creature—one of the *elect!*"

"Elect!

"Elect!—Now you talk of the elect, Mr. Meekly, pray what do you really think of this Election? For my part, I hope and fear, and wiſh and imagine, and think—but I declare I don't know what to think."

"You know I never mind election matters---and ſo, Good day—there is the letter I received—"

"What! have you received a letter, and from whom? I hope you will not deſert us.—We want a few plumpers."

Finding it in vain to reaſon with this madman, I left the letter from Nottingham for his peruſal in ſome lucid interval. In going along the ſtreets, I was ſtopt often by my friends with—*Have you polled—Who are you for?---Have you been at the Hall?*—and—*What is your opinion?*—ſo that I determined to go home, and lock myſelf and family up for a week, ſending out the ſervant only for proviſions, and to ſee no company until I could converſe with them on proper and equal terms.

Home I reached at laſt, and told my wife my hardſhips, and that I hoped I ſhould at leaſt be quiet there; and for ſome hours I enjoyed ſome eaſe, when my ſervant returned from an errand with a bunch of ribands in his hat, ſufficient to laſt a *dreſſy* lady for a month—"You dog you," ſaid I, "how dare you appear before me with that cockade?—Go directly, and take it out of your hat, elſe I 'll turn you out of the houſe."—He obeyed, but went muttering out of the room; the only words I heard were "for ever!"—I enjoined my wife not to let that fellow come near me until the election was over.

Yeſterday evening, as I became tired of my confinement, I ſtole out after dark to ſmoke a pipe with a few friends, whoſe good ſenſe I knew would prevent the infection; and as moſt of them were not liverymen, I preſumed that the ſecurity was the greater: but what was my ſurpriſe, when, on entering the room,

more than half a dozen voices hailed me with "Have you got the ſtate of the poll?" This was enough: I decamped inſtantly, and determined to leave town: in purſuance of this reſolution, I went to-day to dine with a friend at Hackney.—Here, thought I, I ſhall be ſafe.—I had not, however, been half an hour in the houſe, before my hoſt very anxiouſly inquired, "if I was not a freeholder?"

Alas! thought I,——

Incidi in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdin—

which may be tranſlated, I have eſcaped the *City*, only to be devoured by the *County*.

Such, Sir, is my unfortunate ſituation at preſent; and nothing ſupports me under this preſſure of misfortunes, but the hopes that it will ſoon be over; for, although I read your paper with pleaſure at all times, yet nothing can ever be a greater delight to me, than to read *Final Cloſe of the Poll*, which, when it happens, I beg you will print in large letters, that they may, at one glance, catch my eye, and rejoice my heart.

I am, Sir, yours,

THOMAS MEEKLY.

Fenchurch Street.

NAVAL GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the Oracle.]

Diſpatches on Tueſday Morning arrived at the Political Admiralty, brought by Captain Yeoman Uſher of the Black Rod Frigate, from Rear-Admiral Report, dated Palace-Yard Bay, 6th of March 179-. *They contain the following Account of the Action of that Evening, from Admiral Conſtitution.*

"AT half paſt four we diſcerned the enemy almoſt cloſe to the *Sunken Rock*, called *Oppoſition Bench*, in full force, forming a line of battle. I ordered the Spencer,

Spencer, as headmoſt ſhip, to lead the van, being determined at once to bear down upon their centre, with the Loughborough, in the judgment of whoſe commander, Captain Wedderburn, I had the moſt implicit confidence.

"The object which the Spencer had in view was attempted to be fruſtrated by the Ruſſell, one of the enemy's line of battle ſhips. But the reſiſtance was ſo feeble, that ſhe fell back, and allowed the Spencer to obtain what ſhe aimed at.

"Diſappointed in this reſiſtance, the Ruſſell made a *manœuvre*, as if ſhe meant to give up the conteſt; but the Spencer ſaw through this, and being ſeconded by the Hood, the Clarence, and the Loughborough, the enemy changed their poſition, and drew off; but in a ſhort ſpace of time renewed the battle on *a different tack*, the Ruſſell having the Admiral's flag flying on board.

"They came down with an intent to break our line; but the Grenville arreſted their progreſs, and poured ſuch a broadſide into the Ruſſell, that ſhe was obliged to make ſignals of diſtreſs, which brought two heavy-ſailing ſhips, the Guildford and the Norfolk, to her relief; but their artillery was ſo ill pointed, that a ſingle ſhot did not hit; and though the Derby and the Albemarle came down to aſſiſt, they were all obliged to ſtrike.

"One of the men of war under my command deſerted the Conſtitutional ſtandard on this occaſion, and went over to the enemy—it was the Carliſle. It ſeems he took umbrage at my refuſing him a *private Seal*. We did not lay hold of him; and I underſtand, he has changed the name of the ſhip he commanded, from the Loyalty to the *Whig Club*.

"I muſt particularly commend the ability of the Captain of the Spencer, the Captain of the Grenville, the Captain of the Hood, the Captain of the Clarence,

and the Captain of the Loughborough, whoſe well-pointed guns ſoon convinced the enemy that all reſiſtance was vain.

"The Bedford is materially injured in her *main-maſt*—ſhe is a good-looking ſhip with a *black head*. The Norfolk, when ſhe ſtruck, was *lee-gunwale* under water—ſhe was *half-ſeas* over. The Guildford will make a good *hulk*. She is ſo *heavy* in the head as not to be fit for any other ſervice. The Derby has loſt her *rudder*, and her *ſtern* appears to have *ſuffered from the rot*. She may make a tolerable hoſpital ſhip.

"The Albemarle is a new frigate—but built on a very flimſy plan. She may be cut down to a ſloop, and, in that ſtate, might be ſerviceable.

"In this engagement, the enemy loſt all their *reputation*, and I am happy to ſay the Conſtitutional ſhips under my command preſerved theirs.

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c. &c."

ODE TO PITT AND DUNDAS.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

PITT and DUNDAS, I now forgive you both,
For *taxes* and th' *et ceteras* of State;
Nipping the root of GALLIA's giant growth,
Ye juſtly give the foul ARCH-FIEND her fate.
She gaſps—the Monſter 's nearly dead,
And not a tear by PITY ſhed.

What have I ſaid, "no tear has flow'd?"—
Ye Gods, 't is gladneſs, glorious gladneſs;
Triumphant how the BEGGAR rode,
And trampling ſtung the world to madneſs!

Yes, I forgive you from my heart;
But, gentle SIRS, before we part,
Say how it poſſibly could be,
That 'midſt the men of *ſterling merit*,
Rewarded for their *wits* or *ſpirit*,
You never once remember'd ME!

"Thou

"Thou liar," cries the world, with monſtrous coil,
"Long haſt thou been a Penſioner, O PETER!
Courts on thy gridiron long have ceas'd to broil,
Long has a handſome penſion gagg'd thy *metre*."

By all the POWERS of POETRY I ſwear,
COURTS have not made me one braſs farthing richer;
But yet, O WORLD, a whiſper in thine ear—
I cannot ſay I like an *empty pitcher*.
So that if that good man, the KING,
Would offer me a handſome place,
I think 't would be ſo much the *thing*,
I could not *well* refuſe his GRACE.
There really is a *charm* in *meat*,
And BARDS, like *vulgar folks*, *muſt eat*.

LINES SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

ADDRESSED TO MISS HANNAH MORE, DR. P———, AND THE BLUE STOCKING CLUB, ON THEIR PERUSAL OF HIS LATE PAMPHLET, ENTITLED, "NIL ADMIRARI!"

AH! why Miſs HANNAH, wherefore, Maiden ſage,
Has naughty PETER caus'd the tear to flow?
Why has he put thee in a tow'ring rage,
And to hot charcoal chang'd thy boſom's ſnow.

Why doſt thou ſquat like TABBY i' the adage!
Why doſt thou ſigh and weep, and grunt and mourn?
Why like poor Snip, that is bereft of cabbage,
Look'ſt thou quite chap-fall'n, and like him forlorn?

Why does the BISHOP foam againſt poor PETER—
PETER, who meant not to offend his Grace?
Oh! wherefore does he ſpurn the harmleſs metre,
And ſhroud with anger that moſt ſaint-like face?

Why kindles thus his wrath? alas! he 's mad;
For, lo! he rends in twain his ample wig!
Ah! Biſhop P———, this is very bad—
Thine anger PETER values not a fig.

Now, wrinkled Dames, I'll take one peep at you,
Who doubtleſs have perus'd *Nil Admirari;*
Yes, I will venture, 'midſt the ſage *Bas Bleu,*
But of my bones methinks I'd beſt be wary.

Zounds! what a noiſe, what an aſtounding din!
'T is ſcreech from owls' and ravens' croaking throats;
Or MILTON'S hounds howling beneath foul Sin,
Or choir of Giles's dames that bawl their notes.

Say, PETER, what hath vex'd Miſs HANNAH thus?
What haſt thou ſaid to raiſe the Biſhop's hate?
What is't hath put the *Bas Bleu* in this fuſs,
And made thee dread the ſafety of thy pate?

Why, PETER ſimply told Miſs HANNAH MORE,
That all ſhe wrote was wrote by hook or crook;
Nay, PETER vows, as he hath vow'd before,
That of another's brains ſhe form'd her book *.

PETER has blam'd the Doctor's fulſome ſtuff,
In praiſe of HANNAH'S education theme:
PETER has made the *Bas Bleu* Club look bluff,
Becauſe he told them they were in a dream.

Thus truth on PETER'S head hath vengeance drawn,
Of HANNAH, P———, and the toothleſs crew:
Yea, of the Maid, and Biſhop clad in lawn,
And eke the ſapient Dames of fam'd *Bas Bleu.*

LINES

OCCASIONED BY PETER PINDAR'S LATE ATTACK ON THE BISHOP OF L———.

PRESUMPTUOUS, foul Detractor, hence!
Fiend of envenom'd impudence!
Hence to the lake from whence thou 'rt ſprung,
And gnaw thy ſacrilegious tongue!
But thou, great injur'd Prelate, hail!
Thee, weigh'd in truth's unerring ſcale,

* "Strictures on Female Education."

We

We ſee, with exultation high,
Perverted Falſehood's ſhafts defy,
Hear thee with Fervour's holy flame
The Goſpel's ſaving ſound proclaim,
And own thee rang'd on Virtue's ſide,
The Church's ornament and pride.
Ah! vain indeed th' attempt to move
The fortreſs ſtrengthen'd from above,
The rock whoſe deep foundations brave
Malignant Envy's feeble wave.
Heav'n-born Religion lends to thee
Its adamantine panoply;
Which, bright as with meridian blaze,
Acts like the ſun's concentred rays:
And ſee, ſhrunk up his puny ſize,
The ſhrivell'd, worthleſs inſect dies. C. B.

THE FALSE INSCRIPTION.

[From a Paris Paper.]

"WHAT inſcription is this you have on your door, Semainier?" — "What, can't you read?" —"Why, yes, I read tolerably well, but I don't underſtand all I read."—"Hah! is that the reaſon? Let us ſee, however; read on, and I will explain what you do not underſtand."—"With all my heart, then pray attend: LIBERTY, EQUALITY, UNITY, INDIVISIBILITY of the FRENCH REPUBLIC, FRATERNITY, HUMANITY."—"Good! you read wondrous well."—"Poſſibly enough; but why have you theſe words inſcribed on your door?"—"A pretty queſtion, truly! Why, that is the *memento* of republicans."—"Ah! I underſtand; 't is to remind you of what you have loſt."—"How the Devil! what *I have loſt?* ſay rather what I have gained."—"Pſhaw, you ſimpleton! You gained liberty!"—"Hah! hah! I queſtion very much your liberty to preſerve your property, if they

they wiſh to take it from you; I queſtion very much your liberty to exact a debt, if any body owes you money; I queſtion very much your liberty to prevent your wife divorcing you if ſhe has a gallant; I queſtion very much your liberty to write a friend by the poſt all the whimſies that paſs acroſs your brain; I queſtion very much your liberty to ſhun the interrogatories of a ſentinel or patrole, a life-guardſman, a commiſſary. To ſay no more, I very much queſtion your liberty to obliterate that very word LIBERTY written upon your door.

"And *Equality*—pray what is the meaning of that?"—"The ſimpleſt thing in nature; why, it means that you and I are the *equals* of all our fellow-citizens."—"You jeſt, ſure; I am not the equal of the man who has ſtolen, who ſteals, and who will ſteal; I am not the equal of the man who has murdered, who murders, and who will murder; I am not the equal of the General, who never moves a ſtep but with a view to throw me in chains; of the Revolutioniſt, who never eats a dinner at the *Blue Quadrant*, which he does not pay with the fruits of his plunder, with the price of blood, and the wages of iniquity. Sure theſe people do not conſider me their equal; why, in the name of wonder, then, would you have them to be my equals?

"But, proceed—why the word *Unity?*"—"Zounds! 't is as clear as day; it means, I apprehend, unity of principles, unity of intentions, unity of motives, unity of wills."—"What, are you awake? Unity of wills, in a ſtate which in ſix years has had three conſtitutions! Unity of intentions, in a country where three different legiſlatures have alternately declared for monarchy, democracy, ariſtocracy! Unity of motives, among men, of whom ſome are enriched, others are ruined! Unity of wills among men, ſome of whom have baniſhed thoſe whom others eagerly wiſh to ſee return; among perſons, ſome of whom have taken what

what the others are unwilling to loſe; among men, ſome of whom are for no God at all; others will have none but their own, of which theſe invent new deities, thoſe recall old ones from oblivion; in a country, where ſome are for prieſts, others not; ſome for bonzes, others not; ſome for bells, others not; ſome for fêtes, others not; a country, where five hundred wills muſt prepare laws, and two hundred and fifty approve them; where five wills muſt put them in execution, and twenty millions of wills muſt have the *will* to decide upon what theſe ſeven hundred and fifty-five have prepared, approved, and executed! Conſider all this, and out with that word Unity, or, by way of explanation, be ſo good as to write *Unity of madneſs*.

"And that plaguey long word, that huge word, where you muſt every moment clap a point upon the I's, to be reconciled to that word *Indiviſibility*. Pray what is the meaning of this?"—"It means that the Republic cannot be divided. Sure that is plain enough."—"What is plain enough is, that the idea is falſe.—Have you not ſomething about an hundred departments? Are all theſe departments governed by the ſame ſpirit? What the law does in one, may it not do in another? You will tell me the law is the ſame every where; very well. But is it the law they obey, or the interpretation of the law? Thus, my friend, in ſpite of this *ſpiritual* indiviſibility of yours, which has neither rhyme nor reaſon, you have got in your republic a number of anarchical, or democratical, or ariſtocratical, or demagogical, or oligarchical, or fanatical, or phthiſical republics; which, by their ſtate critical, their mode *impolitical*, in their relations fantaſtical, are perpetually running foul of each other; and thus do you not ſee that in fact this indiviſibility of yours turns out downright *diſindiviſibility*?"

"I hope,

"I hope, at leaſt, you will leave me my words *fraternity*, *humanity*.—Since you will have it that all men are to be my equals, allow me to examine more cloſely this multiplication of my family. If I have ſo many brothers on my *mother Revolution*'s ſide, and of my mother's inheritance, my elder brothers have taken all the capitals, and my younger ones all the *uſufruct*; you ſee very clearly that in all this I am fairly diſinherited, and devil take ſuch *fraternity*, ſay I! Depend upon it, my dear fellow, theſe ſame brothers of mine are ſons of Jacob. They have thrown poor Joſeph curſedly into the well.

"As to your word *humanity*, I ſee nothing but ſabres, muſkets, cannon, howitzers, uniforms, rentiers' clerks, which all together throw ſuch a gloom round the houſe, that I cannot diſcern the word.—But to be ſincere with you. For this falſe inſcription ſubſtitute the following, which will be a great deal more candid. Write, *Thirſt of Wealth and Power*, and take my word for it, all the world will underſtand it perfectly."

DISCOVERY OF THE ILLUMINE'S.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN the able diſcoveries lately made by the Abbé Barruel and the learned Profeſſor Robiſon, I obſerve that the conſpirators againſt religion and regular governments made uſe, in their correſpondence, of a kind of *nicknames* to men and things, which gave their letters the appearance of a jargon of nonſenſe, rather than of a regular plot. Voltaire, for example, was called *Raton*, Diderot *Tomplot*, the King of Pruſſia *Duluc*,

Duluc, and a conſpirator was *Cacouac**, &c. &c. &c. &c. By ſuch diſguiſes they eſcaped diſcovery, until the two learned gentlemen above mentioned undertook to decipher their correſpondence and diſcloſe their baſe intentions.

Some perſons affect ſtill to be ſceptics on this ſubject; but I have now before me ſuch proof of the exiſtence of the ſect called *Illuminés* in this country, that I can no more diſbelieve it than I can diſbelieve the plots proved at the Old Bailey in 1794. I have, Sir, obtained poſſeſſion of an original Letter of a wretch of this ſect to a correſpondent in the country, in which he diſguiſes the words, *King*, *Lords*, *Miniſters*, *Muſkets*, *Barracks*, *Taxes*, &c. under common, and even ludicrous names; which, nevertheleſs, I preſume were perfectly underſtood by the parties, and ſome of which, I truſt, may be gueſſed at by your readers. I have with conſiderable pains made out the greater part of them; but I decline ſending more than a few of the explanations, with the copy of the original letter, becauſe it would be forwarding the intentions of theſe incendiaries, and becauſe in this letter in particular, the moſt ſcandalous freedoms are taken with the characters of their Majeſties, and *particularly* Meſſrs. Pitt and Dundas. How this letter came into my hands I do not think it neceſſary to ſtate, unleſs particularly called upon by his Majeſty's Miniſters. Meantime the following is a correct copy:—

Copy of a Letter from one of the Illuminés.

"CITIZEN ——,

"In anſwer to your laſt, which was brought to me by *Lapdog*, I can only ſay that no time is to be

* Probably the etymon of *Cock-o'-wax*. EDIT.

loſt.

loſt. It is with ſome difficulty, indeed, that we ſhall be able to procure a ſufficient number of *pepper-boxes* *, and what occaſions the delay is probably your not ſending me a ſufficient quantity of *new milk* †. What you ſent was not enough for a day's conſumption. The *pancakes*, however, and the *gilt ſpoons* ‡, are gone into the country for ſome time; and, although I could have wiſhed to have taken advantage of the *ſnuffer-ſtand*, I could not do it without giving ſome notice in an *unbound volume* §, which is rather expenſive. Our affairs, upon the whole, wear a very promiſing aſpect. The *twelve bells* are ringing in our ears, and the *round table* ſquares exactly with our ideas.

"Yet, Citizen ——, unleſs we can muſter at leaſt fifty thouſand *toothpicks*, and about twenty thouſand *cats*, all our endeavours will be loſt. It is not ſufficient to know *what's what* ‖; we muſt alſo ſecure the *devil knows what*, and then the *maypoles* and the *Scotch fiddles* will ſignify nothing. Have you heard lately from the *Coachman?* He wrote to me lately from Norwich, where, he ſays, there are more *plums* in one *pudding* ¶, than in any city in the nation. I am glad to hear it. The time faſt approaches when the *cauſe* of cauſes will be left without a *motive* **. It

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* In my humble opinion this muſt mean *muſkets*.

† Pamphlets, the great engine of Jacobiniſm. It is a great misfortune to this country that the poor have lately been taught to read.—Why ſhould they read?

‡ Unleſs the Members of two venerable Aſſemblies are meant here, I am at a loſs to know what the meaning can be.

§ An unbound volume is a newſpaper:—newſpapers, as my lively friend, the late Sir John Hawkins, uſed to ſay, are never *bound*—until the end of the year.

‖ Horrible treaſon! Is any man ſo ignorant as not to know *what's what?*

¶ Evidently alluding to the number of members of the *Illuminés*.

** Cauſe of cauſes, without a motive, is ſtrange jargon. One would think it had a reference to the *independence* of men in *place*.

will-

will be neceſſary to cut the *cheeſe* more fairly, and thoſe who have *ends* of *candles* muſt be provided with *ſave-alls*. Have you ſeen *Hume's Hiſtory* lately? He promiſed to pay me a viſit, and bring *Humphrey Clinker* with him. Humphrey may be depended upon, but he made no figure among the *pancakes*, and he will do us more good among the *copper ſaucepans*. By ſome induſtry he has got together a *cheſt of drawers* *, who may be ſerviceable. He ought to be inſtructed to converſe with the *red herrings* †, and uſe ſuch arguments as *boiled lobſters* may be ſuppoſed to underſtand.

" I know not how we came to fail in the *Blue-coat School*, and I would not be for trying a ſecond experiment for ſome time. We have in this place a great number of men who have *puddings at their elbows* ‡. They muſt be eaten, and who ſo proper as the hungry for this purpoſe? As to *Iſcariot*, I have no objection to his bargain for *thirty pieces*, but he muſt not have them till the job is done.

" *Conundrum Billy* has been very ſilent of late, but ſtill keeps a watch over us. He muſt *grin* for this in a three pair of ſtairs room *downward* §. There ſeems among our party a want of *wet blankets* and *extinguiſhers*. The ſpirit muſt be kept up, otherwiſe we loſe our aim. Thoſe who do not uſe *knee-buckles* ‖ are not

* My much-eſteemed friend, Mr. Reeves, aſſures me, that a *cheſt of drawers* means a party provided with *ſwords*, which they *draw* out of the ſheaths.

† A very zealous and loyal publican has explained this. He ſays that when his cuſtomers wiſh to *reliſh* their beer, they call for a *ſoldier*, alias a *red herring*. How the very beſt things may be perverted!

‡ Every true friend to religion muſt agree with Mr. Wilberforce, that the clergy are here threatened, whom wicked Jacobins denominate *pudding ſleeves*.

§ A dungeon. The alluſion is plain and horrible.

‖ Mr. Dundas has very kindly aſſiſted me in deciphering this obſcure expreſſion. Many of the Scotch are *ſans culottes*, which being inter-

not *maliciously* diſpoſed. The *petticoats* have riſen, and certain heads have proved harder than *ſtones*. This is well ſo far. We have long enough had *pokers*; let us ſtir the fire. Do you ever ſee *Hervey's Meditations*? He is very inconſiderate, but he may be depended on if ever we ſhould *open oyſters* *.

"There has been lately a great increaſe in the number of the fellows with *knobs* on their *nobs* †. *Tant mieux!* A large glaſs and a ſmall glaſs may be filled, but the larger will hold the moſt. Do you remember the ſtory in the Arabian Tales of the *blue*, *green*, and *red* fiſhes? When they were put into the *ſaucepan*, the *devil* flew out of them. This is an admirable ſtory. I thought *Guthrie's Grammar* would have died laughing. *Viner's Abridgment* can never contain himſelf when he hears it. By the by, as he is no favourite of yours or mine, you will not be ſorry to hear that he is on his *laſt legs* ‡.

"*Tantadlin* has been at his villa, I hear, with his brother *nightmen*. He talks of reſigning the *paring-knife*; we'll take it from him. He has lately clapt two *ſlices* of *bread* and *butter* together, and expects they will produce *noſegays* to the end of time §. How

interpreted, is, that they wear no breeches, and by conſequential inference, *knee-buckles* are unneceſſary. The riſing of the petticoats is too indelicate a ſubject for me to enter upon.

* Opening oyſters, according to the opinion of John Gifford and John Bowles, Eſquires, can mean nothing but beginning their ſyſtem, which muſt be a maſſacre, becauſe oyſters are opened with a knife. See p. 546 and 729 of their laſt works.

† This paſſage ſeems to fix the date of this letter, or at leaſt pretty nearly. It muſt have been written ſubſequent to the late promotions. But there are *anachroniſms* in it, purpoſely contrived, as my learned friend, Sir John Mitford, thinks, to effect an *alibi*.

‡ It is evident that nothing leſs than the deſtruction of our laws is the object of theſe wretches.

§ My excellent friend, the Secretary of the Treaſury, ſurmiſes that a friend of his is threatened here, a man of ſo much wiſdom, that he has been appointed to *manage* five hundred others all as wiſe as himſelf.

little

little do theſe people think they are ſo near the end of *their* time! I have ſent both *Juvenal* and *Perſius* to the *big houſe* on the *hill*, from whence there is ſaid to be a proſpect of no leſs than twenty-two counties*. From *it*, however, we have a proſpect of a great many more counties. Let us only be firm, united, and watch every opportunity, and we ſhall take ſufficient care of *Quiſlibet*, *Quælibet*, and *Quodlibet*†, notwithſtanding they are glorious and immortal. Take good care how you circulate your *thread-papers*‡. Some of them fell lately into the hands of the *cumulators*. This is wrong, becauſe they will get beforehand with us. When we have *cracked* the *filbert*, let them do their worſt.

"In this place we are now about to chooſe a *Jack-in-the-box* §. It does not much ſignify whom they chooſe *Bowels*, it is ſaid, will ſine, becauſe we have driven him mad with laughing at him, and then we ſhall have *Noſey*. *Noſey* is the man *for* us, becauſe he is ſo much *againſt* us. He vows to G— his attachment to *uiſlibet*, *Quælibet*, and *Quodlibet*—that 's all we want. Any two being *given*, the third may be found. The chaſe begins ſoon, and then, hey for the *ſtag in the foreſt!* It's a very pretty ſong, and we 'll ſing it to ſome tune. I wiſh, by the by, that

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* How abominable! Theſe fellows will not ſtop at Hounſlow.

† *Innuendo*. King, Lords, and Commons. The manner in which they are *declined* is nothing better than *ſcan. mag.*

‡ *Thread-papers*. The worthy Secretary at War tells me that in logic it is not uncommon to take a part for the whole. Thus *thread-papers* are put for pamphlets, of which they are only the connecting materials. Jews and Contractors alſo frequently take 60 or 70 *per cent.* inſtead of the whole, *i. e. cent. per cent.*

§ My ingenious friend Mr. Alderman Curtis has explained this very fully; but I wave giving the explanation, as I reſpect dignities. He aſſures me that he has known ſome *d——d honeſt fellows* in *that there* box.

window-

*window-blinds** and *ſlops* were oftener brought forwards, and to theſe might occaſionally be added *black-ſtrap*, *tatlers*, and a long *et cætera* of *ſqueezed lemons*. There will be a plaguey want of *ſtuff*. *Charity Sermons* won't do again, and the *cobweb* over the *aperture* of the *poor's box* was ſo thin, as to be eaſily ſeen through †. *Longſhanks* is trying the *children* of *Iſrael*; but they will not make *bricks* without *ſtraw*.

"Write to me as ſoon as you can. I ſuppoſe *Copenhagen* will ſoon be in town, and you may ſend your letter by him.—*Sanity* and a *Hug* ‡,

"From yours, &c. &c. &c.

"P. S. Do you obſerve how they *peel* and *roaſt* the *potatoes* in Ireland?"

PARAPHRASE

ON A CERTAIN SPEECH AT THE SHAKSPEARE TAVERN, OCTOBER THE 10TH, 1797.

[From the True Briton.]

FULL ſeventeen years, as I find by my notes,
You have ſhown your attachment and given me your votes;
And nothing can prove you more virtuous and free,
Or do you more honour, than voting for me.
A conduct like this, my good friends, never doubt it,
Is better by far than all riches without it.

* This and other ſubſequent phraſes are too obvious to require explanation.

† A moſt ſhocking alluſion to the voluntary loan. It is peculiar to bad men to inſult the unfortunate.

‡ Sanity, ſays Lord Belgrave, is derived from Σαος, ſignifying *health*. An eminent Law Lord, who is alſo a great Latin ſcholar, derives it from *Sanitas*. In either caſe, however, the meaning is the ſame. *Hug*, Mr. Juſtice Buller tells me, means in Cornwall *fraternity*. So that we have here rank *Jacobiniſm* tranſlated into Engliſh for the vileſt purpoſes.

On

On various events I have had, I confeſs,
The applauſe of my country at large more or leſs;
But *whate'er* was my conduct, *whate'er* was my ſtation,
You 've been always conſiſtent in *your* approbation.
You have been my ſtaunch friends, you have witneſs'd my zeal:
To you, my good friends, and your friends I appeal,
How ſteady and firm to my ſyſtem I 've been—
(BILLY PITT to get out, and myſelf to get in;) (*Aſide.*)
For this I have labour'd both early and late,
And all, be aſſur'd, for the good of the State.
I thought it enough, in my ſpeeches before,
To thank for paſt favours and aſk you for more.
But to ſay ſomething elſe it may not be amiſs,
At a criſis ſo great and ſo awful as this.
In th' American war, when Lord NORTH led us on,
Till our money was ſpent and our powder was gone,
When long and in vain he had fought with the foe,
(A *faithful old friend** muſt be *partial*, you know,)
And the Commons declar'd that all warfare ſhould ceaſe,
† *Compell'd* by the votes, he *agreed* to make peace.
But now things are *chang'd*; for though *fifty and more*
All wiſh to drive PITT from the Treaſury door,
He proudly inſiſts on the votes five to one;
The French will not treat, and the war it goes on,
In utter *contempt of the ſenſe of the nation*:
Though what's *their* opinion, in my private ſtation,
It is not for me to diſcover, I own,
And the ſenſe of the people to me is *unknown*.
Of old, when a Miniſter's views were ſuſpected,
Country Gentlemen roſe, and his plans were rejected.
But now they continue to favour and court him;
And if truth *muſt* be ſpoken, the People ſupport him.
Yet his crimes and his vices, which STURT, you, and I,
And ſome more of our friends, can ſo plainly deſcry;
It ſure cannot be that his virtues they prize,
That his meaſures are right, or his conduct is wiſe:

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* "When I make any terms with him, I will be ſatisfied to be called the moſt infamous of mankind!"

† Partiality.

We have ſworn they are wrong, and we ſwear the ſame ſtill,
Let the People and Parliament ſay what they will.
In numbers we're weak, but in judgment we're ſtrong;
So *we* are all *right*, and the *reſt* are all *wrong*.
Would you know why the People ſhould follow like ſheep?
There's a *torpor*, I'm told, and they're all gone to ſleep.
How elſe, when the Bank has thought proper of late
To keep up their caſh (for the good of the State)—*(Aſide.)*
And money was ſent (which the public thought right),
Againſt one common foe that the EMPEROR might fight,
How elſe, though to us the campaigns have been glorious,
The Indies ſubdu'd, and our Navy victorious;
Yet how, when the French have beat Auſtria and Spain,
Can the People have ſuffer'd WILL PITT to remain?
I'll tell you at once how the whole has been done;
He has dos'd 'em with opium, as ſure as a gun:
Country Gentlemen too—as to *them*, I'd a doubt;
But I've ſifted the point, and the ſecret is out.
When he thinks that, *perhaps*, their opinions may waver,
He ſtrengthens the mind and the vote by a favour;
Contrives by a Peerage their ſcruples to ſmother,
And quickly removes 'em from one Houſe to t'other.
And how many ſuch do you think I can ſtate,
Of the Peers he thought proper this week to create?
I boldly aver, that at leaſt there are three—
And *ſo* the majority's * gain'd—Q. E. D.
Since this is the caſe—ſince, though daily I ſay
They are all in the wrong, they will ſtill have their way:
And for all the fine ſpeeches I make in the Houſe,
Not a convert is gain'd, and they care not a louſe;
Since for all my beſt reas'ning they've ſtill a reply,
And a groundleſs aſſertion DUNDAS calls a lie;
And no rational ground in our preſent condition,
To ſay truth, can I find for the leaſt oppoſition:
In future †, I'll make all my ſpeeches to you,
Who will never reply—never doubt it is true,
Whate'er I may ſay, or whate'er I may do.

* Five to one.
† Flectere ſi nequeo ſuperos Acheronta movebo.

To

To you I may ſpeak, whether nonſenſe or fiction,
Without any fear of the leaſt contradiction.
Look to Scotland, my friends; by experience we find,
It is there a fell tyrant firſt opens his mind.
I need not detail * what you all of you know;
There Freedom, fair Freedom, is dead long ago.
With horror you 've heard of the deed at Tranent,
And the truth far exceeds the reports that are ſent.
(Aſide.)
(I need not explain that the miſchief aroſe,
Becauſe a vile rabble thought fit to oppoſe
An Act † that was made to defend all the coaſt
From a French, Jacobinical, mercileſs hoſt;
And before any firing, it need not be ſaid,
How many brave ſoldiers were knock'd on the head.)
The Lawyers, thoſe ſlaves to the King and the Court,
Are baſely determin'd, with zeal, to ſupport
The old Conſtitution, in State and in Church;
And from thoſe, who would wiſh to leave both in the lurch,
They transfer all the honours and profits of late,
To ſuch as are friends of the Church and the State.
And to prove their oppreſſion, and ſhow what they mean,
The great HARRY ERSKINE no more is their Dean:
The great HARRY ERSKINE—he 's TOM's younger brother,
And, if I 'm told truly, he 's juſt ſuch another.
Is this to be borne? But in Ireland, I hear,
The whole is a plan of coercion and fear.
There Freedom 's extinguiſh'd—for PITT, he was truſted:
I 'm aſſur'd, even GRATTAN himſelf is diſguſted,
The timid, the gentle, the mild Mr. GRATTAN,
(Who, like me, condeſcends on the Public to fatten;) *(Aſide.)*
For there if a peaſant is abſent at night,
His houſe is demoliſh'd—and all out of ſpite,
Without any cauſe or pretence of a reaſon,
(Except the ſuppreſſion of murder and treaſon;) *(Aſide.)*
And here the ſame evils, you all may be ſure,
Without a *bold ſtroke*, you yourſelves muſt endure:

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* Dolus verſatur in generalibus.
† The Militia Act.

For, alas! to how ſervile and baſe a condition
We 're already reduc'd by the Bills of Sedition!
By which we are fileno'd, and gagg'd like a ſlave:
And if, the remains of our freedom to ſave,
We are peaceably urging the mob to reſent it,
An impertinent Juſtice ſteps in to prevent it:
Had the meeting thought fit to proceed any further,
By reſiſting the laws, there had ſurely been *murder*.
To cruſh all your liberties, troops are employ'd;
Your freedom is gone, and your rights are deſtroy'd.
Our mouths are all ſtopp'd, and there 's nobody dares
Even *hint* his opinion on public affairs.
Not a man can ſpeak freely, and all of you ſee
How theſe two cruel Bills are a *curb upon me* *.
And ſoon will be follow'd, if rightly I gueſs,
The loſs of our ſpeech, by the loſs of the preſs:
For to judge by the papers and pamphlets we read,
A reſtraint upon libels muſt ſoon be decreed.
And then, what a preſſure is laid on our backs,
Of burden on burden, and tax upon tax!
For which not a ſoul can diſcover a cauſe,
(Except the defence of ourſelves and our laws.) *(Aſide.)*
After ſeeing the ills of commotion and riot,
There are ſome *fooliſh* men, who love ſafety and quiet.
I am not one of thoſe—and, in ſhort, to be plain,
A convulſion muſt come, or a tyrant will reign.
Of two evils, my friends, if you 're wiſe, chooſe the leaſt—
A tyrant 's a ſcourge, and a ſlave is a beaſt.
You muſt judge for yourſelves, to be ſlaves or be free—
Some riſk † *muſt* be run, and fair Freedom for me.
I 'll tell you my mind—I diſlike *innovation*,
But a *radical* ‡, *thorough*, *complete* reformation,
On a ſyſtem quite *new*, and the true rights of man,
On that I 'm determin'd, reſiſt it who can:
Though how to reform, or what change may be beſt,
I have never been able, I own, to ſuggeſt.

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* Vide this and all Mr. Fox's Speeches at taverns, huſtings, &c.
† What is Sedition?
‡ What is Innovation?

As

As for King, Lords, and Commons, I 've no great objection,
When duly controll'd, under *proper* ſubjection;
Provided WILL PITT loſe his place and his fame,
Why I 've no great objection to keeping the *name*.
When the People can once to our ſyſtem be brought,
And by clubs, and by papers, and pamphlets be taught,
Howe'er they may *feel* themſelves *happy* and *free*,
How wretched they are, and what ſlaves they may be;
And the ſpirit of Freedom is rous'd from its bed,
Let 'em ſend the glad ſummons, and I 'll be their head.
Till then I retreat—not that buſineſs * is o'er,
There was never a time when the Houſes had more;
When all who wiſh well and are friends to the State,
By their duty were call'd to more urgent debate.
But *my* † preſence might favour an inſinuation,
That the Commons ſtill care for the good of the nation,
When regard to the Houſes no more ſhould be ſhown,
But reſort muſt be had to the People alone.

ARISTIPPUS.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE HONOURABLE CHARLES JAMES FOX:

OCCASIONED BY HIS SECESSION FROM PARLIAMENT.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

AS when, diſguſted with his uſeleſs toil,
Th' induſtrious ſwain forſakes a barren ſoil,
Yet freſh with vigour turns his careful hand
Where thicker verdure waves along the land;
There builds his cot, and o'er the neighb'ring plains
Begins his labours, and renews his pains:
We ſee thee quit the walks of public life,
The ſtateſman's toil, and ſenatorial ſtrife,
For ſcenes that ſuit a thinking temper beſt—
The welcome friend, calm thought, and lively jeſt;
Where tranquil ſhades their ſilent ſweets diſplay,
And ſolid pleaſure fills the vernal day.

* What is patriotiſm? † Si tu deſeris nos, periimus.

Yet there the land employs thy penſive hour,
Thy country claims thee, in the ſecret bower;
For though ambition of itſelf expire,
And fame, an exile, from the heart retire,
Yet there ſome latent pang muſt ſtill remain,
Some ſmall regret and momentary pain,
While Britain ſinks, the Queen of States no more,
And ruin ravages her ſilver ſhore.
There is a ſpirit in the breaſts of men,
Which, once extinct, can ne'er revive again;
A ſtrength of ſoul, an ardent thirſt of fame,
That arms our country, and exalts its name;
Whence heroes riſe, and patriots take their ſtand,
And noble actions celebrate the land.
This made, of old, th'-Helvetic boſom glow,
Amid its hoſts of foes, and mounts of ſnow;
This urg'd the dull Batavian to be free,
And ſnatch a riſing country from the ſea.
In latter days COLUMBIA own'd its force,
And GAUL with this impell'd her mighty courſe;
At both extremes of Europe learnt to ſhine,
And ſtretch'd her arms from Tiber to the Rhine.
This too in Britain, with refulgent rays,
Shot forth the ſplendour of our ancient days;
And hence our liſt of rev'rend heroes ſprings,
Of manly ſtatutes, and of humbled kings.
This the ſure rule that marks a nation's ſtate,
The great barometer that tells its fate;
In riſing empires full of ardour glows,
And all around a blaze of glory throws:
But when the ſtate, depriv'd of ſtrength, declines,
This ſource of gen'rous deeds no longer ſhines:—
Then men perceive themſelves by ſlow degrees
Lull'd into mean neglect and ſlaviſh eaſe;
The paſſied mind drags through its wretched years,
The willing victim of its childiſh fears;
The patriot echoes Truth's laſt call in vain,
And unoppos'd a thouſand tyrants reign.
Then he, whom Freedom's latent value charms,
Whoſe manly breaſt his country's welfare warms,
Toils unſupported, with reluctant pain,
And falls unnotic'd by the maſs of men.

Thus

Thus BRUTUS fell, in Rome's declining day;
Thus CICERO and CATO paſs'd away;
Robb'd of its ancient nerve, the Roman heart
Beheld its heroes, one by one, depart;
Scarce heav'd a figh as to their graves they ſped,
And ſwell'd the mournful number of the dead.—
So loſt our ſpirit, ſo decay'd our fame,
Our wretched land outlives its better name!
Not now oppreſſion goads a Briton's breaſt,
He hugs the ſerpent, and reclines to reſt;
Heaps laws on laws, with litigative toil,
But juſtice' hand adds nothing to the pile!
Thus much to thee the prudent Muſe may ſay—
That Britain's empire feels a quick decay;
This little iſle, whoſe ſmall extent of land
An eaſtern prince would cover with his hand,
For many an age upheld its ſea-girt brow,
And made the world before its pendant bow;
Its free-born peaſants trod their native ground,
And look'd defiance on the nations round;
In ev'ry breaſt the country found a friend—
For ev'ry man had ſomething to defend:
Ah! now indifferent to all that comes,
In other climes they look for ſafer homes,
Where life may paſs ſecure from legal ſpoil,
And Virtue reap the produce of its toil.
Thus, with the manly glow of Liberty,
Wealth, Honour, Happineſs together fly!
Some years, upon the credit of the paſt,
Our wealth may linger, and our ſtrength may laſt;
But, ſtill decreed, the fatal day muſt come,
That fixes our irrevocable doom;
That lays in ruins all our ſtately tow'rs,
Low in the duſt, the jeſt of future pow'rs;
A Carthage once the miſtreſs of the ſea,
Or Suſa—fam'd for regal infamy,
O'er whoſe wild ruins and decay'd remains
The penſive mind endures a thouſand pains,
From whence the ſage pourtrays th' hiſtoric plan,
And paints the melancholy courſe of man.
E'en then the gentle bard of future days
Shall give to thee a more than common praiſe;

Thus ſhall thy character adorn his page,
And ſhine the wonder of the future age.
" When ſtates decay, and empires loſe their friends,
And their long liſt of native worthies ends—
We often find ſome ſplendid ſoul appear,
Who ſhines the laſt, and brings up Honour's rear.
Thus CATO died, thus TULLY ſpoke in vain,
The laſt of Romans, and the firſt of men;
And thus, when Britain—once the proudeſt ſtate,
That drew from commerce all which made it great,
Corrupted, ceas'd to market for mankind,
And her trade varied, and her pow'r declin'd,
Then Fox aroſe, the ſinking ſtate to ſave,
And toil'd to ſnatch his country from the grave.
Born in the lap of luxury and pow'r,
To ſhine the butterfly of Faſhion's hour,
Yet Nature charm'd him, with her mighty plan—
He burſt his bonds, and ſtarted into man.
Though Vanity, unwilling to depart,
Still hover'd round the confines of the heart,
Though lax in thought, and prodigal of taſte,
Truth, unexhauſted, ſtill ſupplied the waſte.
By ſlow degrees the follies left his mind,
Judgment unlimited remain'd behind,
To ſerve mankind the uncontroll'd deſire,
The prophet's preſcience, and the patriot's fire!
One tedious war the friend of peace and man,
In the ſame cauſe behold him riſe again!
When firm and free, regenerated Gaul,
By all ſurrounded, ſtill ſubdu'd that all;
When from Vienna to the northern ſea
She ſow'd the ſeeds of future liberty,
And bade her arms on many a ſtate recoil—
Their kings her ſubjects and their wealth her ſpoil!"
Ah fruitleſs labour! unrewarded pains!
Throughout the land a gen'ral torpor reigns;
With folded arms the lazy million ſaw
Expedience riſe ſuperior to law;
Diſguſted at an age ſo indolent,
His latter days in private life were ſpent,
Where ſmiling Nature join'd the bloom of Art,
And ſofter triumphs warm'd the eaſy heart;

With

With him retir'd the ling'ring hopes of men,
And Senates met, untalk'd of and unſeen.
Upon the whole, if Nature ever made
A man deſign'd to be a nation's aid,
This Briton, animate with mental force,
Deſerv'd the title and purſu'd the courſe;
The truths that live upon the heart ſo long,
The periods rolling rapid from the tongue,
When urg'd by him, men well-experienc'd taught
A novel feeling and a new-born thought;
His mind ruſh'd onward as he gave the rein,
And compaſs'd things before the reſt of men;
Supplied the world, unhurt by the expenſe,
The firſt in all the energies of ſenſe.
So, from the mount, ere day begins to dawn,
The youthful eagle ſoars to meet the morn;
He leaves his neſt, to ſeek the ſolar ray;
His flaſhing eyes emit a doubtful day;
Wide on the air he floats with ſplendid eaſe,
Or waves his pinions, and the gales increaſe;
But when th' etherial ocean teems with light,
The earth yet ſlumb'ring in the arms of night;
This firſt of birds enjoys the lucid ſtream,
And feaſts his viſion on the golden beam;
Swift with the virgin morn he proudly flies,
The monarch of the foreſts and the ſkies.

LIBERTY AND HER LOVER:

A NOCTURNAL TALE.

[From Le Semainier, a Paris Paper.]

LIBERTY, Sir, is the faireſt of all the night-walking fair I ever met with ſince the earth has turned round the ſun. Have I retired peaceably to bed?--Thanks to the *Beauty* who has charmed my heart. Scarce have I cloſed my eyes when I am ſuddenly awaked by a neighbourly ſoldier with the amiable *Qui vive?* and I ſay to myſelf that it is *Liberty* taking a walk. Am I

quietly ſeated on the bench before the door of my houſe?—I ſee the travellers deſcend to the neighbouring hotel: they wiſh to reſt themſelves, to ſup, to ſleep all pleaſantly. But they muſt before this pay a viſit to the magiſtrates of the people, go and ſee the bureaux, the commiſſaries; have their names inſcribed at the houſes of theſe gentlemen, by the commiſſary, by the juſtice of peace. *Liberty* night and day is exquiſitely polite.

Have I ſupped with ſome friends? am I, for example, on the territory belonging to the ſection of the Arcis?—The attentive *Liberty patrole*, ſcarcely recollecting me, preſſes me to enter the watch-houſe to converſe a few moments with her. I ſay to her—"My dear friend, I am old, my health is weak and delicate, I am ſtill far from home; whatever pleaſure I may have in ſeeing you, permit me to go to bed." *Liberty*, always charming, always free, in a national habit, the epaulette of lieutenant on her ſhoulder, covering, by an immenſe waxed hat, a head of eighteen, inſiſts on my going, ſeizing my card (which I never forget, becauſe it is the prettieſt billet-doux my dear *Liberty* ever wrote me), feigning not to know me, in a ſweet, tender, and ſonorous voice, which ſhe knows very well how to aſſume when ſhe has ſmoked a few pipes, "What is your name?"—"Mamma *Liberty*," ſays I, "you are merry; you have got my card; read it."—"Sentinel, do not let him paſs. It is a falſe card; he does not remember the name that is written on it."

"My lamb, pardon me; my name is *Le Semainier*; it is the name you will find there."—"How old are you?"—"My love, I am fifty."—"It is a cheat; there is forty-eight on the card."—"My charmer, I am not a cheat; I am an honeſt man, who, when your generoſity made me a preſent of this card, was two years younger."—"What department are you of?"—"Siſter and friend, I am of Gironde."—

"Taken

"Taken in the fact! There 's Bec d'Ambès on the card."—"My dear love, it is not my fault if you have re-baptized my department. My dear *Liberty*, will you return me my card, that I may go to bed?"—"Presently; when the major's round is passed." The major's round passes.—Yes; but I have not got my card. My charming *Liberty*, with her national habit, is herself gone to make the lieutenant's round, and leaves me at the watch-house, from whence I cannot stir, because I have still ten watch-houses to pass before I get home where *Liberty* will allow me to repose.

In the interval day breaks; and as the day sends the mice back to their holes, it also returns the cards to the pocket-books. "As it is day, I believe I may return home."—"You must not pass," says the sentinel. "But, my sweet *Liberty*," who was now a sentinel, "you see it is day."—"That may be; but did you not hear, some hours ago, the Lieutenant say, 'Sentinel, do not let him pass?—he has not retracted 'the order.' Wait until he returns."—"Will he be back soon?"—"Perhaps so. It is three hours since he departed to make his round. Let us wait;" and I waited with fifteen snoring Liberties on the camp bed. At six the drummer arrives with the light. "Drummer *Liberty*, where is *Liberty* Lieutenant?"—"The Lieutenant! he met some friends. He is gone to breakfast with them."—"When will he return?"—"Who knows? At nine or ten o'clock; at twelve, perhaps, to change guard." I said not a word; blessed *Liberty*, and waited—without ceasing to bless her; eleven struck, and brought *Liberty* with her epaulettes and my card—My card! no! *Liberty* had lost it. At length the door was opened, and here I am at home, with a card less, a night of the watch-house the more, and a good fit of the ague as reparation. So fair and good a thing is *Liberty* in the night.

ON THE TEMPER OF THE PEOPLE OF FRANCE.

[From the ſame.]

I KNOW not whether it be an effect of the revolution, or a conſequence of the fatigue it has left behind, or whether it be a feature in the national character, but there reign amongſt us an indifference, a thoughtleſſneſs, an apathy abſolutely inconceivable. Nothing is capable of exciting intereſt, of raiſing aſtoniſhment, or of awakening attention. From the courſe which things have taken, the French may ſoon be compared to the wiſe man in the Scriptures, who is repreſented as prepared for every event.

The King of Bambou had a miniſter of underſtanding, who lamented to his Majeſty the thoughtleſſneſs of his ſubjects. The King of Bambou thought this no great defect in the ſtate. "Doctor," ſaid he to him, "you ever delight to contemplate objects in the gloomieſt colours. Believe me, Thoughtleſſneſs is the ſiſter of Gaiety. We are ever ready to be merry in the abſence of unpleaſant feelings."—"You think ſo," replied the miniſter; "with all my heart." Converſing thus, they walked along the banks of the Ganges. A beggar, ſeated upon the ſide of the river, aſked them for charity. The miniſter threw a piece of money into the beggar's hat; there was a hole in the hat, the piece of money fell through, rolled along, dropped into the river, and was loſt. "It is gone," ſaid the beggar. "What was it?"—"A piece of copper."—"Was that all? the loſs then is no great matter." The King and miniſter continued their walk, while the King obſerved, "See there now the advantage of thoughtleſſneſs." Some hours after, as they returned, they again met with the beggar, who had never moved from the ſpot. "Beſtow your charity on a poor man," ſaid he. The miniſter pulled a

ring

ring from his finger, and threw it into the hat. The hole was ſtill in it, the ring fell through, rolled along, and was loſt in the river. "Gone again," ſaid the beggar. "What was it this time?"—"A trifle," anſwered the miniſter. "A diamond worth two thouſand rupees."—"Two thouſand rupees!" ſaid the beggar. "O ill-ſtarred wretch! O fatal thoughtleſſneſs! Had I but mended that curſed hole when the piece of copper——" He ſprung up, plunged headlong into the Ganges, and was drowned. "See there," ſaid the miniſter, "the fatal conſequence of thoughtleſſneſs."

We bear a ſtrong reſemblance to the King of Bambou's beggar; but have a care of the ring worth two thouſand rupees! In the courſe of this week the deſtiny of peace or of war is to be diſcuſſed. Letourneur is to be our plenipotentiary; but it is all one to us. The tempeſtuous ſitting of the Council of Five Hundred on the 21ſt aſſumed a new aſpect, Bailleul ſpoke on one ſide, Gilbert Deſmoulieres on the other; but it is all one to us. The hand-bills of the terroriſt ſwarm abroad; but it is all one to us. Lies circulate in abundance: the Emperor is poiſoned, the King of Pruſſia is dead, the Pope is in the laſt extremities, with twenty Jacobin extravagances of the ſame deſcription; but it is all one to us. Is the mutiny at Sheerneſs appeaſed? Is the mutiny at Sheerneſs renewed? Is Pitt diſgraced? Is Pitt ſtill in the meridian of his power? It is all one to us. Aſk your acquaintance why Liſle has been choſen for the negotiation inſtead of Paris, he will tell you that ices are now deteſtable. Say to him, that you cannot gueſs where the general congreſs is to be held, he will tell you that there was nobody at the Opera. Do you aſk if he has ſeen the two laſt numbers of Richer-Sereſey, he will tell you ſome cock and bull ſtory of a chariot, a new coat, or a miſtreſs! If you obſerve that the law of divorce is about to be greatly modified, or repealed;

pealed; that next Sunday a very humane and politic meaſure in favour of the prieſts is to be brought forward, he will ſcarce venture indeed to ſay, It is all one to me; but his eyes, his noſe, his neck, his breaſt, his hands, his feet, his ſnuff-box, and his opera-glaſs will anſwer for him very plainly, It is all one to me. Such is public ſpirit! Such is the temper with which we view public affairs!

Pariſians, give me the lie if you dare. Do not ſay you have effected a revolution; ſay you have been preſent at the ſpectacle of a revolution, and you will be right. This careleſſneſs with which I reproach you has never quitted you, and unfortunately will cling to you for ever. What was the burning of the Houſe de Reveillon in your eyes? A ſpectacle. The opening of the States General? A ſpectacle. The taking of the Baſtille? A ſpectacle. Why did you unite with the Jacobins? To enjoy a ſpectacle. Why did you join the ſections? In order to have a ſpectacle. Why did you crowd the road to Verſailles on the 5th of October? To ſee the ſpectacle. What drew ſo many people to Paris, when the King came to that city? The ſpectacle. He fled, and then what a ſpectacle in the Aſſembly! He was brought back, and then, O what a ſpectacle on the Boulevards! His palace was illuminated—a ſpectacle! It was ſurrounded on the 20th of June—a ſpectacle! He was dethroned on the 10th of Auguſt—a grand ſpectacle! In one day royalty was aboliſhed and the republic decreed; and then what prodigious joy! what a magnificent ſpectacle! Was this enough? Were you glutted with ſpectacles? No, indeed! The 31ſt of May arrived. Will you ſay that you were the authors of the 31ſt of May becauſe you were then in arms? No, ſurely; you took up your muſkets as a lady takes her fan to go to the play. The 31ſt of May was a ſpectacle: twenty-two repreſentatives guillotined—a

ſpectacle;

ſpectacle; ſeventy-five thrown into dungeons—a ſpectacle; 40,000 young children marched to the frontier—a ſpectacle; thirteen months the ſcaffold formed a ſpectacle; the 9th Thermidor a ſpectacle; the morning of the 13th Vendemiaire a ſuperb ſpectacle! How many ſpectacles muſt I paſs unnoticed to ſpare your bluſhes! Alas! ſuch were you when Clothaire the Second amuſed you with pantomimes to withdraw your attention from his folly, in allowing the overſeers of the pariſh to uſurp his authority; ſuch were you when, under Charles the Sixth, you were alternately careſſed by the Bourguignons, the d'Orleans, the d'Armagnac, who, in gratitude, cut your throats; ſuch were you when Turenne and Condé fought at the gate of St. Anthony, and when among theſe great men you admired only the Cardinal de Retz, becauſe he was an excellent comedian! Such were you under the Revolution, ſuch are you at this day. Every night the curtain drops before you; you applaud, you forget, you fall aſleep—in the morning you begin anew.—O Pariſians! O Frenchmen! a few ſhades of difference excepted, and you are all alike. O Frenchmen, if to you every thing is ſpectacle, to me you are the moſt inconceivable ſpectacle in nature. Other nations think you fickle only in love, in dreſs, in amuſements; verily, verily, in every thing are you thoughtleſs, fickle, and inconſtant.

ON MODERN ROUTS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THERE are few articles in the public prints, which afford me more amuſement than thoſe which relate to *High Life*. "'Tis from high life high characters

characters are drawn*;" and, from the preſent mode of giving *routs*, we have, I think, acquired a more accurate eſtimate of *merit* than formerly, when the character of a *Lady of Faſhion* depended on certain accompliſhments or virtues, about which no two people in the world are agreed.

But now, Sir, when the prize of univerſal admiration, and all the honours of the higheſt *ton*, are adjudged to the fortunate fair-one who gives the moſt crowded *rout*, we may truly be ſaid to eſtimate the merit of a Fine Lady upon *mathematical* principles, and decide upon her virtues from the rules of *menſuration*. It is not the capacity of the *owner*, but of the *houſe*, which is the criterion of faſhion; and friends are no longer determined by *quality* but by *quantity*.

Hence, if I were deſirous to form an opinion of any Lady juſt ſtarted into high life, I would not, as formerly, conſult thoſe who are neareſt her perſon or who ſuperintended her education, nor thruſt myſelf into her confidential converſation; but I would, in a plain and workmanlike manner, take the height, breadth, and length of her *rooms*, and calculate how many perſons they are capable of receiving on her *nights*. Perhaps, in a caſe of rivalry, I might apply to ſome learned Member of the Committee on the Carrying Bill, to know to a nicety whether the ſlaves of *Faſhion* might not be content with as few ſquare inches as thoſe of *Trade*.—By thus acquiring the dimenſions of her *ſuite of rooms*, the exact place on the ſcale of Faſhion which every Lady ought to occupy is aſcertained with the utmoſt preciſion.

This mode, you will perceive, is of infinite ſervice in adjuſting the degree of reſpect to be paid to the givers of routs.—A Lady of 30 feet by 20 muſt not

* Pope.

expect

expect the ſame attention as one of 50 by 35; and thoſe who know how to meaſure *ſolid contents* will readily be able to diſtinguiſh the *etiquette* due to perſons of different forms, and know preciſely what is owing to a *ſquare* and what to an *oblong*, and wherein the bow in a *ſemicircle* ought to differ from the reſpect paid to *right angles*.

Should any doubts yet remain to whom the palm of faſhionable celebrity is due, we may call in another aid no leſs certain. If menſuration fails, we have the powers of arithmetic; and the merit of a perſon of the *haut ton* may be adjuſted, like a Parliamentary queſtion, by *numbers*.—Let the Houſe be counted, and compared with its rival, and the majority will always determine what may be left doubtful when eſtimated according to *cubic* calculation.

Should any thing ſtill be wanting to adjuſt points of rivalſhip—ſhould the dimenſions of Mrs. A. and Mrs. B. be the ſame to an inch—and ſhould numbers be nearly equal, the quantity of *inconvenience* crowded together may be taken into the account; and this, I humbly propoſe, might be aſcertained with great correctneſs by having a thermometer in the room—the degree of Faſhion to be conſequently determined by that of *heat*. No Lady could have any pretenſions to even *City* gentility who did not raiſe her gueſts above *temperate*; and in the preſent inclement ſeaſon *ſummer heat* would be no bad proof of *ton*, but a *Barbadoes broil* would certainly prove that—"all the world was there!"

Thus it is, Sir, that in matters of faſhion, as well as in politics, we are getting into a *mechanical* train; that all our virtues, accompliſhments, and whatever are the ſubjects of admiration, are neither more nor leſs than the *dimenſions* of our houſes; and that, in ſome caſes, the *hammer* of the *Carpenter* precedes that of the *Auctioneer*.

I am, Sir, yours,

OLIVER OLD-STYLE.

ROUTS

ROUTS *verſus* LIBRARIES.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN common with many of your readers, I have been very much entertained with the little epigrammatic touches you have frequently given us on the faſhionable manners of the day, and particularly on the routs of ladies of *ton*. A newſpaper is ſeldom better employed than in adverting to ſuch matters; but as juſtice is not juſtice, if it be not *equal*, I hope you will permit me to obſerve, that there ſeldom appears a foible in one ſex which has not ſomething to correſpond with it in the other; and however different *books* may be from *people* of *faſhion*, there is ſomething in the conſtruction of a *modern library*, which approaches very near to a *modern rout*. If there is an ambition among the ladies to have routs of viſitors *without friendſhip*, the gentlemen are no leſs ambitious to be poſſeſſed of libraries *which they do not read*.

In neither caſe is any attention paid to intrinſic value. Viſitors are eſteemed for rank and equipage, as books are for binding and gilding; and there cannot be more reſpect ſhown to Right Honourable friends in cut velvets and rich laces, than to books in Morocco leather with gilt leaves. As much *affection* is expected from the one as *inſtruction* from the other; for no farther acquaintance is cultivated, than with the external appearance of the viſitor, and the title-page of the volume.

Now, Sir, ſurely the foibles of the ſexes may be ſaid to approximate, when the heart of the one is entirely ſet upon dreſs, and the other upon binding; when the one acquires an *eclat* in the world from the labours of the taylor, the mantua-maker, and the milliner, and the other is indebted for literary fame to the printer, the hot-preſſer, and the book-binder.

Both

Both are guided by Faſhion, whoſe omnipotence hath declared, that the ſpirit of ſociety lies entirely in *multitude*, and all the uſe of a library in the ſplendours of gold leaf, wire-wove paper, and Morocco leather. It is not of more conſequence for a Lady to be introduced by a Foreign Ambaſſador, than for a claſſic to be bound by Roger Payne. The name of the ambaſſador and of the bookbinder is a ſufficient paſſport to reſpect; and no one inquires if the Lady be a woman of character, and no one ſcruples the merit of an author who makes his *entrée* "ſplendidly bound in green morocco, gilt leaves."

And, Sir, let me obſerve, that all the gradations of rank are obſerved in our libraries as well as in our routs. As it would be equally vulgar to *try* our *friends* as to *read* our *books* (both being intended for ſhow, and to get a name in the world), it is highly proper that ſuch ideas of ſubordination ſhould prevail, as ſerve in the arrangements of the ball-room by a maſter of the ceremonies. Nothing under the rank of *Cor. Ruſſ. ſuperb, compact.* can claim any rank. *Calf extra* may do for the city, but will not be received into the politer circles of *Cor. Mauritan. lin. rubris, fol. deaurat.* And as to *plain calf*, if Homer, Virgil, Milton, or Shakſpeare, were to appear in ſuch dreſſes, they would be turned over to the houſekeeper's room as *poor relations!*

From *Ruſſia leather*, which, like *Baronets' daughters*, is the loweſt on the ſcale of precedency, we riſe to Morocco, *red*, *blue*, and *green*, correſponding to the orders of Knighthood, and in equal eſtimation. Yet even among them there are gradations: *marble leaves* muſt not pretend to rank with *gilt*, nor muſt *gilt* leaves preſume too much in the preſence of *Etruſcan ornaments*. Higher than either of theſe are a claſs eſteemed for their gigantic ſize. Theſe are the *large paper* quality, who, like perſons of illuſtrious rank, are extremely

tremely ſcarce, and conſequently extremely valuable. It is not of more conſequence to have the princes of the blood at one's rout, than to be able to exhibit a ſhelf or two of the *Chart. max. ſplendidly bound, gilt leaves,* and *gold borders*; beyond which borders, the proprietor himſelf ſeldom attempts to paſs.

There is yet one ſtep higher, which, like our ſcale of ranks in the ſtate, approaches to monarchy. This is the poſſeſſion of a work, not becauſe it is of intrinſic value, becauſe it is much read, or worth reading, but becauſe it is *unique*—not another copy in the kingdom! This of courſe takes precedence of all others; and ſhould *another* appear, every connoiſſeur in *outſides* is up in arms; and unleſs the intruder is able to make out a good caſe, and prove his hereditary right, he is deemed a *pretender*, and treated accordingly. A little below the *uniques* rank a claſs well known by the titles of *variiſſ.* and "*not mentioned by Ames.*" There are certain magical words, as *Caxton, Wynkin de Worde, Richard Pinſon*, &c. on the firſt or laſt leaf of theſe books, which are ſaid to have ſo much virtue in them, as not to render it neceſſary to *read any farther*.

I might ſpecify ſome other ranks and gradations, as the MSS. which have often the ſingular merit of being valued highly becauſe they are illegible: but I have advanced enough to convince the ladies, that *we* are nearly as wiſe in our ſelection of books as they are in their choice of company; that there is a cloſe reſemblance between the *eclat* of a rout and that of a library; and that the fame which in the one caſe is derived from ſplendid furniture, ſuperb hangings, and coloured lamps moſt taſtefully diſplayed, is in the other derived from rich bindings, gilded leaves, and variegated leather; nor let them be aſhamed of productions of the *hot-houſe* while we owe ſo much of our character for taſte to the *hot-preſſer*.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

SECOND-HAND, NEAT.

ADVICE

ADVICE TO THE EDITOR OF A NEWSPAPER.

[From a Paris Journal.]

AT laſt, my dear friend, you have commenced Journaliſt. Your *proſpectus* is admirable! Men who manufacture journals are like thoſe who make revolutions; they always promiſe wonders. I hope that you will keep your word. The following advices point out the means of your obtaining reputation.

1ſt. Furniſh yourſelf with a pair of good ſciſſars, for ſciſſars are eſſentially neceſſary for the editing of a Journal. It is by the aſſiſtance of this uſeful inſtrument that you cut up the other papers, and transfer the quinteſſence of them into yours. When Horace ſaid *Sæpe ſtylum vertas*, he meant to ſay, *Often uſe your ſciſſars.*

2d. If you take in a Journal which has the misfortune of having but a ſmall circulation, copy from it every day two or three columns. It will no more be noticed than if you had robbed a man in a wood. Never quote a Journal except you find in it articles which can expoſe it. Thoſe who permit themſelves to denounce a Journal, are in this caſe in a ſimilar ſituation with thoſe of whom *Mercier* ſpeaks, who ſet fire to a houſe after having robbed it, no doubt with a view to diſtract the attention of the police. You ſhould alſo make arrangements with ſome perſons employed about the Poſt-office, as has already been done, ſo that they ſhall burn the other Journals, and ſend you the aſhes of them. But the beſt plan and the ſureſt which you can take, in my opinion, is, to get ſeals placed on the preſſes of your rivals, and to procure an order for getting their impreſſions arreſted at the Poſt-office. After this do not fail immediately to ſend your Paper to thoſe who receive and diſtribute the proſcribed Journals.

3d. When the couriers are late in arriving, let your

your imagination ſupply their place. Do not trouble yourſelf too much about getting correſpondents. There is a receipt for the manufacture of news as well as for the manufacture of Champaign. For example: make the Pruſſians march acroſs *Bavaria*, eſtabliſh their Marſhal in lodgings, and go on to prepare cantonments for them upon the banks of the *Neva*. But what do I ſee? You are ſetting the French and Auſtrians at loggerheads.—Courage, valorous writer!—Do not ſpare the effuſion of blood! The number of your impreſſions will ſoon be equal to the number of the dead.

4th. Diplomacy ought alſo to employ your talents. Give vaſt importance to trifles, and ſpeak myſteriouſly of what all the world knows. The following are ſome fragments collected from the beſt Papers, and which will ſerve you for models: "Letters from *Vienna* of the 6th of December (it is a Journaliſt who ſpeaks) give us poſitive information that the Baron *D. T.* is gone for a ſhort time to his country-houſe. Letters of a later date do not mention his return."—"We hear from London that Mr. *Pitt* rode through the Park of St. James's in a curricle—this has given riſe to many conjectures reſpecting the preſent ſtate of Europe."—"The London Papers ſay, that my Lady Mayoreſs of London, with all her family, drank to the ſucceſs of the Britiſh Navy out at the window. The firſt courier will bring us certain information whether the goblet was of gold or ſilver."—"Every thing was *in ſtatu quo* at *Madrid* when the courier departed; only ſome letters mention that the Queen wore a green robe; but this news requires confirmation."—"A private letter from *Augſbourg* ſays, that Field-marſhal *Suwarrow* has not been ſhaved for eight days, which makes the Profeſſor of *Gottingen* fear that the war will recommence with greater vigour next ſpring."

When details of facts are exhauſted, you ſhould plunge

plunge into the grand chapter of conjectures. After having told what has been done, you ſhould ſay what ought to be done, though you may ſeldom know any thing either of the one or the other. If you are ignorant of what is now paſſing, rival the Almanack of *Liege*, dive into futurity, and make predictions reſpecting to-morrow. Furniſh yourſelf with the key of every Cabinet; penetrate, in thought, into the antechamber of Miniſters, and ſpeak of viſits made to an Ambaſſador in the duſk of the evening, and repeat what is ſaid to a Deputy after dinner; reveal a ſecret which has eſcaped from a Counſellor of State, and ſpeak of ſteps taken to procure an employment. Above all, put words in the mouth of a man who has never ſpoken. Repeat the ſpeeches of *Buonaparte* upon red ſlippers, give an account of the leaſt nod of the head which he gives at the Luxembourgh; if any perſon of importance whiſpers to another, let his whiſper be repeated in your Journal; above all, do not forget little anecdotes, and that the gallant ſon of *Maia* ſhould communicate to you the meſſages which he carries from the gods to humble mortals.

5th. Accuſtom yourſelf to praiſe with liberality. *La Bruyere* has ſaid that praiſe would be received from all quarters. The world now reſembles a fair: inſtead of going there with money, flattery ought to be carried to it. It is particularly neceſſary to have the meaſure of other people's vanity or ſelf-love. It is not ſufficient merely to flatter men, you muſt flatter them in the manner which will be acceptable to their taſte; and it is not enough that you attribute merit to them, you muſt be laviſh in aſcribing to them that which they think they poſſeſs.

6th. If you take a whim of criticiſing upon any law, delay the exerciſe of your courageous talent till it is repealed. You can take upon this ſubject for models the charming authors of the *Vaudeville*. Make a moſt

a moſt pompous eulogium on a conſtitution when it is eſtabliſhed; when it is no more, inform the world that it was nothing but a rhapſody. If you have ſpoken freely of a man in place, have patience till he is dead or diſgraced; then you ſhould apoſtrophize him, comparing him to the famous tyrants of antiquity. You will thus cover your boldneſs under the maſk of learning. If you wiſh to ſpeak of ſome of the authors of our misfortunes, ſpeak only of Baron *Capet*, from whom you have nothing more to hope or to fear. If you wiſh to ſubject to the public indignation ſome of thoſe men who have applauded by turns the extravagancies of every party, and who have never appeared before the tyrants without a cenſer in their hands, you may with impunity ſpeak of *Bertrand Barrere*, for all parties have given him up. You are alſo at liberty to ſay what you pleaſe of *Maximilian Robeſpierre*; but for Heaven's ſake, be cautious when you ſpeak of the men who ſurrounded him. In a word, you may uſe full liberty with thoſe who are dead, or who have not been cunning enough to retain any credit; but with regard to all others, my dear Journaliſt, you muſt be ſatisfied to behold them with the ſame eyes that fortune does.

7th. When you have but little news you can criticiſe a new play which you have never ſeen. Say that it is bad, you are almoſt ſure to be right. If you have almoſt nothing to put in your Journal, inſert ſome verſes which nobody reads, give leſſons on morality from which nobody will profit. If you have in fact nothing, announce books for ſale, puff the great men of the day, and propoſe candidates in the ſtyle of the hand-bills which announce apartments to be let.

If you follow my counſels, Fame will open to you her temple, Fortune will be prodigal of her favours; but remember, in manufacturing your Journal, that it is a perilous buſineſs; that it begins in priſon, and commonly ends at *Sinamary*. Be prudent; and change, according

according to circumſtances, your ſtyle, and eſpecially your lodgings. God preſerve you in a good underſtanding with the public and your cuſtomers!

VERUS.

THEATRICAL SCALE OF MERIT.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

BEING very much attached to theatrical amuſements, and at the ſame time inclined to regulate my judgment by the opinions of the beſt critics, *ſcilicet*, thoſe of the newſpapers, I am often extremely puzzled in the laborious operation of making up my mind by the indefinite—I was going to ſay almoſt unintelligible—terms made uſe of by the aforeſaid judges. It appears to me to be ſaying next to nothing, when they ſay that ſuch a performer is *capital*, another *inferior*, that one has *outdone* his uſual *outdoings*, and that another has *outdone* the *outdoings* of every body elſe. Such phraſes, being ſo many degrees of compariſon, convey no information, becauſe they are compariſons with a ſomething in the author's head, which he does not ſtate in plain terms.

Complaining the other day of theſe difficulties to my worthy friend *Jonathan Lloyds*, Eſq. of the *Stock Exchange*, he put me upon a ſcheme which I think worth communicating to you, and I hope ſoon to ſee it adopted, as the only infallible way to render dramatic criticiſm explicit and intelligible. I ſhall give it as nearly as poſſible in the words of my friend, who is one of the moſt preciſe men in the world.

"Your complaint, my dear Dangle, is ſtrictly juſt; but ſo it ever will be, unleſs critics and ſpeakers in general on all ſubjects, will conſent to adopt the terms of the conſolidated funds. At *our houſe* no man is at a loſs to comprehend another. Were one of us to ſay, that

that *omnium* had riſen *conſiderably* in the courſe of the day, he would be laughed at as an incorrigible block-head, and nobody would underſtand him; but when he ſays, it left off at $7\frac{3}{4}$, it is plain how the caſe ſtands. Now, my dear friend, let theſe critics only adopt our ſcale, and you will find the merits of a play or player will be placed on the moſt diſtinct and intelligible ground. For example, inſtead of repreſenting the progreſs of a performer by the vulgar degrees of compariſon, *good*, *better*, *beſt*, ſay at once, that *Quick* began at $58\frac{3}{4}$, and left off at $65\frac{1}{2}$; that the critics did *Murray* for the opening at 61, but that he roſe before the curtain dropped to $67\frac{1}{3}$; that another performer, by various *reports* from the country, had been raiſed to 70, but that he fell in one day no leſs than eight *per cent.*; that a comedy had begun at $62\frac{1}{2}$, fluctuated very much in the courſe of the evening, and left off at 50. You ſee, my dear Dangle, how plain all this is. You might, likewiſe, conſider a manager who announces, by extravagant puffing, a new piece, as a *bear*, who pretends to ſell what he is not poſſeſſed of, and is obliged frequently to *waddle out* at a great loſs, his delightful comedy at 70 being often reduced as low as a *farce* of 49. Kotzebue—all the world, you know, are *bulls* of *Kotzebue*; he, I ſay, as we have *nothing to give in return*, may be deemed a ſpecies of *Imperial loan*, and *done* accordingly. Viewing matters in this light, I flatter myſelf that I have a more correct idea of dramatic merit than the moſt enlightened of our critics, and am often enabled to detect falſe accounts. I have frequently been told of a performer riſing wonderfully, when to my certain knowledge he never got beyond $52\frac{1}{8}$, and very few *clappers* at that. There are ſome very *ventureſome* fellows among them, who affect to have large *concerns*, and yet, egad! are ſeldom able to pay the *firſt inſtalment*. Dramatic dealers in *nominal ſtock* are not quite

quite ſo lucky as with *us*—But let that paſs—This is my way of judging plays and players, and I know no other ſo correct. Were it once introduced, we ſhould underſtand one another better. It is nonſenſe to talk of riſing and falling. There is no riſing and falling but at the Stock Exchange that can be clearly underſtood. When I am told that Kemble roſe two *per cent.* in the fourth act of Hamlet, I know directly what is meant, as he left off at 79¾, in *To be or not to be.* But ſome actors, I am ſorry to ſay it, manage their ſtock ſo badly, that in the courſe of a ſeaſon they don't vary an eighth *per cent.* and generally leave off juſt where they began. I have only to add, that this *ratio* would be of great ſervice, at the end of a ſeaſon, to the *holders of tickets*, which I have often ſeen hawked about the Garden, at a loſs of ten or twelve *per cent.*"

My friend Jonathan having explained his ſcheme ſo particularly, I do not think it neceſſary to add any comments of my own, but ſubmit it to the better judgment of your readers, and am, Sir,

Yours ſincerely,

DANGLE.

MUSICAL CONVENIENCES.

[From the Times.]

WHAT a muſical age we live in, Mr. Editor! Every individual is now a *performer*, and every family a *band*; and the proprietors of the muſic-ſhops, as in duty bound, omit no opportunity to increaſe the prevailing rage. Going over a muſical warehouſe the other day, the property of my ingenious friend Mr. *Sonatino Humſtrum*, inſtrument-maker and muſic-ſeller, I was ſurpriſed to ſee ſo many ſide-boards, commodes, and dreſſing-tables. "Bleſs me!" ſaid I,

"friend Humſtrum, how is this? Is the muſic trade fallen off, and do you take up the trade of a cabinet-maker?"

"Good! good!" anſwered my friend, laughing heartily: "what! are you taken in too? Cabinet-maker, indeed! that's a good joke. Why, man, theſe are all piano-fortes in the ſhape of ſide-boards, dreſſing-tables, and ſo forth, for the convenience of ſmall rooms."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed! now can any thing be more convenient? For you muſt know that *we* in the city are ſo fond of giving concerts, that want of room is never conſidered as any objection; our muſic-rooms are no bigger than cloſets, and you would ſuppoſe the band and the audience placed by a clever *packer*, rather than a maſter of ceremonies. Now, you perceive, as people muſt have ſide-boards and dreſſing-tables, and ſo forth, I have contrived to make *pianos* of them."

"A very pretty contrivance, indeed, Mr. Humſtrum! and yet I am ſo much of the old-faſhioned way of thinking, that I ſhould not like to be taken in ſo. When I go to a ſide-board for a bottle of wine, or a plate of cakes, I ſhould not like to be put off with an old ſong. Your *ſinging ſide-boards* may have very pretty tones, but give me the jingling of glaſſes, Maſter Humſtrum."

"Ah! you are a wag, Maſter Squaretoes: but look here; what do you think that is?"

"I am afraid to ſay, leſt I betray my ignorance."

"Why then I'll tell you. That is a ſort of piano which may be carried about, and played in a coach."

"In a coach!—Why, who the —— wants to play in a coach? An't it enough to have our ears ſtunned with would-be players, but you muſt frighten the horſes too? Played in a coach! Well, that is a good joke. What! I ſuppoſe when one takes a long ſhilling's-

ſhilling's-worth you may play *preſtiſſimo* inſide, while the coachman is at the old-faſhioned *andante*, or act-of-parliament trot, five miles an hour."

"But here are greater improvements yet, Maſter Squaretoes, which I ſhall announce to the world as ſoon as I have made a ſufficient quantity for the public demand, which I know will be immenſe—Look here; what do you take that to be?"

"Why, according to my eyes, it ſhould be a ſofa."

"And ſo it is, an *organized grand piano forte ſofa*; that is the proper name, for here you ſee" *(lifting up the cover)* "is the inſtrument, which may be played by a ſick perſon."

"A ſick perſon—O! that is a choice contrivance—What! I ſuppoſe you have got ſome *piano pillows* and *muſical bolſters* too, eh! for the *bid-ridden Cognoſcenti?*"

"I have ſome thoughts of that, too—but look you here, another inſtrument for the bed-room——"

"Ay! and a very proper one, and a very old one, too—one of *Bramah's*, an't it?"

"Something upon the ſame plan; but look here—"

"Aſtoniſhing! What, have you got muſic there too? Well, I have heard of whiſtling to horſes—"

"Hold your profane tongue—do but liſten—*(plays)* Tink, tink, a tink, a tink, &c. &c. Can you play at all?"

"Not in *that* way, thank you—and ſo good morning, my very ingenious friend"—and good bye to you, Mr. Editor,

HUMPHREY SQUARETOES.

HOW TO RETRENCH.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT is difficult to be heard amidſt the din of public clamour; and therefore, as I was hiſſed down at our pariſh meeting, I have taken the liberty to ſend to you the ſubſtance of what I intended to have ſpoken.

Without, Sir, entering on the queſtion of *modification* of Mr. Pitt's bill, or conſidering how far it may be rendered more palatable, I ſhall only ſay that I am fully convinced it is in the pooreſt perſon's power to pay the triple taxes propoſed, merely by a retrenchment of his preſent expenditure. And although I could prove that ſuch a retrenchment ought to be extended to many articles, ſuch as *furniture, dreſs, &c. &c.* yet I ſhall confine myſelf to one only, namely, *diet.*

I ſhall conſider this, as it is ſubdivided into two parts, *eating* and *drinking*, and ſhall prove that there can ſcarcely be any perſon who has it not in his power to ſave as much in thoſe two articles as will be quite ſufficient to ſatisfy the triple-tax-gatherer.

And firſt, Sir, of DRINKING, which I place uppermoſt becauſe I know it has long been uppermoſt with our wiſe and virtuous Miniſters; I hold it to be an incontrovertible maxim, that *water* is the only fluid that ever ought to paſs down the throat of man. Every phyſician and philoſopher will agree with me in this, and alſo, that, if water were the only beverage, more than half of the diſeaſes which depopulate the earth, or make the lives of men miſerable, would not be known. Now, then, Sir, only conſider that by taking to water only we ſave the expenſe of beer, ſtrong and ſmall, all wines and ſpirits. I leave you to judge what the amount of this would be *per annum*; and proceed,

Secondly,

Secondly, to EATING. Here I am afraid I shall have fewer persons to agree with me than when I recommended the water system: but the subject is of more importance, and I am not afraid to encounter the prejudices of the appetite.

It is certain that the appetite was given for the nourishment and strength of the body, and that for many centuries, men, with very few exceptions, took no more than was absolutely necessary for that purpose. In process of time, however, matters degenerated strangely. *Corporations* and *cabinets* introduced dinners, where the indulgence of the appetite was rather a question of *power* than of *necessity*. These have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished. We have long lost the standard of nature: we have long ceased to demand what she wants; yet how applicable to a *meal* are those beautiful lines of the poet——

> "Man wants but *little* here below,
> Nor wants that little *long*."

Now, Sir, as it is my purpose to recall your readers and the public at large to what I account the primitive and natural way of gratifying the appetite, permit me to say how happy I am that we are not deprived of the knowledge of this way, that it is frequently mentioned in books, and has frequently been exemplified in the lives of some persons, even of distinction, among us. If we wish to know *exactly* what *nature demands*, and *no more*, have we not the example of Miss ELIZABETH CANNING, a young lady of great notoriety, who lived a whole month on a gallon of water and a few mouldy crusts? Have we not the more recent instances of an ELWLS, a DANCER, a TAYLOR, and many others, men who lived to great age, and yet at less expense than the meanest pauper in a workhouse? And shall we, af-

ter the conſideration of theſe examples, heſitate in ſacrificing the ſuperfluities of our table, to preſerve our property and our religion? Granting that this were difficult, *mortification* is a religious duty, and how can religion be better preſerved than by its own duties?

Beſides this, Sir, let any one ſtudy the hiſtory of *ſhipwrecks* and inſtances of *famine*, and he will ſee how many articles may be uſed as food, which we now reject, or throw away. Need I inſtance rats, mice, and old ſhoes—nay, dead bodies? for I need not tell you that a city in a ſtate of famine preſents the idea of a ſort of *tontine*, of which the ſurvivors, as in all other tontines, have the benefit. Theſe examples, Sir, will ſerve to ſhow, that, inſtead of our having retrenched our expenſes *already*, in conſequence of the *paſt demands* of the Miniſter, we are in fact but beginning. Our *reſources* are poſitively *untouched* in this way, which I am ſure the Miniſter means, when he ſays they *are* untouched; any other way he can have no meaning at all.

When I mentioned the inſtance of a city ſuffering famine, I alluded, at the ſame time, to its being *beſieged*, and the compariſon comes pat to our caſe. Our *conſtitution* is beſieged, our *property* is beſieged, our *ſocial order* is beſieged, and our *religion* is beſieged. Until the ſiege is raiſed we can have no more proviſions. The Governor, therefore, as all governors do in ſuch caſes, reſolves to put us *on ſhort allowance*, hoping that our proviſions will *laſt our time*. Here is the whole myſtery which occaſions the preſent clamour, and which would occaſion much leſs clamour, if we would ſtudy ſome of the inſtances of famine found in books, or in *gaols*, and accommodate our eating expenſes accordingly.

I have now, I hope, Sir, convinced you that by reducing ourſelves to, ſuppoſe *twopennyworth* of proviſions

viſions *per* day, we ſhall ſoon accumulate a ſum ſufficient to pay the triple aſſeſſment and all other taxes. You may, perhaps, think this a worſe plan than the Miniſter's; you may ſuppoſe twopennyworth of food *per* day is not ſufficient. Hark ye, Sir, the difference is this; a man may *exiſt* upon my plan, but he muſt *ſtarve* upon the other.

I am, Sir, yours,

CONTENTUS PARVO.

BULLETIN EXTRAORDINARY.

[From the True Briton.]

CITIZEN, *Head quarters, C——, Floreal* 13.

I HAVE the honour to acquaint you, that this morning, at half paſt eight, I made an alerte, and by a maſterly movement reached the General's before the drum had beat to breakfaſt. After driving in his advanced poſts, forcing the hall, and ſtorming the ſtaircaſe, I commenced a well-directed attack upon the library, where the breakfaſt forage was depoſited. After a ſpirited defence by Marſhal Jowler and General Pompey, who had been commiſſioned to act during the abſence of the commander in chief, I carried the place cane in hand. It is with incredible ſatisfaction I inform you, that in leſs than eleven minutes I was in poſſeſſion of five plates of muffins, fifteen buttered buns, four-and-twenty crumpets, three pyramids of dry toaſt, ſix manchets (three of them not raſped), a hot cake, ſeveral caniſters of ſugar (as per margin), two ſixpenny loaves, a white and a brown one, together with various other ſtores. I then ſecured the military (tea) cheſt, ſpiked three eggs, after firſt unloading them, ſeized the Coffee redoubt, and made a conſiderable

ſiderable impreſſion on Fort Chocolate. All this was effected without the loſs of a ſingle tooth; and I feel much pleaſure in being able to ſay that my ſtomach and bowels are in excellent health and ſpirits. I am under infinite obligations to Lieutenant-general Foot and Colonel Leg, whoſe eminent exertions on this and other occaſions demand my warmeſt gratitude; they were particularly ſerviceable to me during the rapid march I made from C——. I alſo beg leave to recommend to your notice two very deſerving officers, Major Foretooth and Captain Grinder, but for whoſe penetration and unremitted exertions in the laborious poſt they occupied, I ſhould have been ill able to accompliſh this undertaking: nor ought I to paſs over in ſilence the activity and intrepidity of Adjutants Thumb and Finger, who were extremely active on the occaſion; and I indulge a ſanguine hope that they will meet with that diſtinction to which their long and faithful ſervices entitle them.

Health and fraternity!

DESCRIPTION OF AN ANCIENT CHAPEL.

BY VITRUVIUS JUNIOR.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

THIS chapel was originally built by King Stephen, and dedicated to his namefake *Saint Stephen*. It was afterwards new built by King Edward III. in 1347, for *thirty-eight perſons* to *ſerve God*. He alſo built a belfry, and put up bells. "Of theſe bells," ſays Stowe, "men fabled that their ringing ſoured all the *drink* in the town." But this does not appear to be ſo much of a fable as that learned antiquary ſuppoſes. Of late years it has been remarked that they have produced a very wonderful effect upon "the *drink* in the town."

In

In the Monaſticon we find King Edward's charter for this chapel; and by patent, dated the 22d of his reign, he gave it to his great houſe in Lombard Street. There are ſtill ſeveral great houſes in *Lombard Street* which belong to it, and one very large one in *Threadneedle Street*. It is a ſpacious chapel, wainſcoted up to the ceiling, accommodated with galleries, ſupported by ſlender iron pillars, adorned with Corinthian capitals and ſconces. The *ſconcing* work of this building is very *curious*. There was formerly much Gothic work about it, but the improvements are moſtly in the *modern ſtyle*.

It was firſt uſed as a place of worſhip in the *preſent way*, in the time of Edward VI. The revenues then were not leſs than 1085*l*. a year, a great ſum for thoſe days, yet literally nothing, when compared with the revenues it draws in our days, which in one year have exceeded forty millions. In order to account for this, it muſt be obſerved that every pariſh in the kingdom is tributary to it, and that the perſons who officiate here have lately demanded their *tithes* with great ſtrictneſs. Notwithſtanding this influx of wealth, they are frequently compelled to borrow money to provide for dilapidations, repairs, &c. on their eſtates, as alſo to ſend miſſionaries abroad, to convert the French and other heathen nations.

The number of perſons who officiate in this chapel is very great, although not above a third regularly attend. What is ſingular, they are moſtly *lay-preachers*, and ſome of them men of conſiderable eloquence. Their diſcourſes are frequently very long and deſultory; for although they chooſe a text, like others, it is very rarely they ſtick to it. There are ſome *regular clergy* appointed by them, and thoſe of the higheſt rank in the church, but they always do duty in a place adjoining, which is a *chapel of eaſe* to this, where the ſervice is performed in a more orderly and decent

manner, but the congregation is much thinner. In this *chapel of eaſe* the doctrines preached at the other are frequently reviſed and examined, and ſometimes cenſures have been inflicted; but they have no power over the *revenues*.

As to the *religion* of St. Stephen's chapel, much difference of opinion has prevailed. All we can ſay for certain is, that the prayers are the prayers of the church of England. The *doctrine* and *diſcipline* have varied at various periods. They contend, in general, for a *ſtanding miniſtry*, and allow of *patronage*. Sometimes we hear of the *Goſpel*, but moſt frequently the *Law* predominates, and the doctrines of the *Antinomians* are very much cried down. At other times *faith* without *works* is the prevailing doctrine; and hence probably it is that *repentance* is ſo ſeldom inſiſted upon, and that woful inſtances of apoſtacy are not cenſured as they ought. As they do not exclude the ſectaries, ſome of the miniſters are *Preſbytcrians*, but, at leaſt of late, the *Independent* intereſt has been much diſcouraged. Nay, we have known inſtances in which *Diſſenters*, even of moderate principles, have been threatened with the terrors of the bottomleſs *Pit*.

The *livings* belonging to this chapel are reckoned very good, and they are always improvable by the incumbent, as *pluralities* are allowed without even the formality of a diſpenſation. Some, accordingly, hold three, four, or even five or ſix livings, and by bringing up their ſons in the *ſame perſuaſion*, are enabled to provide for them very handſomely: and after officiating here for a number of years with zeal and aſſiduity, and a *conſcientious* uſe of their gifts and graces, they are often tranſlated into the *chapel of eaſe* above mentioned, where they become poſſeſſed of *perpetual advowſons*.

It

It only remains to be mentioned, that this chapel is generally very much frequented; the galleries are always very full, but in the body of the chapel it is very difficult to procure a *ſeat*. The number admitted here is reſtricted, and no perſon can apply for a pew but in caſe of a vacancy, and the pews are let for a term not exceeding ſeven years. Some of theſe pews belong to the officiating miniſters, ſome to the preachers in the chapel of eaſe, and ſome are in the gift of certain pariſhes, who chooſe a perſon to ſit to give them an account of what is preached. Of the latter kind, however, there are not ſo many as ſome people think there ought to be.

It has been lately propoſed to repair this chapel, by pulling down the *rotten parts*, or what were ſaid to be rotten; and this occaſioned a *ſchiſm* among the preachers. The officiating miniſters, however, appointed a committee from among themſelves to inſpect the premiſes, who reported that there was no immediate danger, and that it would laſt their time. On which the deſign was dropped.

Theſe are the chief particulars I have been able to collect of the hiſtory and preſent ſtate of this chapel. It may, however, be added, that the *clerks* only wear gowns, and a gentleman who officiates ſomewhat in the manner of the *moderator* of the General Aſſembly of Scotland. He is very kind to the poor preachers, and often gives them a *dinner* in winter. There are no *marriages* celebrated here. One was lately intended; but the bride, a tall *Iriſh* woman, forbid the banns*. As to external decorum, it is but little attended to, and even during the moſt ſerious parts of the ſervice no perſon *kneels* with *his own conſent!*

* Since this was written, the lady has complied, though not without reluctance. EDIT.

NEW HOUSE OF LORDS.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT gives me great pleaſure to learn by a paragraph in your paper of this morning, that Mr. Wyatt is to be employed in conſtructing a *new Houſe of Lords*; for while it is certain that a *new* Houſe of Lords is very much wanted, it is equally certain that no perſon in our times is ſo ably qualified for the taſk. I agree alſo cordially with the writer of your paragraph in obſerving, that "the preſent Houſe is ill ſuited to the *dignity* of this Aſſembly."

Various architects have been employed in making *additions* to this building, but this has been attended with no other effect than to prove that *additions* are not *improvements*; and that he is a very unſkilful workman who attends more to the *quantity* of his materials than to their *quality*, and is content that his *tools* ſhall make up in *number* what they want in *ſharpneſs*. All this, you muſt allow, is very abſurd—as abſurd, indeed, as if I were to employ a perſon to repair my houſe in the country, and he were to do nothing more than *pitch* his *rubbiſh* from the neighbouring *commons*.

As I am unacquainted with the deſigns Mr. Wyatt may have made, it would be impertinent in me to make any anticipatory remarks. Undoubtedly a gentleman of his ſkill will take care that *ſtrength* and *ſolidity* be united with *beauty* and *magnificence*; and that there ſhall not be, as we have ſeen in the works of ſome modern architects, a profuſion of Corinthian *capitals* without *baſes*, things that ought to be called *pilaſters* and not pillars; for though very ornamental, and having the ſame proportions as a column, they are in fact "*props* that yield *no ſupport*." And above all, I hope he will take care that the whole be conſtructed

ſtructed in an *uniform* manner. It was very lately objected to the old Houſe, that there was a great *inequality* between ſome of the columns, ſome being higher than others; it is needleſs to add, that the ſuperior, in ſuch a caſe, muſt render the inferior uſeleſs.

I hope, however, that, in this great undertaking, Mr. Wyatt will not object to take a hint now and then from the *Surveyor*, who lives in Downing Street, and is ſuppoſed to underſtand the plans and *elevations* of this Houſe as well as moſt men. The beautiful perſpective of the avenue *leading to* the Houſe was conſtructed by him. He is alſo complete maſter of all the *mouldings* neceſſary in the alteration of old columns, or the introduction of new. His ſkill, indeed, has been rewarded by numerous *patents*, none of which being expired, he muſt, in ſome meaſure, co-operate with Mr. Wyatt in forming the *interior* of the building at leaſt.

But I ſhall make no further remark on this ſubject at preſent, as it is a ſubject of peculiar delicacy, and has always been treated as ſuch even by our beſt writers, with a degree of timidity, that one would think they wrote with a *rod* hanging over them! During the progreſs of the building, I may, perhaps, trouble you again. Meantime,

I am, Mr. Editor, yours, &c.

July 12, 1799. VITRUVIUS JUNIOR.

PORTRAIT OF JACOBINISM.

[From the True Briton.]

THIS is the power which, nurſed by Ambition, Vanity, and Atheiſm, has founded the pillar of French Republicaniſm upon the ruins of the palace, the throne, and the altar; which has reared it amid heaps

heaps of ſlaughtered victims, and cemented its parts with their blood. This is the power which, trained in the ſchools of Philoſophiſm, aſſumed the dreſs of Mildneſs, Virtue, and Religion; but, when arrived at full maturity, diſcovered its ſanguinary and deſtructive ſpirit, and avowed its oppoſition to every inſtitution, human and divine, that obſtructed its gigantic deſigns; that with philanthropy ever in its mouth, and malice and vengeance in its heart, talks of honour, and practiſes perjury—of liberty, and exerciſes the moſt intolerable tyranny; that harangues on *the Rights* of Man, while it makes property a crime, robbery a virtue; and not only perpetrates, but juſtifies murder. This execrable power, which alone can ſteel the hearts of its votaries againſt *every* feeling of nature, has *dared* to ſanction treaſon, parricide, luſt, and maſſacre; and to infuſe into the breaſts of his ſubject multitudes a new paſſion, which has ſunk them beneath the level of the brute creation—a paſſion for the ſight of their fellow-creatures in the agonies of death, and a *literal* thirſt for human blood.

This is the power that, firſt enthroning ſeven hundred tyrants in the place of one King (deliberately murdered, only *becauſe* he was a King), ruled twenty-four millions of ſlaves with the iron ſceptre of terror, and for five years made France a *ſlaughter-houſe*; that formed the web of its laws of the moſt complex and intricate texture, and changed them at the fancy of the moment, or for the expreſs purpoſe of enſnaring the innocent; and, *abſolute* in all things elſe, diſdained to preſerve the prerogative of Mercy; that, "calling evil good, and good evil; putting darkneſs for light, and light for darkneſs," has "thought to change times and laws," for the expreſs purpoſe of deſtroying every veſtige of true religion, and has deified human reaſon, after having degraded it to madneſs; that has fettered its vaſſals in the chains of requiſition,

requiſition, a tyranny before unheard of; that changed the artiſans and peaſants into a maſs of banditti, deluged the country with torrents of their blood, and marked the frontiers with vaſt piles of their bodies; that, throwing away the ſword of juſtice, made the *guillotine* keep pace with the ſlaughter of the field of battle, and crowded the priſons with numbers greater than the captives of war; that, mingling prieſts and nobles, women, children, and peaſants, with indiſcriminating brutality, made them the wretched victims of its fury, tortured their feelings with the moſt exquiſite and ſportive cruelty, and made them drink the cup of miſery to its dregs; that, pillaging alike the church, the palace, and the cottage, baniſhing thouſands of the inhabitants from their country, deſtroying villages, towns, and cities, ſeizing every monument of art, and drying up every ſource of commerce, *ſets up the ſtandard of deſolation in its own dominions.* This is the power which, concealing the dagger of terror under the olive-branch of peace, and pretending to plant the tree of liberty in every country conquered by its arms, or deluded by its profeſſions, invariably profanes their altars, exiles or murders their prieſts, aboliſhes their moſt uſeful and moſt ſacred laws and inſtitutions, and avails itſelf of their riches and reſources, to increaſe the inſtruments of its own domination. This is the power which, not content with hurling defiance at every ſovereign on earth, has raiſed its voice againſt the Majeſty of Heaven; has reviled the Saviour of the world; deſtroyed his churches, perſecuted his miniſters, forbidden his worſhip; and, to complete the meaſure of his guilt, has *declared*, in terms ſurpaſſing the boldneſs of all former impiety, that *there is no God.*

AN ANIMAL NOT DESCRIBED BY BUFFON.

HE partakes of the nature both of the bull and the aſs; of the bull in ſtrength, of the aſs in patience. Remarkably fierce when provoked, but not eaſily provoked. Brave in battle, eager for conteſt; never crouching to animals of foreign breed, but extremely quiet at home. Capable of heavy burdens, but not of long faſting. Fond of luxurious fare; vain-glorious, and thinking himſelf free even at the time when his rider preſſes and curbs him moſt ſeverely. Eaſily led into ſnares, and kneels down to have the burden fitted to his back. Rather amphibious; and though he lives chiefly upon land, is particularly celebrated upon water. Other animals are ſaid to degenerate when they are carried to foreign climates; this animal degenerates in his own. The period of his degeneracy was firſt obſerved about fifty or ſeventy years ago; ſince that time he has loſt his firm tread, and his erect and portly creſt. Formerly he was very gregarious, and upon particular occaſions large herds uſed to aſſemble together. By degrees thoſe aſſemblies grew leſs frequent, and now are wholly diſcontinued; nay, he ſeems almoſt to be afraid of his ſpecies. It muſt be acknowledged, however, that this is in a great meaſure to be imputed to the intrigues of his rider: at preſent he is ſo tame that any body may ride him. Animals of foreign breed uſed formerly to hold him in great reſpect; his degeneracy, however, has deprived him of that reſpect, and he is now univerſally treated with ſcorn and ridicule; yet he poſſeſſes in himſelf the means of regeneration, though it is hard to ſay when he intends to make uſe of them.

THE PUZZLED POLITICIAN.

[From the Oracle.]

SIR,

YOUR excellent paper, which, about the time of Lord Nelſon's victory, made me a man of conſiderable conſequence, has been now the occaſion of my appearing in a very different point of view. I ſhall explain myſelf. Having been long in the *Turkey* trade, I a few years ago retired to a ſmall property near my native town, where I was ſoon admitted a member of a very keen Newſpaper Reading Club. From the circumſtance of my having been frequently at *Alexandria*, and once at *Grand Cairo*, when your paper arrived with the account of the glorious victory of the *Nile*, and of Buonaparte's expedition to *Egypt*, I became a kind of *oracle*, ſolving many knotty points, and anſwering all the queſtions which were put to me, as well at the Club as in my own family, much to the ſatisfaction and admiration of both. But the other day, as bad luck would have it, your paper, full of the accounts of the complicated movements of the armies in *Italy*, *Germany*, and *Switzerland*, had been juſt received by the Club, who, long before I arrived, were hard at it, with their book of maps diſplayed on the table, which, leaning three deep over one another, in a very hot day, and a very cloſe room, they were conſulting moſt eagerly and moſt unſucceſsfully: in vain were ſpectacles put on noſes which had never been ſo ſaddled; in vain were ſeveral forefingers travelling ſlowly, with much circumſpection, and many lateral excurſions, from *Rome* to *Milan*, from *Milan* to *Turin*, from *Turin* to *Zurich*, and from *Zurich* to *Straſburg*; but they, poor ſouls! could make nothing of it.

So many places, *rivers*, *rivulets*, *mounts*, *mountains*, *valleys*, *lakes*, and *bridges*, every moment occurring

in

in the paper, which they could not find in the map; ſo many hard names of *Field-marſhals*, *Princes*, *Counts*, *Generals*, *Colonels*, *Majors*, *Captains*, *Lieutenants*, *Enſigns*, *Sergeants*, and *Corporals*, many of which they could not pronounce, had all together, with the heat of the room, the tobacco, the punch, and the porter, ſo bewildered, muddled, puzzled, and perplexed the pates of the ſeveral members, that, upon my entering the room rather later than uſual, there was an univerſal ſhout of "Here is Mr. Snug at laſt; we ſhall have all cleared up now." I at once ſaw that it was expected I ſhould know as much about *Aleſſandria* as about *Alexandria*; about the *Thur* and *Thor*, as about the *Nile*. For ſcarcely had the general noiſe ſubſided, when Mr. Liniment, the apothecary, inſtantly opened, "Pray, Sir, where is *Gargellen*, *St. Gall*, *Candia*, *Kloſter*, and *Keeblis?*" But he was interrupted by Dr. Marrow, the parſon, who, with his wig puſhed very far back, and wiping the ſweat from his forehead, exclaimed, "Where is *Diſſentis*, *Mount Slapin*, *Flums*, *Flams*, *Singen*, and *Aldenſingen?* By the by, Mr. Snug, do you not take this to be an error of the preſs for *Algenſingen?* Here is *Syon*, but where is *Paradies?*" — "Upon my word," anſwered I, "Doctor, you ſhould know beſt." I was at laſt addreſſed by old Captain Frill, with his dry brown cheeks, fair, bald, ſhining forehead, and a thin queue, at the end of which appeared about ſix or ſeven ſnow-white hairs—"I have ſerved in *Germany* in my time, but I'll be ſhot if ever I encountered ſuch names as *Pfaffers*, *Bredtſchneider*, and *Knarpf*; pray, Sir, do pronounce them." — "Really, Captain Frill, you having, as you ſay, ſerved in *Germany*, ſhould, in my opinion, rather teach me; but perhaps it may be ſome error of the printer." — "If this be ſo, Mr. Snug, the printer, who is probably in ſome corps or other, ſhould therefore know better to drill his types; he

he ſhould, I ſay, command his conſonants to take open order, and poſt at the ſame time ſome of his vowels in the intervals."

"But, Gentlemen," ſaid I, "have you read that part of the paper, which, from its title, now ſtrikes me as moſt likely to be ſatisfactory; I mean the *Sound intelligence?*"--"Sound intelligence!" they roared out; "a liſt of ſhips! we want none of your wit now, Mr. Snug; we want matter-of-fact information; we want to know where are *Baduz* and *Balzers*, the two *Zolbridges*, *Sſkirins*, *Caſa Tiſma*, *Ragatz*, *Fimmeſborg*, *Murk*, *Mount Fiola*, and *Torre di Garraſola*." I had now nothing left but to put my fingers in my ears, and to run home; but as I opened the door I could hear theſe words: "D—n him, let him go; he knows nothing but about your *Egypts*, your *Niles*, and *Alexandrias*." I accordingly arrived, much mortified, in my own parlour, expecting, however, there to meet quietneſs at leaſt; but how much I was diſappointed in this, may, perhaps, be the ſubject of another letter, ſhould you reliſh this one.

I am, Sir, your conſtant reader,

TIMOTHY SNUG.

LOYAL SPORTS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE glorious news of laſt Tueſday * very naturally put every thing elſe out of my head; I was otherwiſe diſpoſed to addreſs you on the elegant feſti-

* About the time when this was written, a fête had been given at W——— Caſtle; and among other amuſements for the children, were grinning matches, ſoaped pigs, &c.

vities

vities of Maiden Caſtle, for an account of which we ſtand indebted to you and your brethren. But, Sir, we happen to live in tickliſh times. *Grinning*, *bobbing for apples*, and *diving for geeſe*, may be very harmleſs amuſement in harmleſs days; but when it is given out that the candidates are expected to be *loyal* ſubjects, I think ſome more attention ought to have been paid to the matter. I remember the Spectator, No. 173, giving an account of a *grinning match*, informs us, that great circumſpection was uſed in admitting candidates. In this caſe a gold ring, given by a Whig Juſtice of Peace, was to be grinned for, (a pound of tobacco is as much now as a gold ring was then, but let that paſs). Of the ſecond candidate, the Spectator obſerves, "that he was a *malcontent*, and a great maſter in the whole art of grinning, and did his part ſo well, that he is ſaid to have made half a dozen women miſcarry; but the Juſtice being apprized by one who ſtood near him, that the fellow who grinned in his face was a *Jacobite*, he *ordered* the *oaths* to be tendered to him upon his quitting the table, which the grinner refuſing, he was ſet aſide as an *unqualified* perſon."

Upon reading this paſſage, Mr. Editor, I felt the ſhock a man feels who has eſcaped an imminent danger. No ſuch precaution, I am afraid, was taken at the late grinning match, which, indeed, conſidering our circumſpection in other matters, is to me aſtoniſhing. The leaſt that could have been done was to have ſent down a party of the *Anti-jacobin* ſociety, with full powers to act as *compurgators* on this occaſion. Their buſineſs ought to have been to examine the ſeveral candidates as to their loyal principles; as for example, whether they adored Mr. Pitt; whether they believed in Mr. Dundas (and could read his letters); what was their opinion as to the origin of the war; how they ſtood affected to the retention of the Netherlands,

ls, &c. &c. Not a man ought to have been allowed nove a muſcle before he had given ſatisfaction upon n to the ſcrutineers. Who knows but the fellow o won the *tobacco* was an enemy to the *extenſion* of *exciſe?* How can we be certain that the man who t the *cheeſe* would not have ſtopt the *parings*, which e Gentlemen are ſo fond of, if he could? Let me , Mr. Editor, be miſunderſtood. I do not aſſert the caſe was ſo. It is poſſible the candidates have been well affected. A man may certainly h at a *roll and treacle* without being inſtigated by devil; but I confeſs that the agility with which e ſports are performed, affords but an equivocal of of attachment to the Conſtitution; and as they e expreſsly inſtituted as rewards for loyalty, care ht to have been taken that the candidates were duly lified. The *Anti-jacobins* have not exerted their al diſcretion in this affair. They ought at leaſt to e read the *Teſt Act*, before a ſingle man was al-ed to *jump* in a *ſack*, and adminiſtered the *oaths* of *iance* to every perſon who imagined he could catch *pig* by the *tail*. The ſacred barriers will ſoon be ten down, if ſuch negligence prevails among the rdians of ſocial order. A pretty affair it will be, ereafter we ſhould be told that a *Preſbyterian* car-off the barrel of beer, and that an *Anabaptiſt* had p at the *gooſe*.

I am, Sir,
Your humble ſervant,
A REPORTER.

SPECIMEN

SPECIMEN OF MODERN BIOGRAPHY.

A SHEET OMITTED IN A VOLUMINOUS LIFE OF JOHNSON.

[From the Looker-on.]

APRIL the 20th, I dined with him at Sir J. R———'s. I regret that I have preſerved but few minutes of his converſation on that day, though he was leſs talkative, and fuller of capriciouſneſs and contradictions than uſual; as the following dialogue may ſhow — whilſt at the ſame time it proves that there is no queſtion ſo entirely barren of matter or argument, which could not furniſh him an occaſion of diſplaying the powers of his mighty mind. We talked of public places; and one gentleman ſpoke warmly in praiſe of Sadler's Wells. Mr. C——, who had been ſo unfortunate as to diſpleaſe Dr. Johnſon, and wiſhed to reinſtate himſelf in his good opinion, thought he could not do it more effectually than by decrying ſuch light amuſements as thoſe of tumbling and rope-dancing; in particular, he aſſerted that "a rope-dancer was, in his opinion, the moſt deſpicable of human beings." Johnſon (awfully rolling himſelf as he prepared to ſpeak, and burſting out into a thundering tone), "Sir, you might as well ſay that St. Paul was the moſt deſpicable of human beings. Let us beware how we petulantly and ignorantly traduce a character which puts all other characters to ſhame. Sir, a rope-dancer concentres in himſelf all the cardinal virtues."

Well as I was by this time acquainted with the ſophiſtical talents of my illuſtrious friend, and often as I had liſtened to him in wonder, while he "made the worſe appear the better reaſon," I could not but ſuppoſe that, for once, he had been betrayed by his violence into an aſſertion which he could not ſupport. Urged by my curioſity, and perhaps rather wickedly deſirous

deſirous of leading him into a conteſt, I ventured, leaning briſkly towards him acroſs my friend the Duke of ——'s chair, to ſay, in a ſportive familiar manner, which he ſometimes indulgently permitted me to uſe, "Indeed, Dr. Johnſon! did I hear you right? A rope-dancer concentre in himſelf all the cardinal virtues?" The anſwer was ready,—Johnſon, "Why, yes, Sir, deny it who dare. I ſay, in a rope-dancer there is temperance, and faith, and hope, and charity, and juſtice, and prudence, and fortitude." Still I was not ſatisfied; and, deſirous to hear his proofs at full length,—Boſwell, "Why, to be ſure, Sir, fortitude, I can eaſily conceive."—Johnſon (interrupting me), "Sir, if you cannot conceive the reſt, Sir, it is to no purpoſe that you conceive the ſeventh. But to thoſe who cannot comprehend, it is neceſſary to explain. Why, then, Sir, we will begin with temperance. Sir, if the joys of the bottle entice him one inch beyond the line of ſobriety, his life or his limbs muſt pay the forfeit of his exceſs. Then, Sir, there is faith. Without unſhaken confidence in his own powers, and full aſſurance that the rope is firm, his temperance will be of but little advantage: the unſteadineſs of his nerves would prove as fatal as the intoxication of his brain. Next, Sir, we have hope. A dance ſo dangerous, who ever exhibited, unleſs lured by the hope of fortune or of fame? Charity next follows: and what inſtance of charity ſhall be oppoſed to that of him, who, in the hope of adminiſtering to the gratification of others, braves the hiſs of multitudes, and derides the dread of death? Then, Sir, what man will withhold from the funambuliſt the praiſe of juſtice, who conſiders his inflexible uprightneſs, and that he holds his balance with ſo ſteady a hand, as never to incline, in the minuteſt degree, to one ſide or the other. Nor, in the next place, is his prudence more diſputable than his juſ-

tice.

tice. He has choſen, indeed, a dangerous accompliſhment; but, while it is remembered that he is temerarious in the maturity of his art, let it not be forgotten that he was cautious in his commencement; and that, while he was yet in the rudiments of rope-dancing, he might ſecurely fail in his footing, while his inſtructors ſtood ready on either ſide to prevent or to alleviate his fall. Laſtly, Sir, thoſe who from dulneſs or from obſtinacy ſhall refuſe to the rope-dancer the applauſes due to temperance, faith, hope, charity, juſtice, and prudence, will yet ſcarcely be ſo hardened in falſehood or in folly, as to deny him the laurels of fortitude. He that is content to totter on a cord, while his fellow-mortals tread ſecurely on the broad baſis of *terra firma*; who performs the jocund evolutions of the dance on a ſuperficies, compared to which, the verge of a precipice is a ſtable ſtation; may rightfully ſnatch the wreath from the conqueror and the martyr; may boaſt that he expoſes himſelf to hazards, from which he might fly to the cannon's mouth as a refuge or a relaxation! Sir, let us now be told no more of the infamy of the rope-dancer."——When he had ended, I could not help whiſpering Sir J. R.—Boſwell, "How wonderfully does our friend extricate himſelf out of difficulties! He is like quickſilver: try to graſp him in your hand, and he makes his eſcape between every finger." This image I afterwards ventured to mention to our great Moraliſt and Lexicographer, ſaying, "May not I flatter myſelf, Sir, that it was a paſſable metaphor?"—Johnſon, "Why, yes, Sir."

THE ART OF MAKING EXCUSES.

[From the Monthly Beauties.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

ALTHOUGH there is not a more uſeful accompliſhment in genteel life, than *the art of making excuſes*, I don't recollect that it has ever been made the ſubject of a popular eſſay, or that any rules have been laid down to render it more familiar "to the meaneſt capacities." I am the more ſurpriſed at this, becauſe, independent of its great utility, it is an art very difficult to acquire, and moſt people, I believe, are diſpoſed to allow that bungling excuſes are very common things, and at the ſame time very diſgraceful, and eaſily detected.

There is ſcarcely an hour in our lives, that we do not find it neceſſary to offer an excuſe, either for ſomething we have done, or for ſomething we have not done; for ſomething we have neglected to begin, or ſomething we have forgot to complete; for ſomething required of us, or ſomething which we ſhould have required of others.

In my youth I was ſtrictly admoniſhed never to be without an excuſe, but to put a good face upon the matter, and always to have ſomething to ſay for myſelf. On theſe three points the whole excuſatory or apologetic art depends. Nor was I long engaged in buſineſs or pleaſure (for theſe are now generally mixed in pretty decent proportions) before I found how uſeful it was to play the one againſt the other; and between the two, I aſſure you, Sir, I have not been without an excuſe for the laſt thirty years. Indeed there are no men who can ſo eaſily contrive excuſes as men of trade, if they will but unite pleaſure with it. The contending demands of theſe oppoſites is a fine

ſource of apologies. Even trade itſelf affords us no ſmall ſupply of admirable *put-offs*; but then you know, Sir, one would not always plead buſineſs, leſt it might be thought vulgar and mechanical.

In writing letters, for inſtance, what an inexhauſtible excuſe have we in the going out of the poſt? This will anſwer either for our neglecting to write at all, for writing too briefly, or for writing unintelligibly. Of many thouſand letters I have received in my time, I do not recollect above a dozen which did not conclude with theſe irrefragable words: "But as the poſt is *juſt* going off, I remain, &c. &c." What a convenient thing it is, and what a happy choice of time and circumſtances, to write always "*juſt* as the poſt is going out;" to fold up one's letter to the melody of his horn; and hurry it into his bag with an air of conſequential buſtle and expeditious importance! What a ſaving of time and labour, thus to poſtpone a thing, until labour becomes uſeleſs, and time cannot be permitted!

It is commonly ſuppoſed that the emptineſs of our churches on a Sunday morning, proceeds from the infidelity and irreligion of the age, from abſolute contempt, or wilful negligence.—Let me do the age juſtice—This is not the caſe; for I have put the queſtion a thouſand times to ſome friends of mine (who, by the by, have a thouſand times given me the opportunity); but they always had an excuſe ready which ſtopt my mouth: "The hair-dreſſer did not come at the hour appointed." This, Mr. Editor, I would have you attend to. It is one of the boldeſt ſtrokes in the whole art of excuſing, and although performed every Sunday in the year, with unbounded applauſe, will, I verily believe, never tire or be worn out. Thus you ſee, Sir, there are two ſorts of men who do infinite miſchief to his Majeſty's liege ſubjects. The *poſtmen* hinder them from writing their letters, and the

the hair-dreſſer ſpoils their devotion. And when we conſider that poſtmen are actually in the pay of Government, and that hair-dreſſers are at leaſt connived at under our conſtitution, all oppoſition is in vain, and therefore we muſt allow that theſe excuſes are exceedingly good.

But poſtmen and barbers are not the only inſtruments of delay, parents of procraſtination, and begetters of apologies. Taylors and ſhoemakers, a very uſeful body of men, are, I am ſorry to ſay it, to incur a very great ſhare of blame. My ſon cannot ſtep as far as the Bank or the Cuſtom-houſe, becauſe his new boots are not come home; and my dinner has often been ſpoiled, becauſe the taylor forgot to put a ſcarlet cape on the coat of one of my principal gueſts. One gentleman cannot take a ride, becauſe his buckſkin breeches are not ready, and another, becauſe his are juſt gone to be cleaned. Happy is it for us, Sir, that we can draw excuſes from matters ſo eaſily comprehended, and which every body muſt allow to be proper; for who can ſit down in company without a coat, or take a ride in the indecent *garb* of a *ſans culotte?*

My wife, as worthy a woman as lives, is a remarkable proficient in excuſes, whether at home or abroad. When we ſee company, all her converſation at dinner is a ſtring of excuſes, followed by a proportional collection of compliments from our friends. And, what really ſometimes provokes me not a little (though I dare not ſay any thing), ſhe will make as many excuſes for a diſh that is on the table, as for the abſence of one which it was not in her power to preſent, and is eternally contending, by every excuſe ſhe can invent, that there is not a thing worth eating, even while ſhe is cramming the gueſts with every thing, and they are anſwering her importunities by doing ample juſtice to the feaſt.

When ſhe is to go out with me, ſhe finds a hundred

excuſes for being too late. The gown ſhe *muſt* wear wants airing; ſhe can't find her gloves, though ſhe has ſearched the whole houſe for them, that is, every place where they were not to be found; and when all has been adjuſted, ſhe diſcovers that there is a ſmall rent, almoſt inviſible, in the ſouth-eaſt corner of her handkerchief: theſe are internals. Now for externals: the ſervant is juſt gone for a coach, and conſequently is not yet returned, or is returned, and there is no coach on the ſtand; then Will is deſired to go, and get one at any rate; and after all, it is well if we get into the coach without tearing part of the flounce, forgetting the fan, or diſcompoſing the architectural regularity of a curl.

It was but laſt week we made up a party of pleaſure to go up to Hampton. Two ladies were detained by the aforeſaid hair-dreſſer, the extent of whoſe miſchief is not confined to Sundays only. One gentleman's horſe had been blooded that morning, and he was gone to hire or borrow another. A ſecond had ſome very particular buſineſs, but he would overtake us in half an hour. My ſon had not finiſhed a bill of parcels, which I bid him write out two days before. The gentleman who was the firſt mover of our expedition, had ſuch a violent headach, that it was thought neceſſary he ſhould "take ſomething;" and his brother, a very agreeable man, was ſeized ſo violently, that it was thought neceſſary he ſhould "part with ſomething." In this crippled ſtate, two hours after the time appointed, our party ſet out; but with the ſingularly comfortable reflection, that every body abſent had ſent very good excuſes. I ſhould mention, that a very violent rain joined our party on the road; the only thing for which no excuſe was offered.

I have ſometimes thought, Mr. Editor, though with ſubmiſſion, that this art of excuſing, when carried too far (for every thing may be carried to an extreme), treſpaſſes

treſpaſſes a little on the art of making ſomething that is expreſſed by a very unpolite monoſyllable, which I therefore ſuppreſs. My acquaintance, John Rattle, Eſq. one of the ableſt apologiſts I ever knew, aſſured me that he had no recollection of having, in any one inſtance, been without an excuſe. Judging of Jack's talent by my own (and I believe our genius is pretty much upon a par), I could not help ſuggeſting to him, one evening, that I did not ſee how he was able to accompliſh all this without a little of—you know what—" No, no, my dear boy," anſwered Jack, " not a *lie*; no, no, I ſcorn that—only a kind of white lie—a ſort of *bounce*—you underſtand me?" I know that Jack will be engaged to dine at three places, and yet content himſelf with a mutton-chop at home. Then follows a ſtring of excuſes; to one, " he was obliged to go into the country;" to another, " he was obliged to wait at home for a country gentleman;" and to a third, " he was ſo ſuddenly ſeized with the tooth-ach, that he was obliged to ſend for his ſurgeon, juſt as he was going to dreſs, who above all things inſiſted that he ſhould not expoſe himſelf to the air."

Jack's character, however, in ſpite of his great ſkill in the art of excuſing, is a little tainted. The pleaſure of his company occaſions it to be in high demand, and he is ever ready with a faithful promiſe; but no perſon, who has the leaſt knowledge of him, expects that he will keep his appointment. Some of his friends, who are tender of his honour, often beg that he will not give it under his hand that he will fulfil his engagement, but chooſe rather to leave it as a debt of honour, without any valid ſecurity. The conſequence is, that, wherever Jack appears, he diſappoints expectation; and when he keeps his word, it is generally concluded that ſomething very extraordinary muſt have happened.

The only other branch of the apologetic art, which I ſhall touch upon in this letter, is the art of forgetting.

This is of very great conſequence. It will often ſucceed when every other method has failed; and, like a quack medicine, may be taken "without loſs of time or hindrance of buſineſs." It is of ſingular ſervice to thoſe half-formed people, who have not genius or invention for the higher efforts of the art. Hence, it is of peculiar uſe to ſervants of all deſcriptions, whoſe memories are ſingularly poſſeſſed of certain amiable domeſtic deficiencies. Whatever ſome people may ſay in praiſe of a prompt memory, it is a much more difficult thing to learn to forget on certain occaſions; for inſtance, to forget when it is not convenient that we ſhould remember. This is a contrivance beyond all the powers of memory, and is only to be acquired by long practice, and by carefully eraſing from our brains thoſe marks, which ſome philoſophers tell us, our ideas make, and which conſtitute memory.

While every year we are preſented with an increaſed variety of memorandum-books, each better than that which went before, I wonder that no enterpriſing man has publiſhed an *Obliviendum* book, in which we might ſet down every thing that it is proper or convenient to forget—What is proper and what is convenient, are preciſely the ſame thing in a manageable memory. If you, Sir, know of any bookſeller, who will ſpeculate on a ſcheme of this kind, I ſhall be very happy to give him a few hints drawn from actual experience, and indeed every aſſiſtance in my power to further ſo uſeful and deſirable a work. I muſt tell you, however, that it will require ſome capital to engage in ſuch an undertaking, becauſe it muſt be printed on a very extenſive plan. For one column of *engagements*, we muſt have at leaſt five of *excuſes*; and if we faithfully record every thing we forget, *i. e.* chooſe to forget, the number will exceed that of the things we remember, by at leaſt ten times.

I am, Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant,

MARTIN MOLLIFY.

AN ELEGY IN A LONDON CHURCHYARD.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

GREAT Tom now ſounds the cloſe of buſy day,
The weary dray-horſe reſts from labour free,
From town, till morn, the merchant ſpeeds his way,
And London leaves to tumult and to me.

Now ſtars terreſtrial glimmer through each ſtreet,
Through all the air a din confus'd is ſpread,
Save where perchance ſome liſt'ning crowd you meet,
By nightly ſongſters' ſtrains diſcordant led;

Save that from yonder watch-box ſtanding near,
The old night-guardian tells his wonted tale;
Or urg'd by outrage dire to timely fear,
Makes his loud rattle ſound upon the gale.

On cobler's ſtall, or ſcreen'd by friendly ſhed,
Full many a maid once breath'd her nightly woes;
Yet here from chill misfortune ever fled,
The houſeleſs wand'rers of the ſtreet repoſe.

The noiſy call of Smithfield's early train,
The ſweep's ſhrill matins from the chimney-ſtack,
The duſtman's bell, or poſt-boy's piping ſtrain,
No more ſhall call their fleeting ſpirits back.

For them no more the brothel door ſhall turn,
Or buſy waiter ply his napkin'd care;
No am'rous youth with lawleſs paſſion burn,
Nor fly procureſs in their plunder ſhare.

Once in their cheeks the roſe of health was ſeen,
When youth its charms luxuriant round them ſhed;
How jocund did their morn of life begin!
But ah! how ſoon by gath'ring clouds o'erſpread!

Let not ſtern Virtue ſcorn th' unhappy frail,
Their nights of riot, and their days of woe;
Nor ſanctified Indiff'rence hear the tale,
And choke the ſtreams of nature ere they flow.

The pride of chaſtity, and dread of ſhame,
Around the fair, though ſage experience place;
Yet oft they're found but recreants to their fame:
The path forbidden all are fond to trace!

Nor you, ye prudes, in envious ſpleen delight,
When hapleſs maidens err, by love betray'd:
Did ye not want th' attractions to incite,
Yourſelves might prove the victims ye upbraid.

Can wit refin'd, or might of human arm,
Back to the fountain drive the babbling rill?
Can Reaſon's voice to peace the paſſions charm,
Or make them flow obedient to its will?

Perhaps within this cheerleſs ſpot is laid
Some youth, once mur'd in ſqualid city jails;
Hands that the merry bag-pipe ſweetly play'd,
Or rak'd the ſtreets in ſearch of ruſty nails.

But commerce never with her ample range,
Rich with gay ſpoils, their avarice provok'd;
They never learn'd to barter at Exchange;
No city feaſt for them with dainties ſmok'd.

Full many a foreſt oak of ſtately ſize
To menial purpoſe bends its lofty head;
Full many a treaſure undiſcover'd lies
Beneath the paſſenger's unconſcious tread.

Some latent WREN, who up the ſcaffold high
Obedient haſten'd to the bricklay'r's call;
Some poor harmonic tinker here may lie,
Some ſtateſman guiltleſs of his country's fall.

The virtuoſo's praiſes to command,
The ſoul to lift with tranſports to the ſkies,
To ſcatter mis'ry o'er a ſmiling land,
And fruitleſs ſchemes of conqueſt to deviſe;

Their lot forbade:—nor yet did fortune frown,
But equally their crimes and fame confin'd;
Forbade to wade through folly to renown,
And gain the execration of mankind;

Their country's keen vindictive ſtroke to prove,
To die by hangman's leſs ingenuous hand,
Or heap the ſhores of diſtant Sidney Cove
With culprits baniſh'd from their native land.

Far from the ſmoky town's inceſſant noiſe,
Their ſober footſteps never learn'd to ſtray;
They never ſigh'd for vulgar rural joys,
Nor ſought the woods to ſhun the ſcorching day.

Yet

Yet Nature's forms demand ſome faint reſpect,
Some fond memorial ſtill their ſouls requir'd;
With pots of flow'rs, and green earth-caſes deck'd,
Their windows oft the paſſenger admir'd.

There roſe and myrtle, trimm'd with fondeſt care,
Might ſhrubbery and garden well ſupply:
And many a root of mignonette was there;
While this regal'd the noſe, and thoſe the eye.

For e'en in thought, what mortal can behold,
Unmov'd, the charms that hill and valley yield,
In ſpring, the meadows ſpangled o'er with gold,
And all the beauteous dyes of Nature's field?

On ſome fond plant the virgin feaſts her eyes,—
Some frail memento of the flow'ring year;
E'en from ſaloons the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our parlours blooming ſhrubs appear.

For thou, th' obſcure one's friend, who thus alone
Doſt in theſe lines their ſimple joys relate;
If chance, ſome youth like thee, at random thrown,
From kindred ſympathy inquire thy fate:

Haply ſome cit may ſay:—"The crowd among
Oft have we ſeen him, at the cloſe of day,
Buſtling with haſty footſteps through the throng,
To gain his fav'rite ſeat at ſome new play.

"There, in the midway region of the pit,
Where critics oft their arts malignant ply,
Near to the orcheſtra, ſedate he'd ſit,
And pore upon the ſcene with curious eye.

"Beneath yon elm, that each new loit'rer wooes,
He lov'd to ſit, abſorb'd in muſings deep:
Then up the Green Park, or by Chelſea Mews,
He'd briſkly run; or tir'd, would ſlowly creep.

"One eve I miſs'd him on th' accuſtom'd way,
Along the Park, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came—I ſought him at the play,
Nor in pit, box, nor gallery, was he."

The next in dreary hearſe, with ſad array,
Slow to th' uncypreſs'd churchyard he was borne.
Approach, and read (if thou haſt time) the lay,
Grav'd on the ſtone that no proud lies adorn.

EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon a folio terſe,
An author, once to wits and patrons known;
The critics frown'd not on his humble verſe,
Nor did the world his labours quite diſown.

Large his editions, but his readers few;
Fate did a recompenſe as largely ſend:
He wiſely bade to bookſellers adieu,
And (in their ſtead) each chandler found a friend.

No longer now pil'd up in uſeleſs ſtate,
His pages freely circulate through town:
Perhaps, at laſt, doom'd by capricious fate
To kindle pipes, or curl ſome crazy crown.

THE LONDON ADVERTISEMENT-MAKERS OUTDONE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

A PROVINCIAL attorney lately advertiſed an eſtate for ſale, or to be exchanged for another, in the following terms: "That he is appointed *plenipotentiary* to *treat* in this buſineſs; that he has ample *credentials*, and is prepared to *ratify his powers*; that he will enter into *preliminaries* either upon the principle of the *ſtatus quo*, or *uti poſſidetis*; that he is ready to receive the *projet* of any perſon deſirous to make the purchaſe or exchange, and to deliver his *contre-projet* and *ſine qua non*, and indeed at once to give his *ultimatum!*—aſſuring the public that as ſoon as the *definitive treaty* ſhall be *concluded*, it will be *ratified* by his conſtituents, and duly *guaranteed*."

THE BATTLE OF PUTNEY HEATH.

[From the Morning Herald.]

GOD proſper long our noble King,
And guard our ſtateſmen all
From foul miſhaps of every ſort,
That vulgar folk enthral.

When ſome fall out, it hath been ſaid
That others come to right;
But how, God wot, can this apply
To what I here indite?

Two orators, whoſe venom tongues
Had left a point in doubt,
With weapons of more deadly mould
Reſolv'd to fight it out.

The one a ſquire, of manners blunt,
A patriot ſtaunch within;
The other of a lordly breed,
A courtier tall and thin.

Fire-arms they choſe,—artillery dire,
Piſtols, flint, powder, ſhot;
Battle the powder,—what the ball
The poet knoweth not.

There be hard ſubſtances and ſoft,
Heads that no lead can bruiſe;
And bullets may be made of cork,
That can no heads abuſe.

Forth went theſe wights one Sabbath morn;
Ill luck ſuch acts betide!
Was there no other to be found,
Of all the days beſide?

Ye tremble, varlets,—well ye may,
At this ſo graceleſs deed!
With ſuch unſteady hands, what hope
Hath either to ſucceed?

Look at that pendent form hard by,
That once was Aberſhaw;
And think what judgment due awaits
Such daring breach of law.

Thus ſpoke their friends, or might have ſpoke;
But arguments were vain,
On murder were ſo fully bent
The bloody-minded twain.

The ground they took, the mortal tube
Each pointed as he might,
When marvellous, to either's ſenſe,
Both vaniſh'd out of ſight.

Again they prim'd, again they fir'd,
Again the film came o'er;
When now the ſeconds made a vow,
That they ſhould fight no more.

Such was the miſt * that veil'd from view
The Greek and Trojan foes,
Preſerv'd them for a future day,
And lengthen'd Ilium's woes.

STATE NEGOTIATIONS.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE famous treaty of Aix la Chapelle, it is well known, was negotiated in 1748, between the late John Earl of Sandwich, as the Britiſh Plenipotentiary, then a very young man, and Monſieur le Comte ———, of nearly the ſame age and promiſing talents. They met, and opened their embaſſy with *projets* and *contre-projets*, as remote from mutual conceſſion as the late memorable ones of Charles Delacroix and Lord Malmſbury, though both were inveſted with full powers to conclude the peace on ſuch terms as either might be enabled to obtain. On the third interview, finding no ground gained on either ſide, Lord Sandwich thus addreſſed his opponent ne-

* *Vide* ILIAD, *Book* 17.

gotiator:

gotiator:—"Look ye, Monſieur le Comte, you and I come here, I perceive, preciſely with the ſame views of ſerving our reſpective countries, and exalting our own political reputation to the utmoſt of our power: it ſtrikes me, that if we fritter it down by mutual concedings, neither of us will give public ſatisfaction, and both be probably diſgraced!—I have to propoſe, therefore, a mode of deciſion on the queſtion, that will ſecure to one of us the full credit, which muſt be loſt to both, if ſubdivided by a further partition-treaty: viz. by the *impartial toſs-up* of a GUINEA!"—The Comte, without heſitation, agreed to the terms; the Earl toſſed up—the Comte called *head*, and loſt; and, in conſequence, the Britiſh Plenipo came home with the full ratification of his own terms, and thus eſtabliſhed a reputation, through every Court of Europe, as a ſtateſman who had ſo ably wrought for his country a *chef d'œuvre* of diplomatic polity!—This extraordinary circumſtance was related to the writer by the Noble Earl *himſelf*, in ridicule of the affected ſolemnity of *State Negotiations*.

Yours, VARRO.

DIPLOMATIC ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

[From the London Chronicle.]

WHEN his Grace negotiated the peace of Paris, he ſigned the preliminaries with the French Miniſter Choiſeul, and ſtipulated no farther for the poſſeſſions of the Eaſt India Company, than he was adviſed to ſtipulate by the Court of Directors. A gentleman (a Dutch Jew of great abilities and character) hearing this, wrote a letter to the Duke of Bedford, informing him that the Engliſh Eaſt-India Company had materially neglected their own intereſts, as their chief conqueſts were made *ſubſequent* to the peace

riod at which they had fixed their claim of ſovereignty; and if theſe *latter* conqueſts were to be reſtored, an immenſe annual revenue would neceſſarily be taken from England. The Duke, ſtruck with the force of the fact, yet embarraſſed how to act, as preliminaries were really ſigned, repaired to Choiſeul at Verſailles, and addreſſed him thus:—"My Lord, I have committed a great miſtake in ſigning the preliminaries, as the affair of the India poſſeſſions muſt be carried down to the laſt conqueſt in Aſia." To this Choiſeul replied, "Your Grace aſtoniſhes me; I thought I had been treating with the Miniſter of a great nation, and not with a ſtudent in politics, who does not conſider the validity of written engagements."—"Your reproach, my Lord, is juſt," returned the Duke; "but I will not add treachery to negligence, nor betray my country deliberately, becauſe I have overlooked her intereſt unaccountably in a ſingle circumſtance: therefore, unleſs your Lordſhip agrees to cede the latter conqueſts in India, I ſhall return home in twelve hours, and ſubmit the fate of my head to the diſcretion of an Engliſh Parliament." Choiſeul, ſtaggered at the Duke's intrepidity, complied; and this country now enjoys about half a million annually, through the firmneſs of a man, whoſe virtues have never yet received juſtice from the community. On the termination of the affair to his ſatisfaction, he gave his informant, the Dutch gentleman, the warmeſt recommendations to England, who accordingly came over, and received a penſion of 500*l.* a year from the India Company, as a reward for his ſervices.

A NEW

A NEW POLITICAL DANCE.

[From the Oracle.]

I HAD knock'd my laſt pipe out, and ſtept into bed,
It was twelve, or at leaſt pretty near,
When the ſtrangeſt conceits found their way to my head,
And thus fancy began her career.

My mind all the day had been thinking on France,
Her fleets, and her armies on ſhore;
So I dreamt that all nations ſtood up for a dance,
Such a dance as was ne'er ſeen before.

SARDINIA, GERMANY, PRUSSIA, and SPAIN,
Were the foremoſt who jigg'd it away;—
Then ENGLAND ſtood up—bid 'em play a bold ſtrain,
And with HOLLAND they all danc'd the hey.

Thus join'd hand in hand, they all danc'd in a ring,
FRANCE caper'd and kick'd in the middle;
But ſo quick were their tunes that they ſnapt ev'ry ſtring,
And broke down the bridge of the fiddle.

Tho' the figure was chang'd they ſtill flouriſh'd their toes,
I ne'er ſaw ſuch work at a ball!
FRANCE took out her ſnuff-box, and turn'd up her noſe,
Saying—"Here 's face to face with you all!"

Then ſhe jump'd, and ſhe footed, and friſk'd it to *Liſle*,
She there danc'd the beſt, I muſt own;—
All the company ſaid, "ſhe *advanc'd* in good ſtyle;"
But again ſhe *fell back* at *Toulon*.

Such dancing muſt haraſs poor mortals to death;
I remark'd how each ſtrove for renown;
But HOLLAND declar'd ſhe was quite out of breath,
And, without aſking leave, ſhe ſat down.

Poor PRUSSIA, fatigued, was the next to begin
A propoſal to finiſh the rout;
But Spain ſtarting back ſaid—"If Pruſſia *gives in*,
I am ſure it is time to *give out!*"

I dreamt there muſt now be an end to the fun,
And that no other feats would be ſhown;
For at length other dancers fell off one by one,
And left ENGLAND and FRANCE all alone.

But

But again they went at it—each cried, "Play away—
Come, fiddlers, ſtrike up to ſome tune;"—
As to ENGLAND, her ſtep was ſo vig'rous and gay,
That I thought ſhe 'd leap over the moon.

Then they danc'd to the *Nile*—but in *Egypt*, good lack!
My dream was put into a flurry;
FRANCE made a *falſe ſtep*, and fell flat on her back,
And I thought ſhe 'd not riſe in a hurry.

Then I laugh'd in my ſleeve, as ſhe ſprawl'd on the floor,
When I ſaw her kick up both her heels;
But RUSSIA and TURKEY bounc'd in at the door,
And with ENGLAND were dancing Scotch reels.

Well, I thought I had got all their ſteps to a charm;
Nay, while ſleeping, I cried out—"*I 've got 'em!*"
When I gave my poor wife ſuch a thump on the arm,
That ſhe wak'd me by flapping my b——m.

NEMO.

THE FRUITS OF THE WAR.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SAYS John Bull to Pat,
What would you be at?
For religion and law we are waging this war:
With what pleaſure we pay
Some new tax ev'ry day,
In ſupport of this holy, benevolent war!

Arrah, Johnny aſtore,
You have come down galore;
But what are the fruits of this ſame bleſſed war?
Your houſe burnt and ſack'd,
The poor ſorely rack'd,
Are theſe the good fruits of this ſame holy war?

A weight of taxation,
Of grief and vexation,
Are, indeed, my dear Johnny, the fruits of this war.
Compell'd ev'ry day
Some new impoſt to pay,
Is part of the fruit of this excellent war!

While

While the rich are all carving,
The poor are all ſtarving—
Alas, my dear Johnny, what fruits of the war!
Religion 's a fig
Without the tithe-pig:
Is this, maſter parſon, the fruit of the war?

Attempt to petition,
They call it ſedition—
To ſtop the career of this proſperous war;
And if you but reaſon,
Why then 't is high treaſon—
And to priſon, my boys, till the end of the war!

SHILLELAGH.

LA SAINTE GUILLOTINE.

A NEW SONG, ATTEMPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

[From the True Briton.]

Tune, "*O'er the vine-cover'd Hills and gay Regions of France.*"

I.

FROM the blood-bedew'd valleys and mountains of France,
See the Genius of Gallic INVASION advance!
Old Ocean ſhall waft her, unruffled by ſtorm,
While our ſhores are all lin'd with the *Friends of Reform* *.
Confiſcation and Murder attend in her train,
With meek-ey'd Sedition, the daughter of PAINE†;
While her ſportive *Poiſſardes* with light footſteps are ſeen
To dance in a ring round the gay *Guillotine* ‖.

II.

To *London*, "the rich, the defenceleſs," ſhe comes—
Hark! my boys, to the ſound of the Jacobin drums!
See Corruption, Preſcription, and Privilege fly,
Pierc'd through by the glance of her blood-darting eye;

* See Proclamation of the Directory.

† The "*too long calumniated* Author of the Rights of Man."—See a Sir Something B——t's Speech at the Shakſpeare.

‖ The Guillotine at Arras was, as is well known to every Jacobin, painted "*couleur de roſe.*"

While

While Patriots from priſon and prejudice freed,
In ſoft accents ſhall liſp the Republican Creed,
And with tricolour'd fillets, and cravats of green,
Shall crowd round the altar of *Sainte Guillotine.*

III.

See the level of Freedom ſweeps over the land—
The vile Ariſtocracy's doom is at hand!
Not a ſeat ſhall be left in a Houſe *that we know,*
But for *Earl* BONAPARTE, and *Baron* MOREAU.—
But the Rights of the Commons ſhall ſtill be reſpected:
BONAPARTE himſelf ſhall approve the elected;
And the Speaker ſhall march with majeſtical mien,
And make his three bows to the grave *Guillotine.*

IV.

Two heads, ſays our proverb, are better than one,
But the Jacobin choice is for Five heads or none.
By Directories only can Liberty thrive;
Then down with the ONE, boys! and up with the FIVE.
How our Biſhops and Judges will ſtare with amazement,
When their heads are thruſt out of the *National Caſement* *!
When the *National Razor* * has ſhav'd them quite clean,
What a handſome oblation to *Sainte Guillotine!*

JEU D'ESPRIT ON THE NEW FASHIONABLE PEOPLE AT PARIS.

[From a French Journal]

SEE you that elegant light blue whiſky, which in its rapid flight ſkims like a ſwallow the ſurface of the ſtreet? Who, think you, thus drives along in ſo gaudy an equipage? 'T is a celebrated Shoemaker, an all-accompliſhed, a captivating ſon of Criſpin, a man of faſhion, a paragon of taſte—in ſhort, one who makes ſhoes of a *colouring*, a *brilliancy*, an *eloquence*, a *poetry*

* *La petite Fenêtre*, and *la Razoire Nationale*, fondling expreſſions applied to the Guillotine by the Jacobins in France, and their pupils here.

beyond

beyond all competition! He never ſpeaks but in numbers, he never replies but in madrigals, never breathes but in amorous ſongs; takes his meaſures as Zephyrus gathers roſes—the *Anacreon* of the trade, the *Tibullus* of the buſkin—in a word, the *Ovid* of the laſt. This amiable enchanter *has* only thirty or forty thouſand livres a year; it is from pure modeſty that he waits upon his cuſtomers in a whiſky; he might have a coach, he ſays, if he pleaſed; but he is contented with his whiſky; he does not wiſh to excite envy. Is it not extraordinary to find a man who knows ſo well what becomes his ſituation? Is it not an irreſiſtible proof of the excellent order of things in a ſtate, when the hierarchy of conditions is ſo well obſerved, and when a Shoemaker can drive full ſpeed in his carriage to the Palais Royal, with his ſhoes at 20 crowns a pair, for ladies whoſe coquetry not long ago was fain to deck itſelf in Annet's wooden ſhoes? Our Shoemaker, beſides, is a man unrivalled for his admirable preſence of mind; and no man in the world poſſeſſes in a more eminent degree the wonderful art of reminding a beautiful woman of her own importance. Lately a lady of the *firſt rank*, that is to ſay, one of thoſe ladies who would *bluſh* to live in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, and whoſe quality indiſpenſably requires that the Boulevard ſhould lie between them and Paris, ſaw at the houſe of one of her friends, the wife of a perſon of *proconſular dignity*, ſome ſhoes of the manufacture of Marbœuf, of a *phyſiognomy* intereſting beyond deſcription! "My ſtars! I ſhall expire with ecſtacy! O, lud! *Q'eu gentils ſoyers! M'eſt avie q' ça m' erait comme une bas de ſoie! Q'eu que c'eſt que l'habile homme qui t'a fait ça?—Y m'en faut, ou je m'en meurs.*" In ſhort, you may gueſs what paſſed. The lady, a woman of wit and ſpirit, ſpoke of the talents of our *virtuoſo* with a nobleneſs, a preciſion, a delicacy, abſolutely inimitable. The very next day, at *daybreak*, that is, about twelve o'clock, my Gentleman

man is ſent for. He appears—"Sir, I have a violent inclination for a pair of ſhoes."—"Your Ladyſhip does me a great deal of honour."—"Pardon me, Sir, the *honour* is on my ſide. Beſides, you will have no great difficulty to fit me. There is not a woman in the world more eaſy in the *article* of ſhoes."—"Your Ladyſhip is right. What majeſty in that foot! Your Ladyſhip ſure cannot be French! impoſſible! Why, you have the fineſt foot in the world, you have indeed." "Ah, as to that *there matter*, Sir, I aſſure you—" "No, really; upon my veracity. Your Ladyſhip has a princely foot, 'pon honour. When would your Ladyſhip be pleaſed to have your ſhoes? The ſooneſt is always the beſt, they ſay. In two hours, Madame. Your moſt obedient." He whips into the whiſky, and away like lightning.

He kept his word. The ſhoes were brought home at four, admired till ſix, put on at eight, worn out by ten, and laid aſide at daybreak. Next day the Lady, enchanted with her purchaſe, reſolved to put them on a ſecond time. Her maids inform her of the irreparable damage they had ſuſtained. "Amazement! diſtraction! Was there ever ſuch an accident! inconceivably ſhocking! Run to his houſe, call him this inſtant; run!" All the footmen are gone in a moment. Monſieur is gone out. 'T is his night of the box at the Opera. Thither they haſte, and find him out: "Come, Sir, come, this inſtant; there is not a moment to loſe; my lady is mortally ill! my lady is in deſpair."—"Is it poſſible? Oh my G—! How unlucky! I ſhall follow you this moment." He runs out in a great buſtle. The company in the next box take him for a Court Phyſician, or at leaſt a Doctor at the faſhionable end of the town. He arrives. "Madam!" "O, Sir, it is quite ſhocking, quite ſhocking: my ſhoes torn to pieces—unfit for uſe!"—"Not poſſible! Let us ſee: ah, my G—! torn, ſure enough! I am thunder-*truck! But how* has this happened? *Immortal* ſhoes!

'T is

'T is beyond my comprehenſion: I am loſt in amazement!—Ah! Gad, no! How dull I am! it muſt be ſo. I have it I 'll wager fifty louis that your Ladyſhip has *walked* in them."

INSTRUCTIONS TO JUVENILE SPRIGS,

FOR SPRING RIDING IN ROTTEN ROW.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS the ſeaſon is faſt approaching when we may expect various diſplays of equeſtrian ability in Hyde Park, I beg permiſſion, through the medium of your ſporting vehicle, to communicate ſuch ſhades of inſtruction (for obtaining diſtinguiſhed priority) as may not be known to thoſe who are anxiouſly emulative for the hour of *initiation* in a ſpot of ſo much local celebrity. The commencement of the ſeaſon is about the middle or latter end of February, it is therefore full time you begin to provide yourſelf with a *Bucephalus, Pegaſus*, or even what you pleaſe; in doing which, remember, if you wiſh him to become an *object* of attraction, he muſt have a palpable appearance of *blood:* if he luckily poſſeſſes enough, it is totally immaterial whether he has *a leg* to *ſtand on;* and that he may ſuffer no jocular depreciation for his *infirmity*, don't omit to procure his *pedigree* at the time of purchaſe; whether it be *real* or *fictitious* will prove a matter of no moment to you or your friends, as the pleaſure of recital will be juſt the ſame; and if the *ſire, grandſire, dam, or grand-dam*, were at all *famous* for their excellence upon the *turf*, you enjoy the eternal happineſs of *boring* your acquaintance with the exploits of the different branches, at the time you beſtride the *imaginary* merits of the *whole generation.*

A ſteed

A ſteed of theſe ſuperior qualifications having been ſecured, immediately turn your thoughts to the neceſſary *apparatus*, in which be particularly careful to prefer *ornament* to UTILITY. The extra neatneſs of your ſaddle being adjuſted from the hands of a popular maker, a *hard* and *ſharp* bridle will the beſt anſwer your purpoſe; for although it will occaſion the horſe to move in *conſtant miſery*, that conſideration is not to be put in competition with the more important determination you have formed of *cutting* a *figure*, which you will always have it in your power to do, by throwing the horſe *ſuddenly* upon his haunches whenever you pleaſe; and, by his prancing *in pain*, as *ſuddenly* alarm the ladies wherever you go. It will be neceſſary you give your ſaddler a poſitive order to furniſh you with a *crupper*, as well as a faſhionable *breaſt-plate;* they have each their *utility;* for as one will prevent the horſe's *ſlipping* through his *girths*, ſo the other will prevent the ſaddle's *ſlipping* over his *ears*. The horſe being thus provided, advert to the *tout enſemble*, and let your own appearance critically correſpond with the *Roſinante* you have ſelected. You will readily conceive it directly in point that you affect the *ſportſman*, though you never ſaw *a hound* in your life; your *taylor*, therefore, in whoſe province it is, will ſet you perfectly right in the article of dreſs, rendering inſtructions *from me* upon that head totally unneceſſary.

Previous to the time of mounting your horſe, *ſpurs* ſhould by no means be forgotten, as they are in general, to *young riders*, of double and treble utility. Firſt they may, by a *ſudden exertion*, if your horſe makes a *trip*, or happens to *ſtumble*, keep him from *falling*. Should he prove too volatile in his temper, and run away with you, they may probably aſſiſt in *ſtopping him*; or, what is of much more conſequence, if prudently brought into *forcible* contact with his

ſides,

ſides, they may perhaps luckily enable you to keep *your ſeat* till the garden wall, or the guard-houſe at Kenſington, puts a ſtop to his career.

When mounted (let it be at whatever part of the town it may), keep your body perfectly *erect*, as a poſition moſt *attracting* to the *ladies*; go an eaſy *half ſpeed* over the ſtones, with a *ſlack rein*, which will not only domonſtrate a palpable reliance upon the *ſafety* of your horſe, but prove at your *entré* a moſt diſtinguiſhing trait of your *courage* and *humanity*. Thus amuſing, or rather *ſurpriſing*, the mechanical part of the world in the ſtreets, contrive, at entering the Park gate, ſo to do, at the very moment of a carriage paſſing, that, by having no more than *a bare inch* between the *wheel* on one ſide, and the *gate-poſt* on the other, you convince the *gaping pedeſtrians* that the old proverb was with you, and that

"Naught is never in danger."

If any thing in your manner and appearance ſhould unexpectedly conſtitute a kind of reverential awe, and the very modeſt civil porter at the inner gate ſeem diſpoſed to make you a *reſpectful obedience*, apply your fingers rather briſkly to the rein of the *hard* and *ſharp*, and with the ſhoulder of your horſe *twirl* him out of the way, as it will not only prevent him the trouble, but ſerve to convince him you are (in your *own opinion*) a perſon of *ſome* conſequence, and he will, of courſe, be *better prepared* to pay you *proper* reſpect upon a future occaſion. Having "run thus far before the wind," or, in other words, arrived at the place of deſtination, where you are to become a diſtinguiſhed candidate for popular pre-eminence, no time is to be loſt; therefore, without adverting to the *unſportſman-like* idea of your horſe's coming full out of the ſtable, and not had time to unload his carcaſe, ſet off at his *full ſpeed*, or as near

it

it as you can *venture* to ride (without the danger of *falling*), and continue it to the *end* of the *Row*; if you luckily eſcape without *an accident*, it will not only (with thoſe who *never rode* themſelves) obtain you the credit of a *good* horſeman and *bold* rider, but conſtitute you an *object* of *general notice* upon your return, as well as afford ſtriking proof of the *ſpeed* of your horſe, particularly as he had not the common pace of a *poſt-horſe* put in competition with him. Ride cloſe to the foot-path, and with a look of *pure apathy* endeavour to make others look at *you*; in paſſing a *very handſome* or a very *modeſt* woman, be ſure not only to ſtare her totally out of countenance, but, by repeatedly turning the head, and looking *after her*, endeavour to inculcate the idea of *an intrigue*, by way of doing *honour* to her reputation. When you have totally exhauſted your ſtudied collection of *geſtures*, accumulated for and thrown off upon the occaſion, have recourſe to your *handkerchief*, the frequent and *airy ſtirtings* of which will give a relief in *lights* and *ſhades* to the whole; and when depoſited in your pocket, caſually leave *a third* hanging careleſsly out—no bad mode of convincing the world you are not *without one*. In your *repeated* gallops of *attraction*, be ſure not to deviate from a ſtraight line of determination; turn neither to the *right* nor *left*, but let thoſe who value their *own* ſafety get out of *your way*; it will prove the principal part of your buſineſs to take *care* of *yourſelf*. Should any cynical OLD SPORTSMAN ſurvey you with an emphatical *leer*, bordering upon indignation, pay him with intereſt; "aſſume a degree of courage, if you have it not;" and by a look of effrontery, finiſhed with a *contemptuous ſneer*, convince him you can look with much more contempt than he can.

When the great buſineſs of public appearance is complete, and the cup of ambition amply filled in

Rotten

Rotten Row, it will then be directly *in ſtyle* to faſhionably and careleſsly look in at *Tatterſall's*, to caſt your eye over what there may be for Monday's ſale. When *there*, aſk a thouſand queſtions, not one of which may be at all to the purpoſe; ſee horſes *out* that you have neither inclination nor *money* to purchaſe: all which will afford you the credit of being *a knowing one*, as moſt of thoſe who wiſh to be thought ſo proceed directly *in this way*. In your return it will be directly in character to *kick up a little duſt* (though the weather *be wet)* with the turnpike-men at Hyde Park Corner; this will ſoon collect *a crowd*, and render you ſtill *better known*, if not more univerſally *reſpected*. Pay no attention whatever to the *ill-digeſted* recommendation of *walking* your horſe home, that he may come *in cool*, and be the more ready *to dreſs*. Such lenity only ſpoils good ſervants; the beſt mode, undoubtedly, is to take him home in a high ſtate of *perſpiration*, as it will then be impoſſible for the ſervant to neglect his duty without detection; and by having three or four hours earneſt employment, he will be prevented from a tendency to habitual indolence.

Should theſe hints (the reſult of long experience) be thought worthy inſertion, additional inſtructions ſhall ſoon reach you from the pen of

GAMBADO.

INSTRUCTIONS

FOR THE LOUNGE IN BOND STREET, THE HOTEL, AND THE COFFEE-ROOM; INDISPENSABLY NECESSARY FOR EVERY NOVICIATE WHO WISHES TO ACQUIRE A PERFECT KNOWLEDGE OF THE USAGE DU MONDE.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING in my laſt laid down infallible rules for the obſervance of ſuch *juvenile ſprigs* as might have indulged a wiſh to acquire popularity in Rotten Row, I now, in conſequence of the *freſh fry* ſo conſtantly emerging from the *ſcholaſtic* trammels of Eton, Weſtminſter, and Wincheſter, as well as from both univerſities, preſume you will readily coincide with me in opinion, that a ſelect train of inſtructions for the preſervation of *perſonal dignity* in the *lounge* of Bond Street and its faſhionable vicinity, cannot prove inapplicable, but, on the contrary, highly acceptable to the very great number of inexperienced *maſculine minutiæ* who have not yet had opportunity to diſplay their *perſons* and *perfections* amidſt the gay frivolities of the metropolis.

Having recently eſcaped from the obſcurity of *dreary walls* and *dull profeſſors*, a phenomenon of univerſal *brilliancy* and family admiration, your embarkation muſt be made by completely ſhaking off every degree of obedience to parental authority or friendly admonition. This leading point cannot be more deciſively and effectually carried, than by being driven into town *poſt* (with a *break-neck* rapidity) to the door of ſome hotel of *celebrity*: the more expenſive the houſe and its accommodations, the more will your name be blazoned by the trumpet of Fame, as a *new* and *ſuperlative* devotee to the *dictates* of Faſhion.

At

At the moment of arrival, you ſeem to undergo a kind of *regeneration*, and abſolutely begin a *new* life: the *ſervility* of your *poſtilions*, the fulſome (but deceptive) adulation of the *waiters*, and the *politeſſe* of Boniface *treble refined*, all ſerve moſt powerfully to convince you how great your *weight* has already become in the *ſcale* of *ſociety*. Conducted to your apartment of elegance, equally calculated for eaſe and admiration, you inſtantly become the *Adonis* of your *own* imagination. Nature being intended to enjoy a gratification of *every* wiſh, it becomes immediately the determinatien of a man of faſhion to deny himſelf no one *pleaſure*, *comfort*, or *happineſs* (however extravagant) that *power* can *procure*, or *influence obtain*. As *pecuniary* compenſation, with "brilliants of the firſt water," is only a *ſecondary* conſideration, it is very much below *your* attention; that will of courſe become much more the province of the *maitre d'hotel*, whoſe care it muſt be in future to *dun*, and not *yours to pay*.

This conſideration making its *proper* impreſſion upon your *refined ſenſibility*, and perfectly ſatisfied of the ſtrict *propriety* of your conduct (always completely ſhielded by your *intentional* integrity), you proceed to order a profuſion of every delicacy without *fear* or *reſtraint*; and enjoin the whole to be got ready with that kind of *poſt-haſte* expedition which implies your very exiſtence to depend upon the *inſtantaneous* execution of your commands. When they are minutely obeyed, then is the moment arrived for a happy diſplay of your *ſuperiority*. Deliberately collect yourſelf for one general exertion to produce a *grand effect*. In ſhort, find fault with every *ſingle* article without exception, d—n the *waiter* at almoſt regular ſtated periods, and never let him ſtand *one moment ſtill*, but "keep him *eternally* moving," having it in remembrance he is only an *unfortunate* and *wretched* ſubordi-

nate, of courſe a *ſtranger* to feelings which are an ornament to HUMAN NATURE; with this recollection on your part, that the more *illiberal* the abuſe he has from *you*, the greater will be his admiration of your *ſuperior* abilities, and *gentleman*-like qualifications. Confirm him in the opinion he has ſo juſtly imbibed, by *ſwearing* the *fiſh* is not *warm* through—the poultry is *old* and "tough as your *grandmother*;" the paſtry is made with butter, *rank Iriſh;* the cheeſe, which they call *Stilton* is nothing but *pale Suffolk*; the malt liquor *damnable*, a mere infuſion of *malt*, *tobacco*, and *coculus Indicus*; the port *muſty*; the ſherry *ſour*; and that the whole of the dinner and deſſert were "*infernally infamous*," and, of courſe, not fit for the entertainment of a *gentleman*. Conclude the lecture with an oblique hint, that without *better* accommodations and more ready *attention*, you ſhall be under the neceſſity of leaving the houſe for a more *comfortable* ſituation. This *ſpirited* declaration at *ſtarting* will anſwer a variety of purpoſes, but none ſo eſſential as an *anticipated* objection to the payment of *your* bill whenever it may be preſented. With no ſmall degree of perſonal oſtentation, give the waiter your name, "becauſe you have ordered your letters *there*, and, as they will be of *importance*, beg they may be taken care of, particularly thoſe written by *a female hand*, of which deſcription *many* may be expected."

Having thus introduced you to, and fixed you, recruit-like, in *good quarters*, I conſider it almoſt unneceſſary to ſay, however *bad* you may *imagine* the wine, I doubt not your own *prudence* will point out the characteriſtic neceſſity for drinking enough, not only to afford you the credit of *reeling* to bed by the help of the banniſters, but the collateral comfort of calling yourſelf "damned queer" in the morning, owing entirely to the villanous adulteration of the wine;

wine; for, when *mild* and *genuine*, you can take off *three* bottles "without winking or blinking." When rouſing from your laſt ſomniferous reverie in the morning, ring the bell with no ſmall degree of energy, which will ſerve to convince the whole family you are awake. Upon the entrance of either *chamberlain* or *chambermaid*, vociferate half a dozen queſtions in ſucceſſion, without waiting for a ſingle reply; as, "What morning is it?—Does it hail, rain, or ſhine?—Is it a froſt?—Is my breakfaſt ready?—Has any body inquired for me?—Is my groom here?" &c. &c. And here it becomes directly in point to obſerve, that *a groom* is become ſo evidently neceſſary to the ton of the preſent day (particularly in the neighbourhood of Bond Street), that a great number of *gentlemen* keep *a groom* who cannot (except upon *credit*) keep *a horſe*; but then they are always upon the "look-out for horſes;" and till they are *obtained*, the employment of *the groom* is the embelliſhment of *both ends* of his maſter, by firſt dreſſing his head, and then poliſhing his boots and ſhoes.

The trifling ceremonies of the morning gone through, you will ſally forth in ſearch of adventures, taking that great mart of *every* virtue, "BOND STREET," in your way. Here it will be impoſſible for you (between the hours of *twelve* and *four*) to remain even a few minutes without falling in with various "feathers of your own wing;" ſo true it is, in the language of Rowe, "you herd together," that you cannot fear being long alone. So ſoon as three of you are met, adopt a Knight of the Bath's motto, and become literally "*tria juncta in uno*;" or, in other words, link your arms ſo as to engroſs the whole breadth of the pavement. The *fun* of driving fine women and old dons into *the gutter* is exquiſite, and of courſe conſtitutes *a laugh* of the moſt *humane* ſenſibility. Never make theſe excurſions without *ſpurs*; it

will afford not only *preſumptive* proof of your *really* keeping a horſe, but the *lucky* opportunity of *hooking* a fine girl by the gown, apron, or *petticoat*; and whilſt ſhe is under the diſtreſſing mortification of diſentangling herſelf, you and your companions can add to her dilemma, by ſome indelicate *innuendo*, and in the moment of extrication, walk off with an exulting exclamation of having "cracked the muſlin." Let it be a fixed rule, never to be ſeen in the LOUNGE without a *ſtick* or *cane*; this, dangling in a ſtring, may accidentally get between the feet of any female in paſſing; if *ſhe falls*, in conſequence, that can be no fault of *yours*, but the effect of *her indiſcretion*, in not keeping her legs *cloſer together*.

By way of relief to the ſameneſs of the ſcene, throw yourſelf loungingly into a chair at Owen's, cut up *a pine* with the greateſt *ſang froid*, amuſe yourſelf with a jelly or two, and after viewing with a happy *indifference* whatever may preſent itſelf, throw down *a guinea* (without condeſcending to aſk a queſtion), and walk off; this will not only be politically inculcating an idea of your *ſeeming* liberality upon the preſent, but paving the way to *credit* upon a *future* occaſion. I had hitherto omitted to mention the neceſſity for previouſly providing yourſelf with *a glaſs* (ſuſpended from your button-hole by a ſtring), the want of which will inevitably brand you with *vulgarity*, if not with *indigence*; for the true (and formerly "unſophiſticated") breed of *old John Bull* is ſo very much altered by *bad croſſes* and a deficiency in conſtitutional ſtamina, equally affecting the *optic nerves*, that there are very few *men* of *faſhion* can ſee *clear* beyond the *tip* of the *noſe*.

At the breaking up of the parade, ſtroll, as it were accidentally, into the Prince of Wales's Coffee-houſe, in Conduit Street, walk up with the greateſt eaſe and conſummate confidence to every box in rotation; look

look at every body with a certain inexplicable *hauteur*, bordering upon contempt; for although it is moſt likely you will know little or *nothing* of *them*, the great object is, that they ſhould have a *perfect knowledge* of *you*. Having repeatedly and vociferouſly called the waiter when he is *moſt engaged*, and at each time aſking him various queſtions equally frivolous and *inſignificant*, ſeem to ſkim the ſurface of "The Morning Poſt" (if diſengaged), humming the *march* in *Blue Beard*, to ſhow the *verſatility* of your genius; when finding you have made yourſelf ſufficiently *conſpicuous*, and an object of general *attraction* (or rather attention), ſuddenly leave the room, but not without ſuch an *emphatical* mode of *ſhutting* the *door*, as may afford to the various companies and individuals a moſt *ſtriking* proof of your departure.

Conſcious I have preſumed too much upon your *paper* and *patience*, I can only (by way of compenſation) ſay, ſhould theſe remarks prove worthy communication to the "*riſing generation*," you may, perhaps, hear again from

GAMBADO.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ATMOSPHERE ON LITERARY GENIUS.

[Original.]

SIR,

SO many eminent men have acknowledged themſelves to be mentally affected by the thickneſs or tenuity of the atmoſphere, that one can hardly refuſe to admit that there is more in it than mere whim. The preference which Milton gave to particular months is well known. Winter was his favourite ſeaſon for compoſition; and though Dr. Johnſon, in his 80th paper of the Rambler, ſays, that "to men of ſtudy and imagination winter is generally the

chief time of labour," and that "gloom and ſilence produce compoſure of mind and concentration of ideas," yet, in his life of this great poet, he condemns the ſuppoſition that the ſtate of the elements can operate upon the mind ſo as to clog the pinions of fancy, or relax the vigour of judgment. "This dependance of the ſoul upon the ſeaſons," ſays he*, "thoſe temporary and periodical ebbs and flows of intellect, may, I ſuppoſe, juſtly be derided as the fumes of vain imagination. The author that thinks himſelf weather-bound will find, with a little help from hellebore, that he is only idle or exhauſted. But while this notion has poſſeſſion of the head, it produces the inability it ſuppoſes. Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes. When ſucceſs ſeems attainable, diligence is enforced; but when it is admitted that the faculties are ſuppreſſed by a croſs wind or a cloudy ſky, the day is given up without reſiſtance; for who can contend with the courſe of nature?" But this was not always the Doctor's opinion; for in the 117th number of the work firſt mentioned he aſſerts, as a truth univerſally known, that "*the faculties of the mind are invigorated or weakened by the ſtate of the body*," and that "*the body is in a great meaſure regulated by the various compreſſions of the ambient air.*" Perhaps the gigantic powers of this great author were leſs ſubject to theſe impreſſions than thoſe of other men. But his aſſertions, ſo oppoſite at different times, lead one to preſume he was not completely invulnerable. A ſlight eaſt wind, that ſhall run upon heaps the mental ſcaffoldings of inferior genius, might blow through the ſtrong and well-compacted diviſions of the Doctor's brain, almoſt without diſcompoſing an idea. But if Milton was

* Page 182, vol. i.

ſubject

ſubject to the "ſkiey influences," who may hope to eſcape? Who, ſetting winds and weather at defiance, ſhall mount in the very teeth of Eurus; and diſdaining all unpropitious modifications of the elements, wander through the regions of philoſophy or imagination, unſhackled by the accidents of climate and regardleſs of the abſence of health? If then our firſt-rate geniuſes are comparatively rich men, have felt ſuch tedious interregnums of inſpiration from the unfavourable aſpect of the heavens or the want of other elemental combinations, how much more deplorable muſt be the predicament of that immenſe maſs of ſubordinate authors who depend on the productions of the head to ſatisfy the demands of the appetite? The writer of a ſaturnine caſt may be undone by an ill-timed admittance of the meridian ſun, while he of a lighter complexion is half annihilated under the turbulent grandeur of a wintry hemiſphere. It therefore becomes more particularly incumbent on theſe ſubalterns in literature to ſtudy the effect of time and place, and aſcertain with exactneſs the wind and atmoſphere neceſſary to ſet their intellectual machines in motion. Then perhaps the author, a mere automaton in the ſunſhine of Kenſington, may ſparkle a brilliant of the firſt water, when tranſported to the eaſt of Temple Bar; where the gloom of Bolt Court ſhall condenſe his diſſipated ideas, and fancy, charmed with the hollow murmurs of the north wind, call up a rich train of images to flutter round his pen. For the ſpirit of a gayer temperament, on whom azure ſkies and embroidered vallies act moſt kindly, if his neceſſities will not allow him to ſleep away the hibernal months, he may ſhip himſelf to ſome iſland in the ſouthern ocean, and grow immortal in a more congenial latitude.

Were this dependance of authors upon the elements more generally underſtood, how much might the knowledge tend to mollify the hearts of landlords, laundreſſes, and all that miſerable tribe which infeſts the *higheſt retreats* of genius! If theſe people could once be taught what degree of aërial denſity or tenuity was neceſſary to ſet their debtor's intellect in favourable agitation, they would then transfer their blame of his non-performance where it ought to reſt—on the air and ſky; and with the ſimple logic of humanity, pardon the abſence of the effect when the cauſe had not occurred to produce it. An attorney, once in poſſeſſion of this ſecret, might often compoſe himſelf in his own parlour, certain of worrying the pennyleſs author to no purpoſe; whoſe landlady, with a little attention to her barometer, might learn to time her demand of payment with ſucceſs. How lamentable it is, Mr. Editor, that this ſpecies of philoſophy is not univerſally inculcated! Who ſhall enumerate the irremediable chaſms which have been made in an important chain of reaſoning, by the abrupt appearance of theſe vulgar intruders on the ſolitudes of great men? What poetical beauties may they not have deſtroyed in the very germ? Who ſhall number the elegant combinations they have ruined, or what happy ſimiles they have ſtifled in the birth? A member of Parliament, ſuppoſed to be labouring for the nation's welfare, is exempt from certain duties, and enjoys many privileges above the reſt of his countrymen. Should not the venturous inveſtigator of moral truth, or the ingenious creator of imaginary worlds, have his privileges alſo? The member expatiates on the advantages of a projected canal; the writer labours to impreſs the dignity of virtue. Is this taſk leſs arduous or leſs noble, that the author ſhould be more expoſed than the member of Parliament? more eſpecially is the

the former worthy of your protection, if you will be so kind to allow that his misfortunes frequently originate from causes which he cannot govern. Good Mr. Editor, try to procure us (for by this time you perceive I am an author) a few similar immunities, and you shall be immortalized; we may then court the Muse, without dreading an interruption to our tête-à-tête from that most hideous of all God's creatures, a bailiff; and even when the blasting east howls through our garret, and drives away the Muse, we shall feel no inclination to suspend our privileged sublimities to the ceilings. Make the attempt, my dear Sir; in the course of the year all sorts of weather will operate on all degrees of authors, and every one shall share his talents to record your praise: amongst the first depend upon receiving (if the atmosphere be propitious) the grateful effusions of

Your most humble servant,

PETER PARAGRAPH.

IMPROMPTU,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. HUSBAND TO MISS BREEDING, OF DURHAM.

WHEN single you were *Breeding*; yet
'T was known you were a maid;
An *Husband* you, when *Breeding*, met,
And soon a wife were made!

Indeed, fair dame, this match has prov'd
A very odd proceeding;
Your *Husband*, single, *Breeding* lov'd,
You, wedded, leave off *Breeding*!

QUIZ.

PEGGY THE GAY, AND THE BOLD ROGER GRAY;

A PARODY.

[From the True Briton.]

A PLOWMAN ſo ſtout and a Damſel ſo rare,
Convers'd as they ſat on the hay;
They ogled each other with ſimpering ſtare;
Pretty Peggy the Gay was the name of the fair,
And the Plowman's the Bold Roger Gray.

"And O!" ſaid the nymph, "ſince to-morrow you go
Far hence with a ſergeant to liſt,
Your tears for your Peggy ſoon ceaſing to flow,
Your love for ſome wealthier maiden you 'll ſhow,
And ſhe 'll by my Roger be kiſs'd."

"What nonſenſe you talk!" cried the youth in a pet;
For by the Lord Harry I ſwear,
Nor cheeks red as cherries, nor eyes black as jet,
Nor moiſt lips, nor of teeth the moſt beautiful ſet,
Shall make me untrue to my fair.

"If ever by money or love led aſide,
I forget my ſweet Peggy the Gay,
With the power of a juſtice 's warrant ſupplied,
May a conſtable come as I ſit by my bride,
And bear me to priſon away!"

To Glo'ſter then haſten'd this Plowman ſo bold,
His ſweetheart lamented him ſore,
But ſcarcely nine months had over him roll'd,
When a rich butcher's widow, with bags full of gold,
Bold Roger entic'd to her door.

Her mutton and beef, ſo red and ſo white,
Soon made him untrue to his vows;
They pamper'd his palate, they dazzled his ſight,
They caught his affection, ſo vain and ſo light,
And ſhe carried him home as her ſpouſe.

From

From church the fond couple adjourn * to the Crown,
The company laugh, drink, and ſing,
The bacon and greens they go merrily down,
And the mugs were all frothing with liquor ſo brown,
When the bell of the alehouſe went—Ding!

Now firſt Roger Gray with amazement deſcried
A ſtranger ſtalk into the room:
He ſpoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not aſide,
He neither regarded the landlord nor bride,
But earneſtly gaz'd on the groom.

Full ſtout were his limbs, and full tall was his height,
His boots were all dirty to view,
Which made all the damſels draw back in a fright,
Leſt by chance they ſhould ſully their petticoats white,
And poor Roger began to look blue.

His preſence all boſoms appear'd to diſmay:
The men ſat in ſilence and fear;
Till trembling at length, cried poor Roger, "I pray
Aſide your great coat, my old cock, you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The ſwain now is ſilent—the ſtranger complies,—
His coat now he ſlowly unclos'd!
Good Gods! what a ſight met poor Roger's gray eyes,
What words can expreſs his diſmay and ſurpriſe,
When a conſtable's ſtaff was expos'd!

All preſent then utter'd a terrified ſhout,
All haſten with hurry away;
For as no one knew whom he came to ſeek out,
Some tried to creep in, ſome tried to ruſh out,
Till the conſtable cried "Roger Gray!"

"Behold me, thou falſe one!—behold me!" he cried;
Remember fair Peggy the Gay,
Whom you left big with child to poſſeſs a new bride;
But his Worſhip, to puniſh thy falſehood and pride,
Has ſent me to fetch thee away."

* If ſome hypercritic ſhould aſk, How can this be, when ſhe carried him home? I ſay, I follow my archetype in deſpiſing ſuch trifles.

So

So ſaying, he laid his ſtrong arm on the clown,
Calling vainly for help from the throng;
He bore him away to the gaol of the town,
Nor ever again was he ſeen at the Crown,
Or the catchpole who dragg'd him along.

Not long ſtaid the bride—for, as old women ſay,
The meat in her ſhop was all ſpoil'd,
All her beef and her mutton were carried away,
And ſold to buy caudle for Peggy the Gay,
And biggins and pap for the child.

Four times in each year, when in judgment profound
The Quorum all doze on the Bench,
Is Roger brought up, and is forc'd to be bound
With a friend, in the ſum of at leaſt forty pound,
To provide for the child and the wench.

The Churchwardens ſit round the treat they don't pay,
Their cares all with *'bacco* beguil'd,
They drink out of mugs newly form'd of bak'd clay,
Their liquor is ale, and this whimſical lay
They ſing—"Here 's a health to fair Peggy the Gay,
And the falſe Roger Gray and his child."

ANOTHER.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

A BULLDOG ſo fierce, and a Spaniel ſo meek,
Convers'd as they lay on the mow;
They ſtar'd, and they bark'd, and then utter'd a ſqueak!
For the name of the dog we will Cæſar beſpeak,
And the bitch was the fair little Flo.

And, "Oh then!" ſaid Cæſar, "a bull-baiting, dear,
To-morrow takes place at the fair:
I thither am ſent; while I very much fear
Some dogs, to your eyes that more pleaſing appear,
Your affections from me will enſnare."

"Nay, check theſe ſuſpicions," ſaid Flora diſtreſs'd,
Nor injure your true-love ſo far;
For no other dog, you aſſured may reſt,
But Cæſar alone with my heart ſhall be bleſt,
For Cæſar alone ruleth there.

"If

" If e'er on my charms noiſy Pincher or Jack
Repoſe, while they call me their wife,
I wiſh—(here ſhe ſent forth a falſe oath, alack!)
That your ghoſt might appear without tail to its back,
Aſcend from below with a terrible crack,
And frighten me out of my life!"

To I———g—n haſten'd this Bulldog ſo fierce,
Little Flora gave vent to her woe;
Scarce three days elaps'd, (how I grieve to rehearſe!)
When a Greyhound beſpangled with ſpots—what a curſe!—
Arriv'd at the kennel of Flo.

His collar, his perſon, his flattering vows
Soon made her untrue to her ſwain:
He won her attachment by graces and bows;
At length ſhe conſented to call him her ſpouſe,
And ne'er thought of Cæſar again!

And now they were join'd in Hymen's ſoft ties,
And now they for feaſting prepar'd;
With pails full of tripe they regaled their eyes;
But how great was their wonder, diſmay, and ſurprife,
When they heard the bell ring in the yard!

Then firſt, much aſtoniſh'd, did Flora behold
Some other dog plac'd at her ſide,
Who bark'd not at all, though he look'd very bold,
While round to the fair-one his eyeballs he roll'd,
And open'd his mouth very wide!

His viſage was gruff, and gigantic his paw,
His collar was ſable to view:
From the gueſts on a ſudden did pleaſure withdraw;
The dogs all ſhriek'd out at the ſight of his claw,
And the cats all in concert cried—" Mew!"

So great was the fear and diſmay that he ſpread,
So much had he frighten'd each dog,
None ſpoke, till poor Flora took courage, and ſaid—
" I pray that your gruffneſs aſide might be laid,
While you deign to partake of our prog."

This ſaid, her requeſt with attention he grants,
And he promis'd to alter his mien:
He began like a donky to kick and to prance;
His fleſh from his bones fell, as if 't were in romance—
And a ſkeleton dog there was ſeen!

Through the party this ſent forth amazement, no doubt;
This ſtruck with a panic the row!
The maggots crept in, and the maggots crept out;
They ſtraggled, they jump'd, and they ſcamper'd about—
While the ſpectre addreſs'd little Flo.

Theſe words to falſe Flora the ſkeleton ſpake,
While boldly he claim'd her as wife—
"Behold, I am come without tail to my back,
To bear you to torture, to pains, and the rack;
To ſink you below with a terrible crack—
And ſo put an end to your life!"

He ſpoke—and his claws round the fair-one he threw;
Poor Flora redoubled her moan;
Then off with his prize to the devil he flew;
(Sad fate for poor Flora!)—but nobody knew
Which way to Old Nick they were gone.

Not long liv'd the Greyhound; and none ſince that hour
To inhabit the kennel preſume:
There, chronicles tell, forc'd by ſome mighty power,
She ſuffers repentant, as well as her wooer,
And mourns her deplorable doom!

At midnight, twelve times in each year does her ſprite,
When mortals are all ſnoring out,
Appear in the yard on a moonſhiny night,
(Ye Gods, what a dreadful and horrible ſight!)
And ſcreams as he twirls her about!

With tubs full of brimſtone, and water, and mud,
'Midſt dog-goblins they utter their woe:
A toaſt they put round that would freeze one's heart's blood—
"Let us all drink a health to Cæſar the Proud,
And his conſort the falſe little Flo!"

THEATRE DE LA COMEDIE ANGLAISE.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

SIGNIOR GULIELMO PITTACHIO,
In cœlo natus (Anglice, *Heaven-born,*)
Informs the Public,
That he has nearly got into prime order and training
ALL HIS PUPPETS,
So celebrated througout Europe
For obeying the *Word of Command,*
And for doing as he bids them,
With aſtoniſhing facility.
At his nod they ſay Aye or No, utter long ſpeeches, get up, ſit down, go out, make a noiſe, hold their tongues; and, in ſhort, are completely obedient to his will.
The Entertainments of the Seaſon
Will be uſhered in
With the ſplendid Spectacle of
THE DUTCH DEFEATED.
The grandeur of the ſubject is its beſt panegyric.
After this Spectacle will be performed the *Interlude* of
THE BATCH.
The Signior himſelf will ſing the well-known Song of
"Four-and-twenty *Peeros* baked, &c."
The *Peeros* themſelves will be exhibited, if they can be made to wear their new dreſſes with any grace.
With much difficulty, and at a vaſt expenſe,
He has got up the Piece of
WAYS AND MEANS,
In which will be introduced a ſuperb View of the
LEAD, TIN, IRON, AND COAL MINES;
With Soldiers and Exciſemen encamped at the mouth of them. The gloom and deſpondence of the Miners will be finely contraſted with the pertneſs of the Exciſemen and the inſolence of the Soldiers.

This

This Piece will be followed by the Farce of
THE NEGOTIATION;
Or, LORD MUM IN FRANCE.
Into this Farce he has interwoven the Plot of
THE CONSPIRATORS.
Chief Agent of the Conſpirators, in breeches, Mad. N——.
The whole to conclude with
THE DANCE OF DEATH;
Or, WAR FOR EVER.
The major part of his Puppets will aſſiſt in the Dance.
The part of *Patience* and *Poverty* will be perſonified to the life by Mr. JOHN BULL.
Admiſſion to the lower part of the Houſe as uſual, and to the Galleries according to the different Pieces performed.

N. B. The Signior having got rid of moſt of the perſons who were his violent oppoſers, hopes to go on without interruption, and with *perfect unanimity*, to the end of the Seaſon.

THEATRE ROYAL, THREADNEEDLE STREET.

THE Public are reſpectfully informed, that this Theatre will be opened in a few days, when will be produced (for the firſt time)
An entire new Pantomime,
Invented by the celebrated SIEUR PITTACHIO,
called
TRANSMUTATION;
OR
HARLEQUIN ALCHYMIST!!!
Miller, by Mr. OLDLAND,
Dummy, by Mr. WINDHIM.
Cautwell, by Mr. WILLFORCE.
Factotum, by Mr. ROSEMAN.
O'Blunder,

O'Blunder, by Mr. B—KE.
Joey Maggot, by Mr. BANKS.
Ennui, by Mr. BULL.
nd Harlequin Alchymiſt, by the SIEUR PITTACHIO.
Columbine, by Mrs. MOLLY BULL.

n the courſe of the Pantomime the following curious Tricks will be performed:

THE SIEUR PITTACHIO
Will take a large quantity of GOLD and SILVER, and put it into the STATE MILL,
(Which is worked ſo cleverly by Mr. Oldland:)
When, to the aſtoniſhment of the Audience,
It will be ſuddenly changed into ſmall BITS of PAPER, with various Impreſſions and Signatures.
s the Managers do not wiſh to arrogate to themſelves the originality of this invention,
The Public are informed,
hat this Trick was borrowed from the famous French Pantomime, called THE REVOLUTION.
The Mill changes to the Repreſentation of a Public Building near Broad Street.

If the Audience *will have patience*,
THE SIEUR
Engages, by the aid of his wonderful Magic,
o command that noble Building (to the aſtoniſhment of the weak minds of the Multitude)
To evaporate into Air!
"And not leave a rack behind!!!"

THE FANTOCCINI,
From the old Theatre in St. Stephen's,
Is laid by for the preſent;
For the too frequent repetition of that Exhibition has expoſed all the Deceptions made uſe of by the SIEUR.

Bur

But as the SIEUR is ſtudying ſome NEW Deceptions, he will be enabled to bring it forward in a ſhort time.

*** Bank Notes taken as uſual.

Alſo, the beſt Price for *old Rags*.

The Farce of THE SOLVENT DEBTORS is obliged to be deferred for want of ſufficient Paper—to repatch ſome old ſcenes.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF GOLDEN GUINEA,

A PRISONER IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND, TO ———, MASTER OF THE MINT,

Moſt humbly ſhoweth,

THAT your Petitioner has been, ever ſince he came into the world, a good, true, and loyal ſubject of our Sovereign Lord the King, whoſe image he has preſerved in his boſom, pure, unſpotted, and undefiled; and of good name, fame, credit, and reputation among his neighbours, with whom he lived for many years in the greateſt harmony, loved, admired, and univerſally reſpected.

That notwithſtanding the premiſes aforeſaid, Petitioner was, on the 30th day of September, in the year 1793, arreſted by an order of the Directors of ſaid Bank, by whom he has ever ſince been held in cloſe cuſtody, though no crime whatever has been alleged againſt him, nor have they preferred any indictment, or taken any proceedings in his caſe.

That at the time of your Petitioner's arreſt, as aforeſaid, ſeveral of his brethren, equally good, true, and loyal ſubjects, were alſo thrown into the ſame priſon, from whence they have been ſince, at various times, taken and tranſported into foreign parts, beyond the ſeas, where they now endure a ſhameful captivity,

captivity, being often employed againſt our ſaid Lord the King, his Crown and dignity.

That ſince the impriſonment of your Petitioner, as aforeſaid, ſeveral flimſy upſtarts, Spaniſh ſwindlers, and baſe-born pretenders, have crept into poſſeſſion of the vaſt eſtates heretofore enjoyed by your Petitioner and his family, where they have been guilty of divers frauds and forgeries, to the great injury and diſſatisfaction of his Majeſty's ſubjects, who have thereby ſuſtained many grievous and heavy loſſes.

That your Petitioner underſtood ſeveral of theſe malefactors were taken up to anſwer for their various crimes, and Petitioner was thereby induced to hope Petitioner, who had ſo often and ſo effectually ſerved his King and Country, would be ſhortly liberated, and reinſtated in all his former ſplendour, agreeable to equity and good conſcience, and the wiſhes of the whole nation, every individual of which longs to embrace him.

But Petitioner has lately learned, with freſh grief and accumulated ſorrow, that a little, dwarfiſh, degenerate abortion of his family, not poſſeſſing one half of the worth, weight, or value of the pooreſt of his anceſtors, is placed under your care, and is ſhortly to receive the countenance of our Sovereign Lord the King, and to be put into poſſeſſion of all the places and eſtates of the Guineas.

That your Petitioner was well aware the flagitious crimes of the uſurpers and pretenders herein before ſtated, would ſoon bring them to deſtruction, and therefore bore his confinement patiently, hoping a due ſenſe of his value would lead to his reſtoration; but, inaſmuch as this new claimant is of the kindred of Petitioner, and deſcended from one common ſtock, your Petitioner fears his power may be more formidable, and that a conſpiracy has been entered into

to

to annihilate and deſtroy Petitioner, and all the other race of the Guineas, even to the Guineas of the half blood.

May it therefore pleaſe your Honour to take your Petitioner's caſe into conſideration, and Petitioner will ever pray.

RECIPE TO MAKE A REBEL.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

TAKE a loyal ſubject, uninfluenced by title, place, or penſion, *burn* his houſe over his head, let the ſoldiery exerciſe every ſpecies of inſult and barbarity towards his helpleſs family, and march away with the plunder of every part of his property they chooſe to ſave from the flames. Put him, then, for a few hours, on the *picket*, to teach him military diſcipline. Next day *flog* him; a *firſt* time, to tell *ſecrets* he never *knew*; a *ſecond* time, to diſcover *arms* he never *ſaw*; and a *third* time, going to bed, to *confeſs* treaſons he never *committed*.

If this *mild* and *conciliatory* ſyſtem ſhall not produce the deſired effect, let him be *half-hanged*; *humanity* would recommend the buſineſs ſhould be *conſummated*, but there are obvious reaſons of *policy* againſt it. This generally throws him into a kind of *delirium*; he miſtakes a keeper of the King's conſcience for an *executioner*, and fancies himſelf in the *infernal regions*, inſtead of enjoying the bleſſings of a *free government* in a land of plenty. In this frenzy he will indulge ſome days, and at the end of the third morning the moſt ſtubborn *loyaliſt* will be converted into a *rebel*. Should there, however, appear any dregs of his original diſeaſe lurking about him, loſe no time to inform him, that the juſt indignation of his Sovereign is not to be averted by any earthly ſacrifice, and diſmiſs

miſs with inſult any brave officer, who ſhall dare to ſpare the lives of the *penitent* and *deluded*. This mode has been practiſed with great ſucceſs by certain *quacks* in Ireland.

HOW TO MAKE AN ENGLISH JACOBIN IN TWO DAYS.

[From the Oracle.]

TAKE of the herbs of hypocriſy and ambition, of each two handfuls; of the flowers of humility, two ſcruples; of the ſeeds of contention and ſtubbornneſs, one hundred ounces each; of the root of all evil, a large portion. Chop the herbs, ſlice the roots, and pound them together in a mortar of vain glory, with a peſtle of contradiction and deceit; alſo add one hundred ounces of ſyrup of ſelf-conceit, covetouſneſs, and ſelfiſhneſs. Then let the perſon who is to be converted, take two ſpoonfuls each night and morning, and when he is full of this helliſh compound, let him make a wry face and mouth, and ſqueeze out ſome tears of diſſimulation: this will do wonders, and make the ſchiſmatic maintain the Alcoran, run down the church, delude the people, juſtify deſolations, foment contention and rebellion, and call it liberty of conſcience.

THE SIX GRAND PRINCIPLES OF MAN'S HAPPINESS.

A MILD monarchy; a pure epiſcopacy; an upright adminiſtration of juſtice; a fervent ſpirit of religion pervading all ranks; a general diſpoſition of induſtry in all orders of men, but particularly amongſt the lower and more indigent claſſes; together with a temperate enjoyment of ſocial and domeſtic pleaſures: theſe

theſe conſtitute the moſt perfect and moſt permanent means of happineſs that man can enjoy, ſo long as he remains an inhabitant of the earth.

THE CHARACTER OF A TRUE BRITON.

IN drawing the character of a True Briton, let us premiſe, that we ſhow him of no rank or claſs excluſively. For, though our country, abhorring the dead level of equality, boaſts the ornament and the utility of various ranks, by their gradation holding forth the faireſt prize for emulation, the moſt laſting and leaſt ſordid recompenſe of merit; yet one character pervades the whole. It is the inheritance, not of any claſs of individuals, but of the nation. It adorns the palace and the cottage, and prevails throughout all intervening ranks. Depreſſed in one part, it would riſe to notice in another: nor can it be extinct, till all, which Heaven avert! ſhall be corrupted by foreign principles, or foreign manners.

The True Briton is the child of virtue and of reaſon. The one he loves by natural diſpoſition; the other guides him in the practice of her dictates. From the ſtrength of his reaſon, he is a zealous friend to order; by the virtuous ardour of his ſpirit, he is an adorer of Liberty. Without the due reſtraint of law, he fears he might be vicious; without the energy of freedom, he feels he ſhould be mean. He would neither have his evil tendencies indulged, nor his virtuous impulſes repreſſed. So ſtrong his hatred of vice, that he will bind himſelf to puniſh it, even in himſelf: ſo proud his jealouſy of unjuſt force, that he will periſh rather than obey it, even in a trifle. A child may ſhame him when he is guilty; the whole world cannot make him ſhrink when innocent.—To admonition he is a reed—to violence, a rock.

The

The virtues moſt congenial to his ſoul are, Courage, Integrity, Generoſity, Compaſſion.

His courage, however, is neither irritable nor ambitious. He will bear even injuries, till well aſſured that they are ſo intended; and then at length he ſeeks for juſtice, not revenge—for compenſation, not retaliation. Secure in native dignity, and conſcious of it, he waſtes no time in uſeleſs buſtle to diſplay his conſequence. When the hour for action comes, he acts with vigour and effect; when that is over, he enjoys tranquillity as his reward, well-earned and welcome.

The integrity of the True Briton is inflexible. In all his dealings he is open, fair, ingenuous. He neither ſuſpects others of mean artifice, nor will he ever ſtoop to it himſelf. To this characteriſtic he owes his great commercial credit, which even his unremitting induſtry could never have extended to its preſent magnitude, had it not been ſanctioned and ſupported by his probity. For the ſame reaſon, he is not a man of compliment. If he means to render ſervice, he will do it without promiſing and without parade; if he means it not, or thinks it cannot be performed, he will be ſilent. Nor is he at any time a boaſter; for, knowing the deceptions of ſelf-love, he fears leſt they ſhould lead him into falſehood. When moſt he has deſerved commendation, he can with patience bear to loſe it; even envy and unjuſt reproach he can deſpiſe; the conſcioufneſs of having done his beſt, ſupports him; but praiſe unmerited is ſhame and torture to him.

His generoſity and compaſſion are inſeparable. A tale of ſorrow never fails to melt him, and pity flows from him in ſhowers of gold. Where gold cannot relieve, he tries ſuch other means as ſeem more ſuited to the caſe; but his firſt movement is to give. The humanity of conquerors that ſave their enemies is more congenial to his ſoul than the deſire of victory itſelf;

and yet for victory, no one has done more, or more ſucceſsfully. The efforts of an Elliot amazed the continental nations; but Curtis, ſaving the lives of the enemy, at the imminent hazard of his own, was idolized in his native country. Without this trophy, the triumph would have loſt its brighteſt ornament to Britons.

The religion of the True Briton is rational and firm —equally remote from the folly of ſuperſtition and the impudence of infidelity. He was among the firſt to ſee and to reject the groſs corruptions of the Chriſtian faith; he will be the laſt to countenance a worſe corruption, on pretence of farther reformation. He will never leave religion for the emptineſs of falſe and infidel philoſophy. His ſtrength of reaſon teaches him in what points human reaſon muſt be weak; and he will never boaſt his knowledge, where he feels his ignorance.

His intellectual qualities, like all the reſt, are more for uſe than oſtentation. Sagacity and wiſdom are allowed him by all ſurrounding nations; nor can a name be mentioned to which all ſciences have higher obligations, than to that of the True Briton. Others may excel him in invention; in profundity and accuracy of reſearch, he is unrivalled. Yet is he not deficient in true genius. It is his pride, that in the line of poetry his country ſtands the firſt of modern nations, and not unfrequently has rivalled the beſt models of antiquity. The tricks of falſe taſte and ambitious ornament, in ſpite of temporary faſhion, he deſpiſes. The writing that obtains his praiſe muſt ſatisfy the judgment and affect the heart. By the ſame rule he values eloquence, and every other effort of the intellectual faculty.

At the preſent day, one ſtriking feature not to be omitted in the character of the True Briton, is, veneration for the conſtitution of his country. He views

it

it as the work of wiſdom, tried and meliorated by experience. That there are imperfections in it, he may perhaps admit; for he is attached, not bigotted; but they are ſuch only, as he hopes by time and prudent counſel to remove; or ſuch as, being neceſſary conceſſions to the imperfections of mankind, cannot ſafely be removed till human nature is corrected. He is ſenſible of the value of that knowledge which is the reſult of experience—and in ſo important a point as the conſtitution of his country, he is leaſt diſpoſed to yield to the theories of ſpeculative men. To this ſyſtem he adheres, from ſtrong conviction of its excellence. Innovation, proceeding from levity, he contemns; attended with injuſtice, cruelty, or public danger, he abhors. He loves his king with ſome reſtrictions, and his country without any; nor will he lightly riſe againſt the one, or throw the other into diſcord and confuſion. To politics he is addicted, and not, perhaps, ſufficiently averſe from parties. But, when the public is in danger, he forgets all ſubdiviſions, and knows no party but his country.

This is the True Briton, of which deſcription a large majority exiſts in every claſs of ſocial life throughout the nation: more or leſs perfect, indeed; but enough ſo to fix this as the public character, and thereby to deſerve the reſpect and veneration of the world.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR THE REVOLUTIONARY INFLUENZA AND MALIGNANT OPPOSITION FEVER.

EXTRACTED FROM THE WORKS OF THE PHILANTHROPIC MAXIMILIAN ROBESPIERRE, M.A. SURGEON GENERAL TO THE FRENCH REPUBLIC, PRESIDENT OF THE PHLEBOTOMIC COLLEGE OF PARIS, HONORARY MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETIES OF LYONS AND NANTES, &c. &c. &c.

Humbly ſubmitted to the Conſideration of the noble and ignoble Lovers of Liberty, Equality, and Sanſculottiſm.

[From the Oracle]

PUT the perſon and property of your patient in a ſtate of requiſition; compel his ſons, above fourteen years of age, to join the army; take his horſes, waggons, and carts, to convey thoſe ſons of liberty to the frontiers; demand his boots and ſhoes for their uſe, and his linen to dreſs the wounds which the *Children of Freedom* may receive from the *Satellites of Deſpotiſm*; force him to depoſit one fourth of his fortune, as a voluntary loan, and to ſell the produce of his land, or his merchandiſe, at whatever price you deem proper to fix upon it; enjoin his daughters, *on pain of death*, not to refuſe any offers of marriage; and in order to promote a *criſis*, ſend ſome of your moſt deſpicable aſſiſtants with propoſitions, which they will not dare to reject, and yet muſt heſitate to accept.

Should the nerves of your patient become irritated by acuteneſs of pain, and produce ſymptoms of oppoſition to your will, or indications of reſiſtance to the ſalutary *regimen* you have preſcribed, it will be neceſſary to awe him into ſubmiſſion by *terror*, which may be effected by a ſimple exhibition of the *revolutionary army* and *ambulating guillotine*.

Although the above alterative proves effectual in ordinary caſes, it is liable, in inveterate ones, to engender

gender choler, which frequently cauſes long and loud eructations, diſtortions of the face, foaming at the mouth, and other ſigns of internal convulſions, which cannot be ſuppreſſed, but by *bleeding with a bayonet, ſcarifying with a ſabre*, or *bliſtering with gunpowder*.

If, unfortunately, the malignancy of the diſeaſe baffles the powers of theſe *gentle* correctives; if your patient grows turbulent, frantic, and ungovernable, it will be expedient to order him into cloſe confinement —to reduce his diet until the fever ſubſides, and to have him examined before a tribunal of the faculty; after which you muſt give him an airing, in a *democratic carriage*, to ſome ſpacious place, where, for the ſake of public inſtruction, his head ſhould be ſhaved by the *national razor*; an operation invented by the *patriotic* Doctor *Guillot*, and which has never been known to fail.

FREEDOM OF A CITIZEN OF PARIS.

[From a French Journal.]

"OPEN your doors, in the name of the law," cries an officer of police, at five in the morning.—I immediately open my doors.

"Your papers."—"Here they are."

"You come from the army?"—"Yes, Citizen."—"But your paſſport is not ſtamped."—"How ſo, Citizen? it is indeed."—"But has it been counterſigned by the commandant of the place, and marked by the general ſtaff?"—"It has."—"Your ſtamp is, however, black, and it ſhould have been red."—"Surely, Citizen, its colour has nothing to do with it?"—"Excuſe me; that is a very eſſential point: you muſt come with me to the central office."—"With pleaſure; I will only put on my clothes, and attend you." The police officer continues his journey, and we part.

There were ſix of us in the ſame ſituation. Twenty-five comrades in arms ſurround us, and we ſet out on our march.

"What a pity," cried a green-grocer, "that ſuch genteel young men ſhould be thieves!" The wine-merchant's boy, who has his own card of ſafety, does not ſuppoſe that a ſtranger can be without one; and as we paſs him while he is opening his ſhop, he tells us, that the reign of knaves is at an end.—"I am of the ſame opinion, my lad; but that obſervation does not apply to me."

We arrive at the central bureau. "Your buſineſs ſhall be ſettled in leſs than a quarter of an hour." The quarter of an hour, however, elapſes, and in order to lodge us more conveniently while we waited, we are removed to a priſon. I ſhudder with horror when I conſider that citizens arreſted for want of a paſſport are lodged in the ſame place with criminals.

At length, however, I am called upon by name. I come forward, and am led to be examined. After the preliminary queſtions, I am aſked, "Where is your wife?"—"She is, Citizen, with ——; but it is very extraordinary that you ſhould aſk me ſuch a queſtion."—"Citizen, I muſt aſk it."—"She is with her family."—The other queſtions were nearly of the ſame nature. "You are not ſet at liberty until you have found two ſureties." In the mean time I am carried back again to priſon, to wait their arrival, during which time I count the minutes. At length I am ſet at liberty, on the ſpecial condition of returning again. What a favour!

POLITICAL SHOP CONVERSATION.

[From a Birmingham Paper.]

SCENE—HIGH STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

PARAGRAPH *ſolus, behind his Counter.*

PARAGRAPH.—What the devil ſhall I do with all theſe differently thinking beings?—Here 's a letter from Mr. Sam. Snapdragon, pulling Fox, Sheridan, and all the junto to pieces; and he tells me, if I don't inſert it at full length, I am nothing better than a Jacobin.—And here 's another from Oliver Overturn, boiling over with invective againſt Pitt and the Miniſtry; inſiſting upon it that the INS ought to be OUT, and the OUTS ought to be IN: and that if our paper is not more patriotic, neither he nor his friends will ever advertiſe with us more.

Enter Mr. ONESIDE.

Oneſide.—So, Mr. Paragraph, you gave us a pretty lukewarm, watergruel account of matters at Warwick, without a ſingle compliment to the loyal party, or the ſhadow of a ſtroke at the ſeditioniſts—ſtifling truth and ſmothering juſtice!—Why, Sir, you ſhould have told the public that our party were at leaſt ten to one, and people of the firſt reſpectability, while a packed rabble got the buſineſs ſmuggled through by the rule of thumb.—Fye on't, Mr. Paragraph—Fye on't—We muſt, and will, have an avowedly *loyal* and *conſtitutional* paper in Birmingham, if we ſet it up ourſelves; and then you and your brother journaliſt muſt take the conſequence.

Paragraph.—Sir, we wiſh to ſtand well with all parties; and though we revere that which has juſtice on its ſide, yet, as impartial caterers for the public, we wiſh to pleaſe all, and diſoblige none.

Oneſide.—Then let me tell you, Sir, that ſuch con-

duct is nothing more nor leſs than *trimming*, and all *trimmers* ought to be *trimmed* in their turn, and ſo they will be, take my word for it.—'T is enough to make people mad, to hear people talk to people about pleaſing people, that, of all people in the world, are the laſt people that people ſhould ever think about pleaſing at all. [*Exit in a huff.*

Paragraph.—So, here am I in a precious ſituation, wiſhing to offend nobody, and, from the documents in my hand, and the words I have heard with my ears, in a very fair way of offending every body.

Enter Mr. TOTHERSIDE.

Totherſide.—Mighty well, Mr. Paragraph—mighty well indeed—And ſo thoſe are your ariſtocratic frolics—to hide the light under a buſhel—and ſuffer the glorious triumph of the ſons of liberty "to lie in cold obſtruction and to rot."—Why, Sir, we gave you a theme for the pen of a Juvenal—you might have laſhed tyranny, ariſtocracy, corruption, ſlavery, and all the vices and abuſes which we now deplore, and all without comment—all by one plain, homeſpun, ſimple narrative, "That the votaries of freedom and the rights of man bore down all before them at the county meeting."—Nothing more!—That the greateſt worthies, the moſt exalted characters ſtepped forth upon this glorious occaſion, and ſnatched the golden opportunity to enforce the cauſe of all mankind; the cauſe of all the world as well as that of England; and that none but rogues, raſcals, and raggamuffins attempted to oppoſe them!—Could not you have ſaid that?—Was your heart ſo narrow, that it could not open ſo wide as that?—It would not have broke in the ſtretching, would it? But I ſee how it is; you and your partner, and gazetteering brother chip, are all of the ſame block: but we ſhall do you up yet—we will have a free, independent, patriotic paper, without a Miniſter's muzzle upon it, coſt what it will; and then you

you may wiſh too late, that you had taken up the right, the upright, and the downright ſide of the queſtion. [*Off in a fury.*

LITERARY IMPLEMENTS OF WAR.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS *pamphlets* are allowed to be a very proper weapon wherewith to attack the enemy, although reckoned too ſharp and dangerous in domeſtic diſputes, give me leave to expreſs a wiſh that the belligerent powers would agree to lay aſide the uſe of all *other* implements of war, and try the effect of one or two literary campaigns. It would be but fair, as the French are ſaid to have done every thing by pamphlets, to try our ſtrength with them at their own weapon; and, as this country is bleſt with a multitude of writers, I have no doubt we ſhould ultimately be ſucceſsful. Nor would this be ſo very harmleſs an employment as ſome people may imagine, who are partial to the *teterrima belli*. No army of ſoldiers that ever I heard of can exceed controverſial writers, in acrimony, violence, ſpleen, malice, envy, and all uncharitableneſs, not to ſpeak of wounding reputations, and killing characters in cool *ink*.

I would therefore propoſe, that the authors of each country be formed into battalions, furniſhed with proper ammunition, and that they be drilled in the new Grub Street *manual* exerciſe, and taught to diſcharge with quickneſs and preciſion their Hints, Eſſays, Conſiderations, both cool and warm; Thoughts, Diſquiſitions, Letters, Inquiries, Apologies, Replies, Animadverſions, Laſt Words, More Laſt Words, and other ball cartridges, from the great ordnance office at Stationers' Hall.

It would be a great thing, Sir, to hear that a fortreſs, beſieged in vain by a train of artillery, had

yielded to the force of *rhetoric*, and that the beſt fortified town in Italy had ſurrendered to the *Socratic method*, when that of Vauban and Cohorn had failed; that ſhips were towed into our harbours by *ſyllogiſms*, and that Europe was delivered to a *demonſtration*, and the King of France had aſcended his throne with no other guards than a few *ſimple propoſitions*.

To the proſe authors might be added a light infantry company of poets, whoſe Songs, Odes, Sonnets, and Epigrams might clear the *ſtreets* for an approaching army, and *line* the *walls* for their reception. Some might take their ſtation in the theatres, and dramatize the audience into royalty, with a corps of *prologues* to act as pioneers, and of *epilogues* to bring up the rear. It is not likely that any great reſiſtance could be made to ſuch a combination of powers.

It may be an objection to my plan, that both governments have of late prohibited pamphlets as miſchievous. I am ſorry to be obliged to differ from them in this opinion; I cannot think pamphlets more dangerous than muſkets, or that we ought to be as much afraid of a *corps* of authors as a ſquadron of horſe. But independent of this, it is a conſideration of no ſmall moment in theſe days, that my ſcheme would be attended with a great diminution of our national expenſes. A preſs is much eaſier kept up than a fleet; authors have been always worſe paid than generals; and we can bring out a new edition more expeditiouſly than we can raiſe a new army. Beſides, let us think what a dignity and importance it would give to our vehicles of intelligence; inſtead of being, like the London Gazette, a dry detail of events, they would rank among the moſt argumentative works in the land. They would record that the Directory had been fairly *written down*, that the new republics had been *reaſoned* back to the *ſtatus quo*, that the court of Berlin had at length taken a *hint*, and that the *complete* defeat of Maſſena and Joubert was *now in the*

preſs,

preſs, and would *ſpeedily* be *publiſhed*, price only *eighteen-pence!*

In propoſing this ſcheme, likewiſe, I have ſome eye to the intereſts of literature. It pains me to ſee ſo many ſtout and able writers, who might be ſerving their country, waſting their precious time upon the Siege of Troy, the Tunnel under the Thames, Greek Particles, Green Spectacles, Calviniſm, the Cow-pox, Ireland's Shakeſpear, and Suwarrow's Humanity.

I am, Sir, your humble ſervant,

A SCHEMER.

A SECOND LETTER IN CONTINUATION.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

I HAD ſcarcely finiſhed my former letter, propoſing the trial of a *literary campaign*, when I happened to take up one of our periodical journals, in which I find ſtated as a fact, that there are in Germany alone no leſs than *ſix thouſand authors!* a number ſo great, that I almoſt repented my having ſent you my plan; for, according to it, a government that has ſix thouſand authors at its beck, might well aim at univerſal empire. What, indeed, might not be effected by ſuch a legion, furniſhed with proper ſtationary and other typographical ammunition, and commanded by leaders experienced in the tactics of publication?

This country, I am afraid, would not yield much above as many hundreds; and although that might appear a very conſiderable force, eſpecially if trained to the uſe of *octavos*, yet as one German dramatiſt has been allowed to beat half a dozen Engliſh ones, I am afraid the balance of power would be againſt us, unleſs the politics of the court of Vienna aſſumed a more decided form, and thoſe troops be brought to bear

againſt the common enemy which are now employed in ſupporting the fair at Leipſic.

I ſtill think, however, that my ſcheme of ſheathing the ſword, and trying the effect of the quill, is a feaſible one: or, if it cannot be tried alone, why may not authors be embodied as a ſupplemental force to armies? Previous, for example, to a battle, why may not the enemy be firſt attacked by throwing in a quantity of pamphlets, to convince them of the folly of bloodſhed and of prolonging the war? For this purpoſe, what ſo *apropos* and ſo handy, as the many able writings lately iſſued from our preſs in favour of the doctrines of *paſſive obedience* and *non-reſiſtance?* And when you conſider the yet greater number of writers who have demonſtrated that the happineſs of France muſt depend on *monarchy*, it will appear as wonderful to you as to me, that the gates of Paris have not ere now turned upon their own hinges, and that we are ſtill obliged to confeſs, that it is more difficult to march our forces into that city, than to enter them at *Stationers' Hall.*

The fault, Sir, lies with the reſpective governments. They dread authors, their power, and their influence. Strange! that they ſhould acknowledge that ſtates have been overthrown by the labours of the pen, and not at the ſame time ſee that they may be rebuilt by the ſame means. If the power of authors be formidable, why not turn it to the advantage of the ſtate? Can any one ſuppoſe that authors are not to be hired and paid as well as ſoldiers? Would not a contract with a *pen-cutter* be as profitable as with a *gunpowder-merchant?* Surely the neighbourhood would be in leſs danger of a *blow-up.* In every view of the matter, the danger would be leſs, and, what is of as much importance, and which I hinted in my laſt, the *expenſe.* To prove this, let any man compare the *ordnance eſtimates* with the *ſtationer's bill.* Let the expenſe of *ſtitching pamphlets* be compared

compared with the *ſewing* of *uniforms*. Sir, I will venture to ſay, that a literary campaign, capable of driving Directors and republics to the de—l, would not coſt, in paper and print, a quarter ſo much as the volunteer *corps* pay for ſtaytape and buckram only, and, at the ſame time, advance us much nearer to the deſired object.

This war, Sir, has been diſtinguiſhed by blunders —ſome *few*, I mean—but they have been fatal ones, and irretrievable. In truth, while we perſiſt in carrying on hoſtilities with the ſword, we ſhall find that the errors of the field are not to be remedied by an *erratum*; that the miſtakes of raſhneſs cannot be rectified by *cancelling a ſheet*, and that the exceſs of the enemy's forces over ours is not to be got rid of by a *dele* in the margin. All theſe difficulties would vaniſh were my plan adopted. Glorious would that campaign be, of which we could ſay, that all the errors were typographical, and the moſt dreadful engines employed, merely *printing-preſſes*.

But on this ſubject I ſhall inſiſt no farther. I have diſcharged my duty in propoſing it. I can only now lament the continuation of the ancient ſyſtem, contrary to the experience of ſo many years, and which experience, as far as it goes, is decidedly in favour of my plan. I ſhall ſtill pray for its ſucceſs, in deſpite of all diſcouragements, and ſigh for that happy period when we ſhall beat our *ſwords* into *ploughſhares*, although I queſtion whether we have land enough to employ a tenth part of them!

I am, Sir, yours,

Sept. 9, 1799. A SCHEMER.

MODERN

MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

[From the Sun.]

[The following ſtanzas were, we are told, the firſt poetical effuſion of a celebrated modern Philoſopher, inſcribed to a lady, whom he afterwards married; they will, no doubt, be favourably received by the admirers of that writer, as they appear to contain the cream of his doctrines. Thoſe to whom the lines may appear ſomewhat obſcure, will find that obſcurity vaniſh, if they take the trouble to peruſe the Strictures upon Marriage, Gratitude, and Human Perfectibility, in a work publiſhed under the title of Political Juſtice, together with an Eulogy on Avarice, a Diſſertation on the Condition of Servants, &c. contained in a late publication called the Inquirer.]

IN ſpite of Philoſophy's aid,
I feel the ſoft paſſion of love;
The doctrines my pages convey'd,
In practice I 'm forc'd to diſprove;

For oft haſt thou heard me maintain,
That the mind, for eternity born,
Should the fetters of Hymen diſdain,
And treat Love's deluſions with ſcorn.

I have held it to manhood a ſtain,
To ſigh at the feet of the fair,
In accents deſponding complain,
And prattle of love and deſpair;

For reaſon with abſolute ſway
My turbulent paſſions repreſs'd;—
Ah! when ſhall its wandering ray
Reviſit this love-ſtricken breaſt?

The motives (alas! 't is too plain)
Which me to MARIA would draw,
Are ſtronger than thoſe which reſtrain;—
I ſubmit to Neceſſity's law;

And G——N, the champion renown'd
Of freedom, but not of free-will,
Though conquer'd by love, will be found
The firſt of philoſophers ſtill.

Then

Then turn, my fair pupil, a while,
To your tutor, your lover, and friend,
On your WILLIAM complacently ſmile,
And while he inſtructs you, attend.

Do not grieve if hereafter I flee
Your careſſes, nor deem me capricious:
I fain would be grateful to thee;
But, alas! to be grateful, is vicious.

And ſhould I appear in your eyes
To be what the world calls a miſer,
Though others my conduct deſpiſe,
Yet you, dear MARIA, are wiſer:

For you know in my late publication,
I've prov'd that 't is baſe beyond meaſure,
To give money a free circulation;
But 't is noble to hoard up one's treaſure.

And mark me, I ne'er will conſent
A ſervant or ſlave to maintain;
For with theſe ev'ry moment is ſpent
In mental repining and pain:

For envy and malice combine
The mind of the ſervant to ſtain;
Reſtricted, alas! to port wine,
While his maſter is quaffing champaigne.

As for me, I will never confine
Your beauties alone to theſe arms,
Nor yet will you hear me repine,
Though multitudes taſte of your charms:

You will vow at the altar, indeed,
To your huſband alone to adhere,
But you 're from that prejudice freed,
Which would make you perform what you ſwear.

Though falſehood I greatly deteſt,
And hypocriſy never could bear,
What muſt not be plainly expreſs'd,
A man may moſt virtuouſly ſwear.

Obſerve the diſtinction I draw,
Since clearly are oaths ſuperſtitious:
Pure truth I conſider with awe,
But cannot deem perjury vicious.

Inconſtant perhaps, not unkind,
'T will be ever my ſtudy to pleaſe;
I 'll teach thee, by ſtrength'ning thy mind,
To vanquiſh old age and diſeaſe:
For thinking can ſurely reſtore
Your teeth and your eyes when they fail,
Give the vigour of youth to fourſcore,
Make "mind over matter prevail."

ON A LATE ADDRESS OF THE FRENCH DIRECTORY.

[From the Morning Herald]

Extract from the Preſident of the Directory's Letter to Maſſaredo, the Spaniſh Admiral.

"From a ſmall corner of the earth, which the ſun ſeems to light with regret, England *pretends* excluſively to the ſovereignty of the ſeas."

VAUNTING barbarians!—Though our little iſle
May not with glow of ſuns perennial ſmile;
Though, on the earth's great ſcale, a trifling ſpot,
Yet of Heav'n's bounteous gifts the choiceſt lot;
Though with no vintages abounds the ſoil,
Wine from the grape, and from the olive oil,
(For wine and oil of ſcriptural praiſe can boaſt,)
Yet proud of grateful juices in our coaſt.
When Sirius reigns, Pomona ſhows her powers,
Ceres her amber tints when winter lowers;
Our theme-clad hills to numerous flocks give birth,
To clothe the natives of remoteſt earth;
Rich clover'd meads the fatt'ning ox delight,
To *ancient Gauls* a faſcinating ſight;
To *moderns*—when invaſion they deſign—
Parole, *Roaſt Beef—Strong Beer* the counterſign.
Your freedom 's falſe—its type a wither'd tree;
Obedience to the laws and God, *our* liberty.
SIEYES, avaunt!—nor tantalize thy ſight
With this ſmall ſpot "the ſun regrets to light;"

But

But know, vain man! it e'er hath check'd the blow
Of *poliſh'd* foes, who ſought its overthrow.
Strive then no more to make *our* heroes ſlaves,
Whilſt BRUNSWICK reigns, and Britain rules the waves.

AN AMATEUR.

WHIG CLUB; OR CHARLEY AND TOMMY.

A TENDER CROWN AND ANCHOR IDYLLIUM: WITH ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

[From the True Briton.]

The Idyllium commences after the cuſtomary libation to the Health of Mr. Fox.

HERE the duſky PATRIOT roſe,
Strok'd his beard, ſo black, crinoſe—
Thrice he ſigh'd, and iron tears
Spoke his feelings—ſpoke his fears.

CHARLEY.

"How I love thee, CLUB DIVINE!
My laſt refuge, Freedom's ſhrine!
Guardian of the ſacred flame!
Britain's glory! Britain's ſhame!
Conſervatory * of our rights!
Hot houſe warm 'gainſt Slav'ry's blights!
Yet" (and here a hollow groan
Harmoniz'd with patriot moan,)
"Yet I doubt fair Freedom 's ſlain,
Ne'er, ah! ne'er to riſe again.
"Times there were—alas! no more—
O the happy days of yore!
When each *village* had its *Club*,
Speaking, acting without ſnub:
Coblers governments could ſcan!
Paine could write the Rights of Man.

* "Conſervatory of the principles of our anceſtors." Vid. Speech apud Morning Chronicle, March 6. This was eſteemed ſo happy an expreſſion, that Mr. *E——e*, with ſymptoms of jealouſy, claimed it as *his*.

All

All their Gallic friends could cheer—
Then *our* ſky was calm and clear.
Frowning clouds now gather round;
Law's dread thunders fright, aſtound;
Ireland's woes we dare not mourn,
Nor drench with tears the *Rebel Urn*—
Correſpondence now adieu—
Farewell Liberty and *you!*
To me, a ſecond Whittington *, the plaintive chimes
Still ſound, or ſeem to ſound, 'The very worſt of times.'
Then to *thee*, O Club divine!
I my heart and ſoul reſign.
You *alone*, with veſtal hand,
Feel the flame of Freedom's brand.
But I fear that ſhe is dead,
Or at leaſt from Britain fled:
But, if Britons, then more wiſe,
Once again ſhould ope their eyes,
You, ay you *alone*, could tell
What ſhe was, and *how* ſhe fell.
But I doubt that Freedom 's ſlain,
Ne'er, ah! ne'er to riſe again."
He ſaid—and, to the duſky Patriot's moan,
The maudlin meeting belch'd an univerſal groan.
Fainting with exceſs of grief,
TOMMY came to his relief.
Thrice the Patriot's ebon chin
(Thus was Satan coax'd by Sin †)
Thrice he chuck'd in merry pin.
Truſting to his *opium*'s doſe §,
TOM, like VIRGIL'S Fame aroſe;
His head the roof, the table met his toes ‖.

* "The very worſt times that England ever ſaw."—Again, "The very worſt times for freedom that our hiſtory ever produced."—And again, "The worſt times that ever were ſeen in England."—Vid. Speech. "Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London Town," is well known.

† Vide MILTON.

§ TOMMY takes large doſes of opium, particularly on great occaſions like the preſent.

‖ "Ingrediturque ſolo, & caput inter nubila condit." N. B. The *Tavern* ſpeakers always mount upon the table.

By

By opium, nature, wine bepuff'd,
Thus he hector'd, thus he huff'd:

TOMMY.

" Buſs, my CHARLEY! buſs again!
Freedom 's *kilt* *, but is not ſlain.
I † am here, ſo don't deſpair;
Liberty ſhall be *my* care.
I, ay *I*, and *twelve ſtout fellows* ‡,
Sure can keep her from the *Yellows*.
Ne'er ſhall ſhe, no, ne'er *I* ween,
While *I* live look pale or green.
Dead!—No, no, ſhe lies perdue,
Till 't is time to give the cue;
Then, fair Dame! to bleſs our eyes,
In *pikiſh* majeſtv ſhe 'll riſe.
Then the Tocſin loud ſhall toll,
Then we 'll dance the Carmagnole,
Then, ding dong, we 'll ſay, or ſing,
Live the *People*, live *our* King §:
Buſs, my CHARLEY! buſs again!
Freedom 's *kilt*, but is not ſlain.
" True, my friends! we don't advance
With the energy of France;
But, pull hard! pull all together!
Belay! for it is ſtormy weather ‖.
'T is a ſailor's term; *belay;*
And *I* uſe it—*that 's* MY *way*,
That the univerſe may know
Nothing 's hid from *me* below:

---

* From the *peculiar* intereſt which the perſons in this Idyllium take i Iriſhmen of a *certain deſcription*, the low Hibernian expreſſion *kilt* y which the Iriſh mean in general a temporary ſuppreſſion of the ital functions) is ntroduced with ſingular propriety.

† The *egotiſms* here evince how attentive the writer has been to ruth of character.

‡ " The trial by jury—by which all other inſtitutions can *alone* be erpetuated "—Vid. Speech.

§ " *Legal* SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE."—*Ib.*

‖ " Sailors, when they find the rope ſlipping from them in the tem- eſt, if they cannot keep it from running out, they ſecure it—they arn it juſt round, and ſay, *Belay* all that."—Vid. Speech.

CRICHTON

CRICHTON was a joke to me *,
I'm an Omniſcibile.
" Droop not, CHARLEY !— N———'s Grace!
Mourn not for your loſs of place.
Though *our lawful* Monarch's *ſlave* †
Plung'd your heads beneath the wave;
Though by BILLY PITT deceiv'd,
After *ſtrange Gods* he believ'd
Both were rutting, gone a-whoring,
Fawning, ſneaking, and adoring;
Droop not, mourn not, ceaſe to groan:
When *our* Sov'reign mounts the throne,
You the brighteſt ſtars ſhall be
In *our* Sov'reign's galaxy.
Buſs, my CHARLEY! buſs again!
Freedom 's *kilt*, but is not ſlain.
" Meanwhile, ceaſeleſs *I'll* proclaim
O'er the world *our* Sov'reign's name.
Freemen! why ſhould TOMMY quake?
Nought they gave, ſo nought can take ‡.
While *retainers* hourly come,
D—n 'em! they may kiſs my —— §.
" True, State Myrmidons come louſe
On our friends of Craven-houſe.
Habeas Corpus, that 's the devil!
Sleeps, in ſpite of *me* and WYVIL.
Inly let our ardour burn,
CHARLEY preaches, ' *Watch the* TURN ||!'

Then

* Vid. all the Biographias, article, *Wonderful Crichton.*

† " The *King* is the *ſervant* of the *people*." Jacobin Maxim.

‡ " They did not attack me—Why? becauſe I had nothing they could take from me."—Vid. Speech.

§ This Correſponding Society *naïveté* may be thought by ſome rather indecorous. But if we take into conſideration the ſituation of the ſpeaker, and the majority of the component parts of the audience he addreſſed, it will be found that the poet has been perfectly correct in his attention to *manners*. To be impreſſive, a daſh of *Sanſculotiſm* was abſolutely neceſſary. Tommy was obliged to accommodate himſelf to his hearers—to ſpeak plain—to call a cart-wheel, a cart-wheel.

|| " Engliſhmen ought to recollect the words of Mr. Fox—' When ' the ſeaſon of exertion comes, *We* muſt not be at fault."—Vid. Speech.

Mr.

Then the holy flame ſhall blaze!
Then, O *then*, what glorious days!
Then, by G—d! we ſhall be *free!*—*
Truſt, till it comes, to my Twelve men and Me.
Buſs, my CHARLEY! buſs again!
Freedom 's kilt, but is not ſlain."

PHAETON, A SONG.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

TO APOLLO of old, when young PHAETON came,
And aſk'd him permiſſion to kindle his flame,
But little the God thought of taking that oath,
Which was ſacred among Gods and Goddeſſes both.
Tol de rol, &c.

To the boy's proud ambition compell'd to give way,
He harneſs'd his ſteeds to the car of the Day;
The lad ſeiz'd the reins, and, quite proud of the whip,
Tipp'd the nags the long trot, but they gave him the ſlip.
Tol de rol, &c.

Though they ſcamper'd along at ſo ſpeedy a rate,
This ſon of a God was quite blind to his fate;
And forgetting the maxims that fell from his ſire,
Quite unable to drive, ſet the world all on fire.
To de rol, &c.

Juſt thus has our national charioteer, P—,
To drive the ſtate-coach of the kingdom thought fit;
And diſdaining to ride a Poſtillion to Fox,
That ableſt of coachmen he puſh'd from the box.
Tol de rol, &c.

Mr. F. in his ſpeech at the Shakſpeare (for he now only ſpeaks in taverns), 11th Oct. 1798, among other things of a ſimilar nature, deſires his party to "wait the turn of events."

* This line is another ſtrong inſtance of the writer's attention to the truth of character. Tommy's frequent appeals to the Supreme Being in his forenſic and political ſpeeches are well known.

The

The guard was aſleep in the baſket behind;
So he mounted the box, fix'd himſelf to his mind:
In the dark he took up a moſt ponderous load,
And flounder'd—not knowing one ſtep of the road.
Tol de rol, &c.

The load was ſo heavy, ſo dark was the night,
That he ſoon loſt his way—yet he ſwore he was right;
And, rather than part with the reins or the whip,
He flogg'd the poor cattle from ſhoulder to hip!
Tol de rol, &c.

Soon the paſſengers ſaw the great diff'rence of ſkill
Between their OLD coachman and poſtillion Will,
Who, firm in his ſeat, though he knew he was wrong,
Damn'd his fare, ſuck'd his quid—and then box'd it along!
Tol de rol, &c.

In vain did the wretches diſcover their fright:
In vain did they aſk—nay, inſiſt, they would 'light:
He told them he drove for his maſter the King;
And 't was then they found out—THEY HAD LOST THE CHECK-STRING.
Tol de rol, &c.

But ſoon, now they 're ſtuck in the mire, may they feel
'T is time each his ſhoulder ſhould clap to the wheel;
Or elſe their mad coachman, ſtill calling on Heaven,
Will ſink 'em ſo deep, that no aid CAN be given!
Tol de rol, &c.

Then, like Phaeton, he who thus dar'd to aſpire,
Proud charioteer P— will conſume in his fire;
Till Fox, like Apollo, again takes the ſway,
To prove none can rule like—the GOD of the DAY.
Tol de rol, &c.

A SLAWKEN-

A SLAWKENBERGIAN FRAGMENT.

[From the Morning Herald.]

—JUNIUS told the Publiſher, who queſtioned him as he left the letter, he had dipped his pen in gall—was going to laſh the ſatellites, and ſhould continue *inviſible*, to raiſe a national alarm.

The Publiſher looked over the manuſcript—never ſaw ſuch a ſatire in his life.

——I have trimmed them ſeverely, quoth Junius. —So flipping his pen into the loop of a black riband at his button-hole, where an inkhorn was hung, he put his hand in his pocket, courteouſly touching his hat with his left hand, as he extended his right—he put half a crown into the Publiſher's hand, and paſſed on.

It grieves me, ſaid the Publiſher, ſpeaking to a little dirty Printer's Devil, that ſo acute a writer ſhould have loſt his penſion—he muſt be ſtarved without one; and there is not a grandee will aſſiſt him in all *Gotham*.

—I never had one, replied Junius, looking back on the Publiſher, and putting his hand to his pen, as he ſpoke.—I ſcribble with it, continued he, thus—flouriſhing the Chancellor of the Exchequer's name, on purpoſe to prove my independence.

It is well worth your acute letter, replied the Publiſher.

It is not worth a baubee, ſaid the Printer's Devil; —'t is common traſh.

As I am a true ſcribe—except that is ſix times as ſevere—'t is a paragraph, ſaid the Publiſher, like the editor's.

'T will not be printed, ſaid the Devil.

By Alphabeta, ſaid the Publiſher, 't will be printed in Roman.

What

What a pity it is, ſaid the Devil, we cannot both of us read it!

——A ſhort time after this diſpute was maintained by the Publiſher and the Devil, the ſame point was debated between a learned Judge and an uninfluenced Jury.

'T is a libel, ſaid the Lord Chief Juſtice, 't is a rank libel.

'T is not, ſaid the twelve Plebeians.

'T is all fire and gunpowder, ſaid the Chief Juſtice; I ſmell the ſmoke.

'T is common ſenſe, ſaid the Plebeians, and we will believe it.

He ſhall be unmaſked, ſaid the Lord Chief Juſtice, and I will unmaſk him.

I have made a vow to St. Stephen this day, ſaid Junius, that my maſk ſhall not be dropped till—Here he ſuſpended his voice, and ſplit his pen——

Till when? ſaid the Chief Juſtice, haſtily.

I will never be diſcovered, ſaid he, mending the pen, till that hour——

What hour? ſaid the Chief Juſtice.—

Never!—Never! ſaid Junius, till I am got——

For Heaven's ſake, into what PLACE? ſaid the Chief Juſtice.

Junius burnt his pen without writing a word.

—In a few years the whole land of *Gotham* was in an uproar.—Perhaps Junius was diſcovered.—The embargo was juſt taken off the hoys, to invite the world to the Iſle of Thanet—no ſoul in Type Street cared for it—the Change was like a bear-garden—authors, editors, politicians, compoſitors, running here and there—ſetting up this paragraph—ſtriking down that—out of one printing-houſe into another.—Did you hear it? did you hear it? oh! did you hear it?—Who heard it? *who believes it?* for mercy's ſake, WHO KNOWS IT?

Alack-

Alack-a-day, that I had written a book about it—that I had one to write about it!—Oh! that I had *been the brother of Samſon, and the weapon to ſlay the Philiſtines!*—Would I had been a judge, a juryman, a publiſher, a little dirty printer's devil! was the cry in Gotham.

Junius had got perched upon the top of the pineal gland of their brains, and made ſuch rouſing work in their fancies, that, to a ſapient face, a dull and ſententious delivery, "I could a tale unfold"—the maſs bent in ſilent adoration—they worſhipped the irradiated mortal poſſeſſing ſupernatural intelligence, ſurpaſſing the Gygean ring, or *ne plus ultra*—the philoſopher's ſtone.

The univerſities of Gotham—the procacious politicians—the laity of Paternoſter—the Grubean mendicants—the Chroniclites and the order of Britonites wandered from comma to colon, from colon to exclamation—a ſingle ſpeech—a ſecretaryſhip—a noble lord—a number 45—like an *ignis fatuus*, led them aſtray—they looked pale, and ſhivered amidſt their wandering—Junius had worn a *ſuit of broad-cloth manufactured from the beſt Spaniſh wool*—every one ſwore to rival Adam until they found his veſture to caſt looſe for.

The acute order of dunciadean critics, that ſmell an author by his *ifs* and *ands*, acted the wiſer part—they put on a *frieze great coat*, and boaſted perſpicuity.

In all my circumlocutory epiſtles have I, Slawkenbergius, tied down every line to the *puff poſitive*, and while I play with the curioſity of the Gothamites, at the expenſe of their pocket, to pleaſe the idle vapours of their brain, it will be found that Junius ſo runs in their heads that the Gothamites cannot follow their buſineſs.

Alas! alas! continued Slawkenbergius, Junius is not the firſt political writer, nor will he be the laſt, that NOT ABOVE ONE PERSON KNOWS ANY THING ABOUT.

AGUE-CHEEK.

THE COURTIER'S SOLILOQUY.

DAZZLED with the falſe luſtre of ambition, I quitted too precipitately my little walk in life, in hopes of ſhining among the *great*. By executing every miniſterial commiſſion with which I was charged, with the moſt ſervile fidelity, however diſagreeable it was to my taſte, however repugnant to my conſcience, I raiſed myſelf, by haſty ſtrides, from obſcurity to ſplendour. By never framing the ſlighteſt objections to the commands of my deſpotic ſuperiors, by always receiving them with humility, and obeying them with ſwiftneſs, I have fixed myſelf in a magnificent ſituation. I have acquired honours and riches, and ſhould derive no ſmall happineſs from the envy which I excite among thouſands leſs ſucceſsful in the world, did I not feel myſelf deſpiſed by many of the moſt reſpectable men in the nation, whoſe contempt is the more mortifying to me, as I am conſcious of deſerving it. In vain do my friends, (my flatterers rather ſhould I ſay, for how can we, with any propriety, call thoſe our friends who ſtudiouſly endeavour to hide us from ourſelves?) in vain do they beſtow on my principles and my parts the moſt exalted encomiums; in vain would they make me believe that I am a capital pillar of the Britiſh conſtitution: ſick of the fawning crew ſurrounding me from morning to night, I begin to nauſeate their groſs, their ſurfeiting adulation. My gains, indeed, have been conſiderable ſince I have been a patient perſevering drudge in the miniſ-

terial road; conſiderable too have been my laſhes. What have I gained? A riband and a penſion. What have I loſt? My character and my peace.

THE CRANES.

AN ITALIAN TALE.

MESSIER Currado, of Naples, had a ſervant named Chinchillo, who one night, to treat his miſtreſs, cut off the leg of a crane which was roaſting for his maſter's ſupper, who thereupon aſked him what was become of the crane's other leg. Chinchillo immediately ſwore that cranes had but one leg.

The next morning, as he was riding behind his maſter, he made him, in order to convince him he was right, obſerve ſeveral cranes at rooſt upon one leg; but his maſter ſhouting, they put down the other leg; whereupon Chinchillo perceiving that his maſter was angry, cried out, "How lucky it was that you did not ſhout laſt night, for your crane would have put down the other leg, and have flown away as theſe did, and your ſupper would have gone too."—Currado laughed, and Chinchillo eſcaped.

ABSTRACT OF A BUDGET.

[From the Morning Herald.]

TAX on Transfer of Property.—An Act for encouraging the extenſion of commerce, by rendering the tranſmutation of its objects more cheap, eaſy, and univerſal.

Ditto on Bills of Exchange.—An Act for promoting the more frequent circulation of caſh.

Ditto on Deeds.—An Act for encouraging the tranſacting of *deeds in the night*, and the more effectually to prevent their ſeeing the *light*.

Ditto on Wills.—An Act for reſtricting the abſurd and miſchievous cuſtom of perſons diſpoſing of the fruits of their induſtry in the manner they wiſh.

Ditto on Attornies Certificates.—An Act for making it the intereſt of lawyers to plunder their clients more than ever.

Ditto on ornamental Plate.—An Act for remedying the preſent ſcarcity of ſpecie, by forcing every individual to carry all his ſilver to the Mint.

Ditto on Turnpike Tolls.—An Act for preſerving the public roads in repair, by preventing farmers, millers, carriers, and other ſuch public nuiſances, from wearing them out with their waggons.

Ditto on Policies of Inſurance.—An Act for furthering the purpoſes of Providence, by reſtricting individuals from indemnifying themſelves againſt its diſpenſations.

Ditto on Advertiſements.—An Act for abridging the caſual and undeſerved profits of induſtry, hazard, and public ſpirit.

Ditto on Newſpapers.—An Act for effectually prohibiting the abuſes of the liberty of the preſs, by extinguiſhing the uſe of it.

Ditto on Stamps in general.—An Act for aſſerting the innate probity of man, by reſtoring the ſimplicity of parol contracts, and thereby aboliſhing the guards which have been placed againſt diſhoneſty, fraud, and perjury.

ADVANTAGES OF MILITARY GOVERNMENT.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SIR,

ALTHOUGH I ſhould be very ſorry to recommend to Government any meaſures of the deſpotic kind, and ſhould think it very imprudent to ſend

them to your paper, if I were ſo inclined, yet I cannot help being of opinion, that, under exiſting circumſtances, a *military* government is the beſt poſſible for the maintenance of good order, peace, and quietneſs—things which every man ought to prize very highly.

I have conſidered the ſubject fully, and I think a military government may be defended on the ground that it is the *eaſieſt* poſſible form of government, which ſurely is a very great recommendation. The multiplication of laws, in this as well as other countries, has long been complained of as a great evil; and when we conſider that an *abridgment* only of our penal ſtatutes fills between twenty and thirty large volumes, we muſt allow that the evil has come home to us with a vengeance.

Conſider alſo, Sir, another great cauſe for complaint, the expenſe with which law-ſuits are attended—although I do not mean to urge this as a matter of much conſequence: but what is of the firſt importance, is, the difficulty with which ſeditious and diſcontented perſons are brought to the gallows. So complicated are our laws on this ſubject, that not one in a hundred of thoſe *wretches* who find fault with the war and the taxes can be brought to condign puniſhment.

All this is very ſhocking, but we find nothing of the kind under military governments. No man has occaſion to ſtudy at an inn of court five or ſeven years, in order to know what the law is, and how to execute it. All that is neceſſary is to learn the military *code*, which may be acquired under the direction of a *drill ſergeant* in a few weeks. It requires no library of Caſes and Reports, no tedious arguments, and no long ſpeeches. It admits of no pleas and demurrers, no anſwers, rejoinders, and replications.—You employ no attorney, and fee no counſel, but

appear in perſon "in full uniform, flints fixed, and twelve rounds of ball cartridge."

With this ſimple apparatus, how eaſily are the tumults of the people quelled! How quickly are they rid of all grievances, whether real or imaginary! This mode admits of no quibbling about the meaning of words, and no ſaucy replies from thoſe who have not learned to reſpect "all who are in authority over them." According to the principles of a free government, like ours, people who are diſſatisfied have the right of aſſembling to petition and remonſtrate. Our miniſtry mildly and humbly liſten to thoſe petitions and remonſtrances, and in the moſt gracious manner redreſs the grievance, be it of what nature it may, and however oppoſite to their own intereſts and opinions.

But what, Sir, is the conſequence of all this? The conſequence is, that theſe ſame people come again and again, while they have a grievance to bring forward. Encouragement makes them as impertinent as ſturdy beggars, and no one can tell where ſuch things may end. But, Sir, according to the plan of military governments, all this might eaſily be prevented, and care taken that no ſet of petitioners ſhall *repeat* the offence. *Ratio ultima* is a phraſe which I have heard was once inſcribed on cannon. It ought to be *ratio prima*. It is always wrong to end where we ſhould begin, becauſe all kinds of diſcontent grow worſe by delay, and prevention is much better than cure.

As to diſcontented people, there is no arguing with them. It is in vain that you attempt to perſuade a man to be ſatisfied with his complaints and his grievances, and thank God he is not worſe. Theſe fellows are for ever ſtriving to be better, and as they cannot do that without diſturbing thoſe who are much higher

higher than themſelves, the application of military law is an obvious and ſtriking remedy: it applies to all poſſible caſes; it requires very little previous notice. No man acting under it needs perplex his mind, or bewilder his imagination with a ſeries of paradoxes or a train of reaſoning. His duty is eaſily learned, becauſe his *motions* are few. *Aim* rather than courage is requiſite to perfect the work; and the more *coolly* he executes it, the more he is applauded for his firmneſs and ſpirit: while to heſitate, to pauſe, and to conſider, would be to yield to thoſe prejudices of education which a poor Turkiſh Janizary would reject with contempt.

When we reflect upon theſe ſerious truths, I mean the *eaſe* and *diſpatch* with which the diſcontented may be ſilenced, and the ſeditious laid quiet, we wonder that a ſcheme ſo practicable ſhould have been ſo long neglected: but ancient habits and opinions are not eaſily ſhaken off, and ſuch habits and opinions have been too long foſtered in this country to be thrown aſide merely at the will of ſo obſcure a writer as he who now preſumes to addreſs the public. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, I ſtand alone in this defence of military government: perhaps I am the only man, living under our glorious and much-improved conſtitution, who would dare to breathe the ſentiments of deſpotiſm (as it is called), who would recommend exceſſive puniſhment for trifling offences, and prefer a ſergeant's guard to a ſpecial jury; perhaps I am the only perſon who would recommend a vigour independent of all law, and who conſiders a regiment of cavalry as the moſt convincing argument. But this is a misfortune I ſhare in common with all geniuſes who ſtrike out what is perfectly new and ſurpriſing, either in philoſophy, morals, or legiſlation. I am content to be cenſured for my ſingularity, or deſpiſed for my boldneſs. I will conſole myſelf in the reflection that

there are ſome, perhaps but a handful, of men like myſelf, obſcure, and in *low* ſtations, who are of my opinion, and have given proof of it in *words* at leaſt. We are now a *few*, but we may increaſe, and if I am then obſcure, it will only be becauſe I am hid in a crowd.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A FRIEND TO DISCIPLINE.

THE PLAGUE.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

WHILE I join with the public in acknowledging the polite and well-timed attention of the Lord Mayor, to tranquillize the minds of the inhabitants of London, reſpecting the report of two men having died of the plague, I muſt take the liberty to ſay that the faculty in general ſeem to have very groſsly miſtaken the nature of that diſorder. Nor is this wonderful, nor ought it to be advanced by way of cenſure. In a country that has not been viſited by the plague for almoſt a hundred and fifty years, it is not very ſurpriſing that the diſeaſe ſhould be rather an object of hiſtorical than medical attention.

The fact is, however, that the neglect of this ſtudy has produced many fatal effects; and, although the *preſent plague* may not have reached the metropolis, nor, perhaps, any part of our iſland, in its moſt virulent form, it has been very generally felt in a certain degree; and its worſt ſtate is not the leſs to be guarded againſt becauſe it ſeems to be at a diſtance, and becauſe that diſtance is but ſmall.

As to its origin, we are miſled by prejudices. A very abſurd one has long prevailed, that the *plague*, which has infeſted Europe for many years, was imported

ported from the *Levant*, and in bales of cotton. Nothing can be more devoid of foundation; and yet this opinion, haſtily taken up, has pervaded every hiſtory of the diſorder, and, of courſe, directed to an improper method of cure. On the contrary, I will be bold to affirm, in the preſence of the Preſident, Fellows, and Licentiates of Warwick Lane, that the plague which now rages in various parts of the world, and the only plague we have cauſe to dread, was originally imported from *France*, and that *not* in *cotton*, but in what an eminent writer deceaſed called "blurred and blotted ſheets and ſhreds of paper." Yes, Sir, it made its appearance in France about the year 1789, and was principally confined to that country till the year 1792, when it acquired an uncommon degree of violence. Yet ſtill it might probably have been only a local evil, if it had not been for the imprudent conduct of ſome *Pruſſian* and *German* travellers who inſiſted on *going* to *Paris*, to extirpate it, by a new mode, for which it is ſaid they had obtained a *royal patent*. Finding this impoſſible, and falling conſequently into diſgrace, they were followed and hooted out of the country by many infected perſons, who ſoon introduced the diſorder into other nations; and in a very few years almoſt all Europe was viſited by this ſcourge. The numbers that *died* exceed any thing we read of in the hiſtory of former plagues; and, what was very remarkable, thoſe who ſtayed at home (as the Swedes and Danes), be their habitations ever ſo confined, eſcaped, while thoſe who ventured into the *fields* died by thouſands. It has been no uncommon thing to find ten or twelve thouſand dead bodies in the *fields* at a time—bodies, Sir, of perſons who had not been *attacked* above five or ſix hours, and of all *ranks*; ſome on the banks of rivers, ſome in ditches, and ſome at the foot of caſtles or fortified

places, where, probably, they thought themſelves ſecure.

It is impoſſible to reckon up the whole number of thoſe who have fallen a prey to this cruel diſorder; but the beſt calculators do not ſcruple to affirm that it cannot be leſs than five or ſix millions of French, Spaniards, Germans, Pruſſians, Dutch, Italians, and Engliſh. The proportion of Engliſh was, perhaps, far leſs than that of any other nation; but ſtill it was enormous, and certainly might, in the opinion of the faculty, have been prevented, if they had not gone too much into the company of the infected. Here at home, as already mentioned, the diſorder has not appeared; and I will not deny that much credit is due to the ſtrict quarantine that was ordered, to prevent its importation. But unfortunately an error of great magnitude was committed here: while vaſt pains were taken to prevent the plague coming to us, no care at all was taken to prevent us going to the plague; and this only accounts for our loſs. And, what is yet, perhaps, more extraordinary, this conduct, which is conſidered as an abſolute ſoleciſm in medicine, was conſidered as no ſoleciſm at all in *politics*. People, however, now begin to view matters in a different light; and, had I not been obliged to go out of town at the time ſome of my brethren were ſent for by the Board of Trade, I intended to have urged this point very ſtrongly. Undoubtedly men of the profeſſion ought to have courage to go boldly among the diſeaſed; but for others to run into danger, who have no knowledge of medicine, who are not invited by ſympathy, and can afford no aſſiſtance, and who, as we were very lately told, were themſelves deſtitute of neceſſaries, and without *friends*, is a raſhneſs for which no apology can be made.

With reſpect to the particular malignancy of the *preſent plague*, it far exceeds all former inſtances.

It

It kills at a ſingle ſhock, the ſufferers dropping down as if they were *ſhot*; and even thoſe who ſurvive are, perhaps the next day, or in a week or two at fartheſt, *attacked* in the ſame violent manner: never, indeed, were the ravages of any plague ſo dreadful. It is abſurd for thoſe who have ſpeculated on the *cauſe*, to have recourſe to the old theories on the ſubject, advanced from Hippocrates to Mead, and attribute it to certain *miaſmata*, or principles in the air: ſuch theories ſoar very far above the real cauſe. With regard to its local hiſtory, thus far may be ſaid: it began in France, in a *court*, where ſome people of rank reſided, and communicated to ſeveral *narrow courts* and *alleys* adjoining, and thus eaſily ſpread over Europe. The water which ſurrounds our iſland might have been a ſufficient defence to us, if we had not been adviſed by ſome, certainly not *experienced* phyſicians, to repair to the infected places abroad to cure the diſorder. We thought our College able to do any thing; but *non omnia poſſumus omnes*. By miſmanagement, therefore, or ignorance, its inveteracy has been confirmed rather than abated. In Italy and Germany, indeed, it ſeemed to diſappear about a year ago, but broke out again in the beginning of laſt ſpring with as much violence as ever. In 1797 and 1798, two conſultations of phyſicians were held, the one at *Paris*, and the other *Liſle*, but they came to no agreement, each having ſome favourite *noſtrum* to recommend, which the other would not agree to. A third conſultation was held lately at Raſtadt, in Germany, to as little purpoſe, but which ended ſingularly; of three of the *phyſicians* belonging to the ſame college, two *died* ſuddenly on their way home, and the third was ſaved by having his *coat* lined with a preparation of *Jeſuit's* bark.

When this diſorder firſt appeared, it puzzled the faculty for the reaſon I have already aſſigned. Some

deemed it of an *inflammatory* nature, and adviſed *bleeding* and long *confinement*, with *ſecluſion* from *company*; and there not being room enough in the common hoſpitals for patients of this deſcription, a number of *lazarettos* were built on purpoſe. Others imagined it aroſe from *weakneſs* in the upper region, and adviſed ſtrong medicines, calculated to give *vigour*. Some went ſo far as to think *ſpeaking* hurtful, and would not allow their patients to aſſemble in greater numbers at a time than fifty. Others ſuppoſed that *reading* muſt be pernicious, and open the eyes too much! In ſhort, various remedies have been tried. We have compounded, decompounded, mixed, and ſeparated every article in the *Pharmacopœia Budgetiana* (the only one allowed by authority), until it has become difficult to ſay whether the doctor is moſt puzzled how to preſcribe, or the patient how to ſwallow. The greateſt good appears to me to have been done by Dr. Spencer and his brethren, who have recommended the *ſea air*, which is certainly more agreeable to our *conſtitution*, and has hitherto kept from us the worſt ravages of this diſorder.

I am, Sir, with great reſpect,
Your humble ſervant,

Dec. 11, 1799. GALENICUS.

RECEIPTS FOR MAKING FRIENDSHIP, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

IN Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory* we find a curious receipt for making the Roman friendſhip cordial, that was univerſally eſteemed in thoſe days, and very few families were without it. In the ſame place he ſays that they were indebted to the Greeks for this receipt, who had it in the greateſt perfection. The old Roman friendſhip was a compoſition of ſeveral ingredients, of which

which the principal was union of hearts (a fine flower that grew in ſeveral parts of the kingdom), ſincerity, frankneſs, diſintereſtedneſs, pity, and tenderneſs, of each an equal quantity: theſe were all mixed up together with two rich oils, which they called perpetual kind wiſhes, and ſincerity of temper; and the whole was ſtrongly perfumed with the deſire of pleaſing, which is a moſt grateful ſmell, and was a ſure reſtorative in all ſorts of vapours. This cordial, thus prepared, was of ſo durable a nature, that no length of time could waſte it; and, what is remarkable, ſays our author, it increaſed in weight and value the longer it was kept. The moderns have moſt groſsly adulterated this fine receipt: ſome of the ingredients, indeed, are not to be found; but what they impoſe upon you for friendſhip is as follows, viz. Outward profeſſion, a common weed that grows every where; inſtead of the flower of union, the deſire of being pleaſed, a large quantity of ſelf-intereſt, convenienee and reſervedneſs, many handfuls, a little of pity and tenderneſs; but ſome pretend to make it up without any of theſe two laſt; and common oil of inconſtancy, which, like our linſeed oil, is cold drawn every hour, ſerves to mix them all together. Moſt of the ingredients being of a periſhable nature, it will not keep, and ſhows itſelf to be counterfeit, by leſſening continually, both in weight and value.

DENDROLOGY.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

WHILE the ingenuity of man is every day producing the moſt extraordinary effects in the works of *art*, it is extremely pleaſing to obſerve that *Nature*, too, burſting from the trammels in which ſhe has

has hitherto been confined, departs from her uſual humdrum routine, and favours us with productions that will greatly facilitate the labours of man, and *cheapeniſe* (if I may on ſuch an occaſion coin a word) thoſe valuable articles, without which he cannot exiſt.

Some years are now paſt ſince the diſcovery of a *tree* which produced *bread*, and which, as ſoon as introduced into this country, was to render harveſts unneceſſary, and to annihilate the whole tribe of corn-merchants, corn-factors, farmers, millers, and bakers. No ſooner had this pleaſing proſpect danced its round, than another tree was found which produced *butter* *, and threatened deſtruction to our dairies and our pretty dairy-maids. And this day I read in the papers of a third tree that flouriſhes with a *cabbage* at the *top*; an improvement certainly not of ſuch conſequence as the former, becauſe it cannot anſwer any purpoſe either of cheapneſs or goodneſs, to put cabbages farther out of our reach than they were before. It ſhows, however, as well as the other inſtances mentioned, that a complete revolution has taken place in the vegetable world; and that we may ſoon expect to cover our tables with the richeſt and moſt favourite diſhes, without the circuitous and expenſive mode of viſiting the butcher and the poulterer. Every thing has a *beginning*; bread and butter, being uſed chiefly at breakfaſt, may be accounted the *firſt principles* of the day's pleaſure. Why ſhould we deſpair to find a leg of mutton *vegetating* near our turnips, or a delicious haunch *blooming* amidſt our French beans? Why ſhould it be more wonderful in a tree to produce ſlices of bread and butter than the more ſubſtantial *fruits* of the *ſirloin*, the *chine*, and the *ſaddle*? I truſt, Sir, the time is not far off when our parſnip-beds will be interſected by *ſalt fiſh*, and that no kitchen-garden will produce *ſpinach* without the agreeable accompani-

* Park's Travels.

ment

ment of *houſe-lamb.* Nay, as *improvement* once begun is *infinite*, there is no reaſon why we might not expect all the labours of *animal* life to merge into that of the *vegetable.* No one would be greatly ſurpriſed if the banks of the Rhine were to grow *men*; and the ſame expectation may be reaſonably formed of many parts of Italy and Switzerland. What a man ſows he may hope to reap; and I need not tell you the ſpecies of grain which has of late years been *put into the ground* in thoſe countries. I truſt that even at home our *oaks* may be made to produce *ſailors*, and that, if matters go on in their preſent train, we may hope one day or other to ſee a *ſtateſman* upon a *tree.*

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A DENDROLOGIST.

ANECDOTE OF A DUCK AND A GANDER.

THAT the wiſdom of Solomon is not *abſolutely* neceſſary in thoſe who hold places in the T——y, witneſs the following ſtory, which is abſolutely fact.

Mr. Charles ——, who was ſeveral years in the T——y, uſed every morning, as he came from his Lady-mother's to the office, to paſs by the canal in the Park, and feed the ducks with bread or corn, which he brought in his pocket for that purpoſe. One morning having called his affectionate friends, the duckey duckey duckeys, he found unfortunately that he had forgot them; "Poor duckeys!" he cried, "I am ſorry I am in a hurry, and cannot get you ſome bread; but here is ſixpence for you to buy ſome;" and thereupon threw a ſixpence to the ducks, which one of them gobbled up. At the office he very *wiſely* told the whole of the ſtory to ſome Gentlemen, with whom he was to dine. There being ducks for dinner, one of the Gentlemen ordered a ſixpence to be put into the body

body of one of them, which he gave to Charles to cut up: our hero was ſurpriſed at finding a ſixpence among the ſeaſoning; enraged, he bid the waiter ſend up his maſter, whom he ſaluted with the epithets of raſcal and ſcoundrel, and ſwore bitterly he would have him proſecuted for robbing the King of his ducks; "for," ſays he, "Gentlemen, this very morning did I give this ſixpence to one of the ducks in the canal in St. James's Park." One of the Gentlemen in the ſecret aſſured him it was a miſtake, for that the ducks then on the table came from a friend of his at St. Alban's; on which Charles aſked pardon, and peace was reſtored to the company.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JEAN BON ST. ANDRE'.

[From the Oracle.]

THE following exquiſite tribute to the memory of an unfortunate Republican, is written with ſuch a touching ſenſibility, that thoſe who can command ſalt tears, muſt prepare to ſhed them. The narrative is ſimple and unaffected; the event in itſelf intereſting; the moral obvious and awful. We have only to obſerve, that as this account of the tranſaction is taken from the *French* papers, it may poſſibly be ſomewhat partial: the Dey's own ſtatement of the affair has not yet been received. Every friend of humanity will join with us in expreſſing a candid and benevolent hope, that this buſineſs may not tend to kindle the flames of war between theſe two Unchriſtian Powers; but that, by mutual conceſſion and accommodation, they may come to ſome point (ſhort of the reſtoration of Jean Bon's head to his ſhoulders, which in this ſtage of the diſcuſſion is hardly practicable), by which the peace of the Pagan world may be preſerved. For our part, we pretend not to decide from which quarter the conceſſions ought principally to be made: there are probably faults on *both ſides*, in this, as in moſt other caſes. For the character of the Dey, we profeſs a ſincere reſpect on the one

one hand; and, on the other, we ſhould naturally have wiſhed that the head of Jean Bon St. André ſhould have been reſerved for his own *guillotine*.

ELEGY; OR DIRGE.

I.

ALL in the town of *Tunis*,
In *Africa* the torrid,
On a *Frenchman* of rank
Was play'd ſuch a prank,
As Lepaux muſt think quite horrid.

II.

No ſtory half ſo ſhocking,
By kitchen-fire or laundry,
Was ever heard tell—
As that which befell
The great Jean Bon St. André.

III.

Poor John was a gallant Captain,
In battles much delighting;
He fled full ſoon
On the *Firſt of June*—
But he bade the reſt keep fighting.

IV.

To *Paris* then returning,
Recover'd from his panic,
He tranſlated the plan
Of *Paine's Rights of Man*,
Into language *Mauritanic*.

V.

He went to teach at *Tunis*—
Where as Conſul he was ſettled—
Amongſt other things,
"That the People are Kings!"
Whereat the Dey was nettled.

VI.

The *Moors* being rather ſtupid,
And in temper ſomewhat muliſh,
Underſtood not a word
Of the doctrine they heard,
And thought the *Conſul* fooliſh.

VII.

deſcription—roſes! hyacinths! pinks! poppies! cowſlips! and cauliflowers! In the *third*, I inſiſt upon having all the dried wells filled with water! And in the *fourth*, that the air and winds be regulated by my courſes! Let the monſoons everlaſtingly blow my way, be it which way it will. Whereof fail not, for fear of my diſpleaſure.

(Signed) BONAPARTE.

N. B. Obſerve, I inſiſt upon having a full moon once a week, or oftener, if I ſhould find occaſion for it.

THE DEATHS OF BONAPARTE.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

IN a *bloody* engagement, which turned the Levant into the *Red Sea*, BONAPARTE received five mortal wounds, and juſt lived to ſurrender his ſword to Admiral NELSON.

In aſcending the Nile, *chin deep* in *water*, BONAPARTE periſhed of *thirſt!*

Before he arrived at Cairo, a *million of Arabs* ſurrounded him, and cut him into half a million of pieces.

Soon after he left Cairo, a *hot wind* met him full in the teeth, by which he was *ſuffocated*.

Paſſing over the Deſert to Suez, a *burning mountain* of red-hot ſand was raiſed by a whirlwind, and buried him five thouſand fathom deep.

Juſt before he reached Suez, he and his whole army periſhed by famine.

At Suez the army fell ill of the plague, and BONAPARTE died the laſt man of them.

After they were embarked at Suez, the army mutinied, and cut off BONAPARTE's head, ſending it to the Beys of Egypt as a peace-offering, to allow them to return to France.

BONAPARTE

BONAPARTE REDIVIVUS*.

[From the Meteors.]

GOOD courteous reader, I am ſure the name
Of Bonaparte muſt have reach'd thine ear:
ut, leſt thou be deceived in his fame,
E'en from my Muſe his glories ſhalt thou hear.

nd firſt, this Hero, like to other men,
Has capabilities to eat and drink:
ı ſtature, he is five feet nine or ten,
A goodly ſize, as many ladies think.

year or two ago his face was pale,
But now, they ſay, it is a dingy brown;
nd thence at Paris ſprung an idle tale,
They ſaid, 't was Gen'ral Touſſaint come to town.

ı ſcience he is deep—his rapid pen
At once deſcribes a vict'ry and a buſt;
nd fighting in a ſwamp and marſhy fen,
He tells how many thouſands bit the duſt.

lis travelling has of courſe begot a ſkill
In lands and ſoils; but this I will advance,
'hat let his knowledge be whate'er it will,
He knows the diff'rence 'twixt Cayenne and France.

ut we muſt trace the hiſt'ry of his life;
Obſerve how, inch by inch, his greatneſs grew;
t ten years old we find him deep in ſtrife,
Vowing in a balloon to take a view.

'here firſt his mighty genius was unfurl'd;
(Admire his wife foreſight and prudence true;)
le wiſh'd to ſee the huge unwieldy world
His infant ardour panted to ſubdue.

ight o'er his head his youthful hours roll—
He haſtes to Genoa—what do we behold?
'he Hero aſking, "What's o'clock?" no ſoul
The Hero can reſolve—each watch is ſold.

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* Theſe verſes upon this renowned Chief were written before he had ſumed the new part which he is now playing in the political drama the French Revolution.

On

On ev'ry ſide the dreadful clamours riſe;
"No watches, ſhirts, or ſhoes do we poſſeſs;
Nor thee nor the Directory we prize,
Unleſs ye ſave us from our ſad diſtreſs."

"Courage, my lads! *allons!* ſee yonder plains
And armies, given us by Fate's decree!
The Auſtrian ſpoils ſhall well reward your pains,
Watches enough, and Wurmſer's watch for me."

Soon *Ca Ira* and civic hymns reſound,
In horrid joy the regiments dance and jump;
And, as imagination wins the ground,
Each feels his bay'net in a hoſtile rump.

'T is ſaid Dame Fortune is not over-chaſte,
Nor does ſhe much delight in ancient men;
She found our Hero moſt unto her taſte,
And ſmil'd on Wurmſer only now and then.

Thus victory to victory ſucceeds,
Armies retreat, and towns are render'd up;
The fields are ſpoil'd—and poor Italia bleeds,
And ſoon at Mantua will the Victor ſup.

He came, and told the people they were free,
Deliver'd from the tyranny of knaves;
Bade them to plant the emblematic tree,
Whoſe ſhadow would diſdain to ſhelter ſlaves;

Bade them to be the right good friends of France,
And plac'd ſome thouſand men within their walls,
Leſt that by any accidental chance,
They chang'd their minds, and ſtruggled in ſtreet brawls.

Next with the Emp'ror's Courtiers, *tête-à-tête*,
At Campo Formio he plans a peace;
Which done, he vows that, either ſoon or late,
He'll go and drive the Engliſh troops like geeſe.

His dreadful grenadiers, his boaſt and pride,
Borne on huge rafts, ſhall ſtrike us all with fears;
Sail up the Thames upon the faithleſs tide,
And knock the antique Tower about our ears;

March thence unto the Bank, whoſe facile doors
Shall yield up all to their rapacious claws:
Swift bounds the echo from the Gallic ſhores,
Voila Bank Notes at *par* with Aſſignats!

But he, or the Directory, ſoon found
This plan beneath the genius of France;
And then, the Turks and Mam'lukes to confound,
He led his grenadiers a pretty dance.

Toſt on the ſeas full many a ſtormy day,
At length his navy reach'd th' Egyptian ſtrand;
Only at Malta ſtopping by the way,
To play the devil, did the Hero land.

Safe in Aboukir's Bay the navy rode;
Approaching victories the warriors greet;
Nor could they find one Sçavan to forebode
That Nelſon haſten'd with his conqu'ring fleet.

Brave Nelſon came—and while his vengeance flew,
And claim'd the victory as Britain's right,
Great Bonaparte took a bird's-eye view,
Securely mounted on a turret's height.

The navy loſt!—no logic can prevail
On Afric's Citizens to change their mind;
Thoſe people thought he look'd juſt like a ſnail,
Who came abroad, and left his ſhell behind.

Yet gen'ralſhip like his was never found,
Hail, Ali Bonaparte! *Vive l'Hero!*
His faith like any weathercock veer'd round,
A pious Muſſulman from top to toe!

But here the devil interferes, and bids
Each thing run counter to the Prophet's will;
Still muſt he battle near the Pyramids,
And in their moſques ſome more old women kill.

Lo! on a dromedary full of pride,
To Syria now the Hero bends his way:
Thoſe ſoldiers who can *ſteal* a camel, *ride*,
The reſt march after in their beſt array.

Rejoice,

Rejoice, ye Jews! the Iſraelitiſh walls
Require but workmen to be built apace,
A mighty *Rabbi* loudly on you calls,
In every Syrian town to raiſe Duke's Place.

Gen'ral again, he ſummons Acre with
Fraternal offers; ſtrange, they won't go down;
But that uncivil Knight, Sir Sidney Smith,
Was rude enough to fortify the town.

He taught the Turks to baniſh idle fears,
And make incurſions on the hoſtile French:
They ſally, and find Jacobins have *ears*,
Which, as ſuperfluous lux'ries, they retrench.

To deſperation drove, the town they ſtorm,
And ſtorm again; but it is all in vain:
At length they take their leave, without much form,
And *ſtorming*, march to Egypt back again.

In the retreat the Arabs were unkind,
Honour 'mongſt thieves—yet they committed theft—
But ſoon the Hero has the bliſs to find
The Pyramids ſtand juſt where they were left.

He calls a council; finds the ſeaſon paſt,
When men can fly to India in a day;
And after much debate, concludes at laſt,
From Egypt he had better *ſlip* away.

And as the Hebrew youths, in days of old,
Went *into* Egypt to preſerve their lives,
So *out of* Egypt, Bonaparte bold
Eſcap'd to Paris, where I hear he thrives.

ADDRESS TO A LADY

ARRAYED IN MILITARY ATTIRE AT A PROVINCIAL PRESENTATION OF COLOURS.

WHY, Lady, wilt thou bind thy lovely brow
With the dread ſemblance of that warlike helm;
That nodding plume, and wreath of various glow,
That ſole ſhould grace the *ſons* of Britain's realm?

Thou

Thou know'ſt that virtue is of power the ſource;
And all her magic to thine eyes is given:
We own their empire, while we feel their force,
Beaming with the benignity of Heaven.

The plumy helmet and the martial mien
Might dignify Minerva's awful charms;
But more reſiſtleſs far th' Idalian Queen—
Smiles, graces, gentleneſs, her only arms.

A SURVEY OF WESTMINSTER HALL ON THE FIRST DAY OF TERM.

AS holes where thieves have lurk'd all day
Vomit at night, *upon the lay*,
Their darkneſs-loving race:
So now each inn about the town
Lets out its tribes with wig and gown—
To haunt this Gothic place.

What lengths of ſable ſweep along!
What groves of curls—and what a throng
Of little dangling tails!
It is no wonder ſuch a ſight
Should oft put Juſtice in a fright—
And make her drop her ſcales.

'T is ſaid, from Paradiſe when hurl'd,
That Satan viſited this world;
And, to begin our woes,
He ſow'd a helliſh ſeed, call'd ſtrife,
Which vegetated into life—
When up a Lawyer roſe!

He lodg'd him in a ſpacious place;
That it might wear a holy face,
He call'd the ſpot "The Temple;"
And, rather than a Wolf for ſign,
Plac'd on the door a Lamb divine—
As of his trade a ſample.

When thus ſet up, he thought a wife
Would much aſſiſt his riſe in life;
And ſoon he found a prize—
A Miſtreſs Falſehood, who before
Had a large hoſt of children bore—
Call'd by the vulgar—Lies.

Theſe he adopted, brought up all;
And, I am told, within this Hall,
They firſt were put to ſchool:—
He taught them quibbling as they grew;
And from their dam, a woman true,
They learn'd to *over-rule.*

They cheated, proſper'd, and increas'd;
Nor has their population ceas'd,
As you may here deſcry;
And, as the iſſue has not fail'd,
I fear the curſe will be entail'd
On all poſterity!

But ſtill to them ſome praiſe is due;
With filial duty they purſue
The origin of evil,
And labour ſtill with hand and tongue,
To prove the cion whence they ſprung
Was planted by the Devil!

G. L.

HUMOURS OF AN APRIL FOOL DAY.

[From the Looker-on.]

I PAID a viſit yeſterday to an old acquaintance, formerly a domeſtic in the family of my grandfather, and by him eſtabliſhed, above forty years ago, in a little ſhop, where he has found means to acquire a decent ſubſiſtence. When but a boy, as I have heard my father ſay, he was eſteemed an oddity by all the neighbourhood, and always had a ſtrong propenſity to little miſchievous tricks. He would ſtalk through the churchyard at night, wrapped in a table-

table-cloth; he would hide the maid's ſhoes, blacken his face to fright the children, and greaſe the ſtrings of the chaplain's violin. Indeed, my grandfather, though he had a regard for the boy, was at length obliged to diſcard him, for faſtening his grand aunt Anna Maria's lappet to the chair, while ſhe ſat at dinner, to her utter confuſion, as ſoon as ſhe attempted to quit her place.

I found him in the little apartment behind his ſhop, with a large book open before him, in which he ſeemed to have been writing. On my hinting to him, that I thought he might be more ſuitably employed on a Sunday than in looking over his accounts, he aſſured me that I was miſtaken; that the book before him contained a little journal of the merrieſt moments of his life; and ſhowed me the back of it, on which was lettered, not unaptly, as will appear from what follows, DAY BOOK.

He ſaid he had been juſt bringing up his accounts to the cloſe of yeſterday; but added, with a ſhake of the head, "How unlucky it is, it ſhould have happened on a Sunday! I ſhall be below *par* this year. I believe I may ſay without vanity," ſaid he, ſeeing me ſomewhat at a loſs to underſtand him, "that there is not a man in the pariſh who makes ſo many fools as myſelf. Why, Sir, I have averaged for the laſt fourteen years, thirty fools *per annum*; and it would have been more, but for that plaguy ſore eye which confined me laſt ſpring—Ah! it was a great loſs to me; I had not a ſingle fool, except my apothecary's apprentice, whom I ſent to the upper end of Iſlington to get me ſome genuine *pantilum pulveroſum*—but then the year before was a plentiful year, a very plentiful year. Do, Sir, let me read you my journal for the firſt of April in that year." I aſſented—he put on his ſpectacles, and read as follows:

"1ſt April——Got up early this morning to prepare for buſineſs—Sally ſtill a-bed—Flung the

very willing to contribute largely to the fame and celebrity of the age in which we live, without adding much to our own wiſdom, or ever conſidering ourſelves as parts of that great whole. If this were not the caſe, ſhould we find ſo many men, reputed wiſe, who act fooliſhly, and who have all the wiſdom of the world in theory, but ſcarcely any in practice? I have been led into theſe reflections, from conſidering the prevalence of *whims*, or thoſe caprices, often ridiculous, often fooliſh, and ſometimes offenſive and hurtful, from which very few *wiſe* men are free, and from which the world in general do not ſeem to wiſh to be free.

I obſerve, Sir, that whenever a foible, or habit of foibles, becomes general, it becomes its own excuſe. Thus, when a man is cenſured for any offenſive whim, the reply almoſt always is, "True, but you know he is a *whimſical* man." This excuſe, however, is not one whit more valid than if I were to apologize for a man who had picked my pocket, by obſerving that he was a thief. There would be no proof here that I knew logic, or had any very diſtinct ideas of juſtice. Yet Tom Dingy, who affects the utmoſt ſlovenlineſs of apparel, is excuſed in all companies where he enters, as a man who is fond of ſuch whims. And his hopeful heir, who always dreſſes in the garb of a jockey, obtains a free pardon, on his declaring that he does it for a whim.

Skinner, the etymologiſt, derives the word *whim* from "ſomething that turns round;" a definition probably as good as can be found, but not good enough to give us diſtinct apprehenſions on the ſubject. Indeed, the very uncertainty we are in reſpecting the definition of the word, is an indirect cenſure of the thing itſelf. It ſeems to be proper that a thing that is wholly unaccountable, ſhould paſs by a name that is wholly unintelligible.

A crowded

A crowded metropolis is the true ſcene of action for men of whim. In the country the circle is too ſmall. They might prove offenſive, and would ſoon be left to ſolitude; but the free and unconſtrained manners of a city, where a man may do what he pleaſes, and no perſon call him to an account, are favourable to the growth of whims. Hence the moſt humorous accounts of whims have been almoſt always dated from the metropolis; and hence men who have devoted their time to whim-hunting, have conſidered London as the place for true ſport. Almoſt every coffee-houſe or public-houſe has one or more gueſts, who amuſe the reſt with their whims. Will Steady has occupied the ſame box in the Chapter coffee-houſe for the laſt twenty years at a particular hour, and his perſon and that box are ſo connected by the aſſociation of ideas, that if I were to find them ſeparate, I ſhould firſt ſuſpect that the room had undergone an alteration.

Old Teſty, of Lincoln's Inn, Eſq. is another whimſical fellow. He viſits the chop-houſe preciſely at three, calls for a ſingle chop, which he devours with apparent appetite. His half pint of wine is then laid before him, which he divides into ſuch minute and equal portions, that, with the aſſiſtance of a newſpaper, it laſts till five o'clock; at that hour, according to the exacteſt admeaſurement of time, he calls for the bill of fare, looks out "ſomething nice," and ſits down again to the ſecond courſe, if I may ſo call it. After this he converſes with his neighbours, leiſurely drinks another half pint of wine, and preciſely at eight o'clock takes his "ſlow ſolemn leave." From the beſt authority I can procure, he has not deviated from this practice for thirty years. On Sundays, indeed, he as uniformly walks to an ordinary at Highgate, and diſcuſſes the buſineſs of his dinner with certain ceremonies different from thoſe of other days, but which never alter.

Mr. Timothy Moroſe was, in my younger days, a *whim* of the firſt magnitude. He was inflexibly honeſt and upright in all his dealings. But to this he added qualities of a leſs pleaſing kind. He was never known to exchange even a word of friendſhip with any man living, nor did any man living know where he lodged. Every evening he ſupped at a coffee-houſe near the 'Change at the hour of eight o'clock, and departed at half paſt nine preciſely; nor could any proſpects of the greateſt advantage have induced him to remain one moment longer. He would talk to any perſon who ſat next him; but if a reply was made, he was ſilent for the reſt of his time. He was never known to give above three poſitive opinions in his life. One was, that "money was money;" the ſecond, that "many people were d——d fools;" and the third, that "bankrupts could not be expected to pay much." But theſe he could dilate into long ſpeeches, which were liſtened to, becauſe every body "knew his whim."—At length,

> "One *ev'n* I miſs'd him on the 'cuſtom'd *ſeat*;
> ——————nor yet beſide the *fire*,
> Nor up the *room*, nor at the *bar* was he."

He concluded his whims with hanging himſelf at his lodgings, which were then, for the firſt time, diſcovered.

It may be obſerved of whims, whether of the harmleſs or hurtful kind, that, however eaſily ſhaken off at firſt, they ſoon take a deep root in the habit, and are nouriſhed with uncommon obſtinacy. They afford a proof too, how very tenacious we are apt to be of little things, and how much more relaxed and pliable our conduct is in matters of greater moment, and of real importance. It is reported of Elwes, the famous miſer, that he dined upon a hard-boiled egg, and a little ſpring-water, while riſking many thouſand pounds upon

upon the ſwiftneſs of a horſe, or, what happens oftener, the integrity of a riding jockey. One would imagine that we were created with wonderful powers over trifles, or wonderful love for whims, while the ſuperior duties of life are left to chance or accidents. Something of this kind is viſible in men of angry diſpoſitions. Nat Teazle will break out in the moſt unmannerly paſſion, if his daughter happen to ſnuff the candle out; but when a forgery to a great amount was committed upon him, he had not paſſion enough to ſue the culprit at law. If his horſe ſtumbles, he is ſure to ſwear at him; but when his ſon fought a duel with a common gambler, he only hoped "there had been fair play."

It ſtrikes me, Sir, that in our moral government we might very profitably follow a direction given us with reſpect to money matters: "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themſelves." I am perſuaded, that if we could guard againſt little foibles, whims, and unevenneſs of temper in matters of trifling concern, we might be better fitted to act a becoming and manly part when important occaſions call for the exertion of our wiſdom. "Little things," ſays the poet, "are great to little men;" and nothing ſhould be retained in our characters which, by rendering us leſs agreeable to the world, may prevent our uſefulneſs as members of ſociety.

I am, Sir,
Your humble ſervant,
ANTI-WHIM.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG OFFICER OF THE MILITIA.

DEAR TOM,

I AM informed by Colonel Maraud, that you have obtained a commiſſion in his battalion. I know not, as yet, whether to congratulate or condole with you on your promotion; for I have not yet weighed the diſadvantages and advantages of it, ſo as to give a decided opinion upon the ſubject. However, as it is no doubt very agreeable to yourſelf, I would not be thought to diſſuade you from the career of glory which probably your ſtars have marked out for you; but, on the contrary, preſuming on my ſuperiority in point of age, and my long experience in the ſervice you have embraced, I trouble you with this letter, to let you partly into the nature of that ſervice, and to offer you ſome advice reſpecting thoſe parts of it, which to a young man are moſt important, and may ſeem moſt arduous.

The grand diviſions of your duty are:

Firſt, To handle the bottle with a good and ready grace.

Secondly, To intrigue with the girls without any grace at all.

Thirdly, When you leave a place, always to leave ſomething behind you.

Laſtly, When you approach a place, to drive every thing before you.

The firſt of theſe duties is conſiderably dangerous, and has been found to add greatly to the horrors of war. But inheriting, as you do, the ſpirit of a long line of anceſtors, whoſe love of liquor may be traced up to the flood itſelf, it is impoſſible that you can ſhrink from your duty, though you ſhould *fall* a victim

to

to the fatigues of the day. It will be neceſſary for you, therefore, to ſtudy the whole art of *military libation*, and be perfect maſter of the whole manual and vocal exerciſe, ſuch as *twirling* a *cork*, *inſpecting* the *cruſt*, *calling* for a *toaſt*, giving a *toaſt*, *ſaying more*, challenging with *pint bumpers*, or *filling* the *conſtable*.

On the right performance of this part of your duty depends much of that courage which your country will expect you to exhibit in the day of battle. Why is it that men are given to fighting in their cups, if not from their drinking in freſh draughts of courage, which enables them to defy, as Colonel Toper of our regiment uſed to ſay, even the devil himſelf? It is very neceſſary to acquire a daſhing, helterſkelter kind of heroiſm, which impels a man to fight with no matter *whom*, *when*, or *where*. In all the annals of the art military, I never knew any good done by an army who went to work ſoberly; in fact, as far as my own experience goes, I conſider fighting to be one of thoſe things which few men attempt in their ſober ſenſes.

Again, to ſhow how generally the principle of drinking in military affairs is adopted, conſider that our language has borrowed a ſet of phraſes from this only. How often, for inſtance, do we hear gentlemen ſay, "Our courage is out;" when you know this means no more than that the bottle is out? Happy is it, my dear Tom, that we have acquired ſuch ſkill in the philoſophy of the human mind, as to be able to recruit and repair its beſt paſſions by mechanical means, and that now-a-days a gentleman may lay in a pipe of fortitude that ſhall invigorate him and his friends for a twelvemonth.

The ſecond branch of your duty, or your employment (which is juſt the ſame thing), is *intrigue*. As by the laws of war the women are not allowed to follow the regiment, it is very proper that the regiment

ſhould follow the women. But intrigue is neceſſary to you on another and more important account, namely, that it includes in it all the various ſtratagems, dangers, and manœuvres of war, and particularly is a happy emblem of that very momentous art, the art of beſieging. Some towns are to be approached gradually, ſome to be taken by ſtorm, and ſome, no doubt, aſſailed by treachery; for "tricking in love is all fair."

With reſpect to the mode of intriguing, I do not know that it is neceſſary to give you any rules: ſuch as are neceſſary will readily occur to you. To have as many intrigues upon your hands at a time as poſſible, and where you have been ſucceſsful, to make it as public as you can—is one precept. Another is, to enjoin the common men to meddle with no intrigues at their quarters, without giving *you notice.*

I ſhould pay a poor compliment to your courage, were I to hint that the dangers on this ſervice are conſiderable. I truſt you are a ſtranger to fear. As to fathers, uncles, brothers, and ſuch troubleſome fellows, they may be intimidated in various ways; you may eaſily turn their pitchforks againſt themſelves, and make their horſe-ponds a covering for their impertinence.

The third branch of your duty is, "*When you leave a place, always leave ſomething behind you.*" To the performance of this duty you will be induced from gratitude. For, where you have been well treated, it is but natural to think you would wiſh to make ſome return. The two preſents moſt commonly made on ſuch occaſions are *children* and *debts.* How the former may be procured I have already hinted; and as, from their tender years, ſome not perhaps a month old, and ſome not born at all, it is impoſſible you can take them with you, and turn majors into milk-nurſes, or a battalion into a baby-houſe, you muſt of courſe

courſe leave them to thoſe who may be inclined to take care of them from natural affection. *Humanity* alſo requires this, for what can be ſo ſhocking as to render a mother childleſs?

No, my dear Tom, leave it to foreign monſters to tear from mothers their innocent offspring. Be it yours to repair the ravages of foreign wars, by cultivating the arts of population, and providing for the neceſſities of poſterity. I beg leave here to allude to the preſent ſtate of oak in this country: it was lately diſcovered that that valuable tree was becoming ſcarce, owing to the narrow notions of ſome noblemen, who would not plant young trees, becauſe forſooth (they ſaid), they could not live to ſee them full grown—narrow and ſelfiſh is ſuch an idea! It reminds me of a man who would do nothing for poſterity, becauſe poſterity had done nothing for *him*.

No—I truſt that, if military propagation continues as it has begun, a regiment may perpetuate its exiſtence, and, all but commiſſioned officers, exhibit a ſeries of generations as regular as Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob. I have dwelt ſo long on this part of the ſubject, to convince you that, if *you think* you are doing good to yourſelf, you are at the ſame time doing good to your country. I have heard it ſaid, that "*He* is a patriot who makes a blade of graſs grow where graſs never grew before." I need not make a *parody* on this poſition, to ſhow that children are preferable to clover.

As to the leaving *debts*, the ſubject is ſo well known and underſtood, that I will not affront your experience by ſuppoſing you ignorant of it. In point of *fame*, however, it is neceſſary you ſhould leave ſomething of this kind behind you wherever you go; for, if it ſhould happen that hiſtory is ſilent as to your deeds, your memory will not periſh, but be recorded in black and white in every town through which you paſs. It is

not material how one obtains *fame*. Fame is a variegated animal, full of ſpots, and ſtripes, and ſtreaks—and the *credit* which has been refuſed to a man in the day of battle, has often been granted in the bill of parcels.

On this ſubject, permit me, my dear Tom, to digreſs a little. It ſometimes happens that a tradeſman will grumble, and ſometimes, perhaps, really may ſuffer; for a vintner, for example, is not paid as an apothecary would fully be, merely by returning the empty bottles. In ſuch caſes, why cannot tradeſmen take a hint from men of honour, make a bonfire of their books, and proclaim that all their debts are "debts of honour?" In this caſe, they would have the laws of honour to ſecure payment, whereas at preſent they actually affront men of honour by their paltry demands; and, as you read in that admirable ſyſtem of morality, The School for Scandal, "paying tradeſmen is but *encouraging* them."

It certainly is a moſt ſhameful thing that an officer (as yourſelf, I hope, will one day prove) who has undauntedly braved a battery of cannon, ſhould turn pale at the ſight of a bit of paper that would not ſtop a whiſtle.

What would you think! How would your gorge riſe, if, when you had conducted ſome dangerous expedition, captured, for inſtance, a whole detachment of poultry, made a breach in the demi-baſtion of a tavern, marched without fear and without danger through a meadow of terror-inſpiring bulls and oxen, or perhaps had conducted a party of ladies through the perils of the Bridgewater canal, with one chance of being buried, and two of being drowned; I ſay, if, when you returned victorious from theſe and other like expeditions incident to your profeſſion, you were to have your fear excited, and your laurels blaſted by the vile hand of an attorney, egged on to inſult you by that

that *diſcount* of human nature called a taylor!—by the dignity of Mars! could you bear it,

——" When you might *his* quietus make
By a bare *bodkin*?"

I am afraid, my dear Tom, that I have made this letter longer than you will have leiſure to read, eſpecially as you are going into a ſervice where you muſt accompliſh *actions*, and not mind *words*. I haſten, therefore, to cloſe with remarking, that the fourth great branch of your duty is, " *When you approach a place, to drive every thing before you.*" I ſhall dwell the leſs on this ſubject, as you muſt be convinced that it is eſſential to your progreſs to overcome all obſtacles, and inſpire a proper terror in all beholders. I would not have you, therefore, to regard ſuch trifles as corn-fields, farmers' yards, broad-wheeled waggons, detachments of gleaners or hop-pickers. The military road has, time out of mind, been a deviation from the high-way, though apparently leading to it.

I have now offered you a few hints on ſome of the moſt material parts of your ſervice. Time will not permit me to enlarge upon all of them, and you know enough naturally to render that unneceſſary. I have ſaid nothing, for inſtance, on gaming, becauſe you may ſoon be inoculated in that diſorder, if you have it not the natural way. I have likewiſe ſaid nothing of *betting*; but, by the way, I would not have you bet upon ſuch things as battles abroad, and ſea-fights; for theſe are generally ſo artfully miſrepreſented by both parties, that it becomes as difficult to know who gained the *bet*, as who gained the *battle*. No, I would have your bets turn on objects more within your inſpection and more important—ſuch as the race of a pair of maggots from a filbert—the colour of your landlady's ſtockings—two to one that Kate Matchlock has twins

—three

—three to two that Corporal Filch is hanged before Chriſtmas—five to one you don't produce a man who can repeat the Lord's Prayer, &c. &c. Theſe are not only important in themſelves, but equally ſo as affording materials for rational and improving converſation.

One thing yet remains, which it would be unpardonable to paſs by. I ſuppoſe you have already been looking for it, and gueſs I mean "an affair of honour," *alias* duelling, *alias* pinking a man. This would require a treatiſe inſtead of a letter, and therefore I muſt be brief, and confine myſelf principally to one topic—the *cauſes* of duelling. Now, as no challenge can be refuſed, I hope that you will ſelect ſuch cauſes as may appear dignified and becoming your character, ſuch as the fleetneſs of a horſe, or the flightineſs of a woman. I mean no diſrepect to either of theſe perſonages by claſſing them together, but I am vindicated in my arrangement from a conſideration of the cauſes of above a hundred duels, which have happened in my time, and which puzzle me very much to find where the ſeat of honour really is. I am not, however, afraid of your perſonal danger in the affair of duelling: independent of your good temper, I am of opinion that duelling will very ſoon be baniſhed from the army. It is impoſſible that gentlemen of the army can continue a faſhion which has been po luted by the loweſt mechanics, who now talk of their honour as formerly they uſed to talk of their honeſty; who load their piſtols oftener than they diſcharge their debts, and are more ambitious of a character behind Montague Houſe, than on the Royal Exchange.

I will now take my leave, my dear Tom, wiſhing you health and happineſs, and a glorious retreat to the manſions of peace, when the "dogs of war" ſhall be again chained: when you ſhall pare down your ſpontoon to a walking-ſtick, ſhoot nothing but partridges

tridges with your fuſil, and beat your ſword into a carving-knife.

I am, dear Tom, yours ſincerely,

CHRISTOPHER CARBONADE,

Late Major of the Brentford Militia.

IMPROVEMENTS MUCH WANTED IN THE METROPOLIS:

BEING A FEW USEFUL HINTS TO SUCH GENTLEMEN AS WALK THE STREETS, FREQUENT THE THEATRES, OR GO TO COFFEE-HOUSES.

SUCH gentlemen as carry ſmall canes, ought to put them in an horizontal poſition, under their right arm, taking eſpecial care that the ferule end, which muſt be carried behind them, be ſufficiently dirty. This with a jerk in the gait, and a frequent whiſk, as if to look about them, will prevent the crowd of buſy troubleſome people, who infeſt the public ſtreets, from preſſing too cloſe.

If a ſhort man carries an umbrella, let him lift it no higher than the *eyes* of the overgrown monſters who are frequently walking the ſtreets. By this means he will prevent their coming ſo near as to ſplaſh him; at leaſt, if they do, it will be at the hazard of their eyes.

Such gentlemen as write their letters in coffee-houſes, ſhould endeavour to get two or three of the newſpapers of the day to put under their paper; this will prevent the table ſoiling their letter or their ruffle; and as to the impatience of thoſe who wait for them—that is not the buſineſs of a gentleman to inquire about.

If you ſee the coffee-room crowded, endeavour to fix yourſelf at the corner of a table in ſuch a manner

that

that you prevent any one paſſing you to get ſeated in any other part of the bench; or, if that cannot conveniently be done, put one or both of your legs at full length upon the ſeat, lean back and whiſtle, or pick your teeth. This will ſhow your conſequence.

If you walk the ſtreets, always wear boots and ſpurs; I ſay *ſpurs*, becauſe it is three to one but they catch the apron or petticoat of any woman who is paſſing you; and if ſhe is young and handſome, you may make a low bow, and aſk her pardon in a graceful *degagee* way, and by this means form an agreeable connexion. The ſame rule will hold good when you go to the play-houſe; beſides, if your boots are ſufficiently dirty, you prevent people incommoding you by preſſing too cloſe.

Whenever you call a hackney-coach, take care the fellow ſtops his horſes in ſuch a manner as to interſect a croſſing. This will naturally occaſion a number of people to ſtop, and give you an opportunity of ſhowing your perſon and your importance at the ſame time.

IMPORTANT MEDICAL COMMUNICATION ON THE DISEASE OF SCOLDING.

FROM the days of the Spectator to the preſent time, periodical writers have indulged in invectives againſt ſcolding, from an evident miſconception of the true nature, principles, and practice of ſcolding. Nay, our anceſtors were more to blame, becauſe they went farther, and, conſidering ſcolding as a crime, invented a puniſhment for it. Much light has never been thrown upon the ſubject; but as I have made it my particular ſtudy for the laſt five-and-thirty years, that is, ever ſince I entered into the happy ſtate of matrimony,

mony, I hope I ſhall have it in my power to diſpel the darkneſs of ignorant and perſecuting times, and contribute ſomething to eradicate thoſe unreaſonable prejudices, which many gentlemen of our own days entertain againſt ſcolding.

The theory of ſcolding has been groſsly miſtaken. That which is a diſeaſe has been conſidered as a fault; whereas, in fact, ſcolding is a diſeaſe, principally of the lungs; and when the noxious matter has been long pent up, it affects the organs of ſpeech in a very extraordinary manner, and is diſcharged with a violence which, while it relieves the patients, tends very much to diſturb and frighten the beholders, or perſons that happen to be within hearing.

Such is my *theory* of ſcolding; and if we examine all the appearances which it preſents in different families, we ſhall find that they will all confirm this doctrine. It is, therefore, the greateſt cruelty, and the greateſt ignorance, to conſider it as a crime. A perſon may as well be confined in jail for a fever, or tranſported for the gout, as puniſhed for ſcolding, which is, to all intents and purpoſes, a diſeaſe ariſing from the cauſes already mentioned.

Nor is it only a diſeaſe of itſelf, but it is alſo, when improperly treated, the cauſe of many other diſorders. Neglected ſcoldings have often produced fits, of which a remarkable inſtance may be found in a treatiſe written by Dr. Colman, entitled, The *Jealous Wife*, in the fourth chapter, or *act*, as he calls it, of that celebrated work. On the other hand, where the ſcolding matter has been long pent up, without any vent, I have little doubt that it may bring on conſumptions of the lungs, and thoſe dreadful hyſterical diſorders which, if not ſpeedily fatal, at leaſt embitter the lives of many worthy members of ſociety. All theſe evils might have been averted, if the faculty had conſidered ſcolding in the light of a diſeaſe, and had treated it accord-

accordingly. In purſuance of my theory, I now proceed to the

SYMPTOMS.

The ſymptoms of ſcolding are theſe: a quick pulſe, generally about one hundred beats in a minute; the eyes conſiderably inflamed, eſpecially in perſons who are fat, or reſide near Wapping; a fluſhing in the face, very often to a great degree; at other times, in the courſe of the fit, the colour goes and comes in a moſt ſurpriſing manner; an irregular, but violent motion of the hands and arms, and a ſtamping with the right foot; the voice exceedingly loud, and as the diſorder advances, it becomes hoarſe and inarticulate; and the whole frame is agitated. After theſe ſymptoms have continued for ſome time, they gradually, and in ſome caſes very ſuddenly, go off; a plentiful effuſion of water comes from the eyes, and the patient is reſtored to health; but the diſorder leaves a conſiderable degree of weakneſs, and a peculiar fooliſhneſs of look, eſpecially if any ſtrangers have been preſent during the fit. The memory too is, I conceive, ſomewhat impaired; the patient appears to retain a very imperfect recollection of what paſſed, and if put in mind of any circumſtances obſtinately denies them. Theſe ſymptoms, it may be ſuppoſed, will vary conſiderably in different patients, but where they appear at one time, there can be very little doubt of the diſorder.

PREDISPOSING CAUSES.

In all diſeaſes, a knowledge of the prediſpoſing cauſes will be found to aſſiſt us in the cure. In the preſent caſe, theſe cauſes are, irritability of the vaſcular ſyſtem, an exaltation of the paſſions, and a moderate deficiency of natural temper.

OCCASIONAL CAUSES.

The occaſional cauſes of ſcolding are many. Among them may be enumerated the throwing down of a china

china baſon, miſplacing a hat, or a pair of gloves, or an umbrella; leaving a door open; over-doing the meat; under-doing the ſame; ſpilling the ſoup; letting the fire go out; miſtaking the hour, &c. &c. with many others, which I do not think it very neceſſary to enumerate, becauſe theſe cauſes are ſo natural, that we cannot prevent them, and becauſe, whatever the occaſional cauſe of the diſorder may be, the ſymptoms are the ſame, and the mode of cure the ſame.

CURE.

Various remedies have been thought of for this diſtemper, but all hitherto of the rough and violent kind, which, therefore, if they remove the ſymptoms for the preſent, leave a greater diſpoſition toward the diſorder than before. Among theſe the common people frequently preſcribe the application of an oak-ſtick, a horſe-whip, or a leather ſtrap or belt, which, however, are all liable to the objection I have juſt ſtated. Others have recommended *argumentation*; but this, like inoculation, will not produce the deſired effect, unleſs the patient be in ſome degree prepared to receive it. Some have adviſed a perfect ſilence in all perſons who are near the patient; but I muſt ſay that, wherever I have ſeen this tried, it has rather heightened the diſorder, by bringing on fits. The ſame thing may be ſaid of *obedience*, or letting the patient have her own way. This is preciſely like giving drink in a dropſical caſe, or curing a burning fever by throwing in great quantities of brandy.

As the chief intention of this paper was to prove that ſcolding is a diſeaſe, and not a fault, I ſhall not enlarge much on the mode of cure; becauſe the moment my theory is adopted, every perſon will be able to treat the diſorder *ſecundum artem*. I ſhall mention, however, the following preſcription, which I never found to fail, if properly adminiſtered:

Take

Take—Of *Common Senſe*, thirty grains,
Decent Behaviour, one ſcruple,
Due Conſideration, ten grains.

Mix, and ſprinkle the whole with *one moment's thought*, to be taken as ſoon as any of the occaſional cauſes appear.

By way of diet, though it is not neceſſary to reſtrict the patients to a milk or vegetable diet, yet I have always found it proper to guard them againſt ſtrong or ſpirituous liquors, or any thing that tends to heat the blood.

But it is now expedient that I ſhould ſtate a matter of very great importance in the prevention of this diſorder, and which I have left till now, that my arguments on the ſubject may appear diſtinct, and may be comprehended under one view. It is commonly ſuppoſed, and indeed has often been aſſerted, that this diſorder is peculiar to one only of the ſexes; and I truſt I need not add, what ſex that is. But although it may be true that they are moſt liable to it, yet it is certain, from the theory laid down reſpecting the prediſpoſing cauſes, that the men are equally in danger. Why then do we not find as many males afflicted with ſcolding as we do females? For this plain reaſon;—ſcolding, as proved above, is the effect of a certain noxious matter pent up. Now this matter engenders in men, as well as in women; but the latter have not the frequent opportunities for diſcharging it, which the men enjoy. Women are, by faſhion and certain confined modes of life, reſtrained from all thoſe public companies, clubs, aſſemblies, coffee-houſes, &c. &c. where the men have a continual opportunity of diſcharging the cauſe of the diſorder, without its ever accumulating in ſo great a quantity as to produce the ſymptoms I have enumerated. This, and this only, is the cauſe why the diſeaſe appears moſt often in the female

female ſex. I would propoſe, therefore, if I were a legiſlator, or if I had influence enough to ſet a faſhion, that the ladies ſhould in all reſpects imitate the ſocieties of the men; that they ſhould have their clubs, their coffee-houſes, diſputing ſocieties, and even their parliament. In ſuch places they would be able to take that ſpecies of exerciſe that tends to keep down the diſorder, which at preſent accumulates in confinement, and, when nature attempts a diſcharge, the exploſion is attended with all the violence and irregularities I have before enumerated.

Thus much I have ventured to advance reſpecting ſcolding, and I hope that I ſhall ſucceed in abating the unreaſonable prejudices which have been foſtered by an affected ſuperiority in our ſex, joined to a portion of ignorance, which, to ſay the leaſt, renders that ſuperiority a matter of great doubt. I have only to add, that my motives for all this have been perfectly diſintereſted, and that I ſhall be very happy to give advice to any perſon labouring under the diſorder. Letters (poſt paid) may be addreſſed to

CELSUS BOERHAAVE, M. D.

ODE ON A COLLEGE FEAST-DAY.

[The Parody will be apparent to every reader of taſte.]

I.

HARK! heard ye not yon footſteps dread,
That ſhook the Hall with thund'ring tread?
With eager haſte
The Fellows paſs'd;
Each intent on direful work,
High lifts his mighty blade, and points his deadly fork.

II.

II.

But hark! the portals ſound, and pacing forth,
With ſteps, alas! too ſlow,
The College Gyps, of high illuſtrious worth,
With all the diſhes in long order go.
In the midſt, a form divine,
Appears the fam'd Sirloin;
And ſoon with plums and glory crown'd,
Almighty Pudding ſheds its ſweets around.
Heard ye the din of dinner bray?
Knife to fork, and fork to knife;
Unnumber'd heroes in the glorious ſtrife,
Through fiſh, fleſh, pies, and puddings, cut their deſtin'd way.

III.

See beneath the mighty blade,
Gor'd with many a ghaſtly wound,
Low the fam'd Sirloin is laid,
And ſinks in many a gulf profound.
Ariſe, ariſe, ye ſons of glory,
Pies and puddings ſtand before ye;
See the ghoſts of hungry bellies
Point at yonder ſtand of jellies:
While ſuch dainties are beſide ye,
Snatch the goods the Gods provide ye:
Mighty rulers of this ſtate,
Snatch before it is too late:
For ſwift as thought the Puddings, Jellies, Pies,
Contract their giant bulks, and ſhrink to pigmy ſize.

IV.

From the table now retreating,
All around the fire they meet,
And with wine, the ſons of eating
Crown at length their mighty treat:
Triumphant Plenty's roſy graces
Sparkle in their jolly faces;
And mirth and cheerfulneſs are ſeen
In each countenance ſerene.
Fill high the ſparkling glaſs,
And drink th' accuſtom'd toaſt;
Drink deep ye mighty hoſt,
And let the bottle paſs.

Begin,

Begin, begin the jovial ſtrain,
Fill, fill the myſtic bowl,
And drink, and drink, and drink again,
For drinking fires the ſoul.
But ſoon, too ſoon, with one accord they reel,
Each on his ſeat begins to nod,
All-conquering Bacchus' power they feel,
And pour libations to the jolly God.
At length, with dinner and with wine oppreſs'd,
Down in the chairs they ſink, and give themſelves to reſt.

A PARODY.

HENCE loathed Sophocles,
Of Lecturer and blackeſt Tutor born,
In Lecture-room forlorn,
'Mongſt horrid Quizzes, Bloods, and Bucks unholy;
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where pallid Study ſpreads his midnight wings,
And diſmal ditties ſings:
There 'midſt unmellow'd ſouls with ſapleſs brain
Compoſe thy ſober train,
And in the mind of reading Quizzes dwell.

But come thou Pleaſure fair and free,
In college clept Good Company,
And by ſome heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Leiſure at a birth,
With two ſiſter Graces more,
To eaſy-hearted Freedom bore;
Or whether, as ſome ſager ſing,
The jolly God, each Pleaſure's ſpring,
Bacchus, who the vintner teaſing,
When he caught him cluſters ſqueezing,
There in caſks both large and round,
With hoops, to keep each crevice ſound,
Thee firſt produc'd, thou foe to care,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair;
Haſte thee, Wine, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity;

Come, inſpiring all night long,
Toaſts and Tales, and am'rous Song,
Such as with good Bacchus fare,
And love a heart at eaſe from care;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe;
And in thy fulneſs bring with thee,
The charm of ſong, ſweet Melody;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with Wine, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſure free:
To ſee the morn with radiance bright
Expel the ſhades of live-long night,
Lying on the moiſten'd floor
Till the Gyp unfolds the door:
Then to reel in ſpite of ſorrow,
And at the lodging bid good-morrow;
In the lovely Bridge-ſtreet plac'd,
Or Caſtle-end by Ladies grac'd.

WASHING-WEEK *.

BY A SEAMAN.

IN this, dear George, we both agree,
(You bred in camp—I bred at ſea,)
That cleanlineſs is oft
A curſed plague about a houſe,
And always met our warm abuſe
When boys with Mrs. Croft.

But, to the beggar and the king,
Clean linen 's a reviving thing,
Though both thoſe plagues don't reach;
The beggar ſtrips at jocund morn
In ſome clear ſtream, and on the thorn
Spreads out his rags to bleach.

* See vol. i. p. 366.

The

The King—great man! ſends all his out,
Not caring for a ſingle clout;
  But what 's more happy ſtill,
He 's not oblig'd to count the rags,
Nor ſtuff them into canvaſs bags,
  Oh no!—nor write the bill.

But, Lord have mercy on us all!
Whene'er we waſh, all hands muſt fall
  To ſomething or another:
For Madam ſcolds, and flies about,
Now up, now down, now in, now out,
  Dabbing through wet and ſmother.

This curſed time all comfort flies:
At ſix ſhe ſtarts, "Come, Ned; come, riſe,
  And get the lines hung out."
"Yes, to be ſure, my dear," I cry;
I dare as well be hang'd as lie,
  For fear my dove ſhould pout.

Breakfaſt is got, and whipp'd away,
Becauſe the waſhers want their tea,
  Before I half have done;
The doors all open—linen 's ſpread—
The ſky looks black—"Come hither, Ned,
  Shall we have rain or ſun?"

"My dear, you need not be in pain,
I think it does not look like rain:"
  "Oh! then we 'll hang out more."
When, lo! the words have hardly paſt,
But, puff—there comes a heavy blaſt,
  And all muſt be rins'd o'er.

Then tenfold falls the peal on me;
"You aſs—to be ten years at ſea,
  See!—ſee the linen!—do!"
I ſneak away to have a ſmile
Snug—while I hear her all the while
  Calling me black and blue.

But what ſtill troubles more my mind,
Amidſt ſuch plagues, at once to find
The waſher, as ſhe wrings,
Cracking ſome jeſt—then o'er the tub
Pauſes a while—and every rub
With pleaſure ſweats and ſings.

I hate, I muſt confeſs, all dirt,
And truly love a well-waſh'd ſhirt;
But once a month this reek
Is more than fleſh and blood can bear;
And him I hate—oh! make his ſhare
A waſhing every week!

HINTS ON SWEARING, AS A SOURCE OF REVENUE, &c.

[From the Looker-on.]

"TO DOCTOR OLIVEBRANCH.

"DEAR PARSON,

"CURSE me, old boy, if I don't like your papers confoundedly, and think them almoſt as good a lounge as the Jockey-club, or the Carlton-houſe Magazine. As you paſs off for a deviliſh moral fellow, and all that, I wiſh you would give us a d—ned ſpunky paper againſt the vulgar ſons of —— who take upon them to uſe the oaths of us fellows of faſhion. It is a curſed thing (now is it not?) that we can't keep a new execration among us for a week, before it gets into the d—ned throats of the *canaille*. Judge for yourſelf:—I heard my hoſier's ſhop-boy utter a curſe yeſterday, which coſt me and my valet three days in compoſing, and which was as good as new, I never having ſported it above ſix times, and that only in the very beſt and moſt ſelect company. Do, dear Doctor, tell theſe——— how d—ned immoral this is. Think

of ſome method to prevent it, and you 'll oblige the whole world of faſhion, amongſt whom is,

" Yours infernally,

" CROSS CURRICLE.

" P. S. Excuſe errors.—D-mme me if I have written ſo much at one ſitting ſince I left Eton."

To ſave the reader the trouble of deciphering, I have in many places corrected for him the orthography of the following epiſtle.

" TO THE REV. DR. SIMON OLIVEBRANCH.

" HONERED DOCTOR,

" I lives as coachman at Squire Wealthy's in Yorkſhire. Maſter takes in your papers, but we always has 'um firſt in the ſarvants hall. As I reads to the reſt, they all deſires me to ſend their complaints to you in the lump, hoping as you will try your hand at the curing an 'um. Laſt week, a nephew of maſter's, one of your fine men of London, comed here viſiting. To be ſure he drove into the court-yard, four in hand, quite natural, and as if he had been a coachman born; but when he got out of his pheaton, I could not for the life an me help laughing at im: his hair was cropt like little John's the poſtillion; he had on a little cote, that reached but half way down his thighs, made as broad behind as old Moſes Modus's, the pariſh ſchoolmaſter, and the cape dangling down his back, as if he had been half aſleep when he was dreſſing.—Since he came here, he has put the whole houſe into a ſtagnation. Nan was in a fine quandary about the pudden thing as 'um wears to pin their caps to: at laſt 't was found in one of the young gemman's ſarvants neckloths; and he himſelf, the other day, cut the curate's walking-cane into four pieces for his own uſe, and generally carries one an 'um about in his pocket: he takes great pleſure in ſeting us ſarvants by the eers, and but yeſterday he made two boys, helpers of mine,

jet-to, as he called it, till one was blinded, and the other loſt three fore-teeth and a grinder. Bob the footman ſays he herd im ſay at table afterwards, that he never ſeed fellows make themſelves up better, that hadn't had no ſience; that they ſtood-to for a dozen rounds before ither would give in; and that they fought till little John got both his eyes cloſed.

"Would you think it, Doctor, this gemman has co'ched all our oaths as well as our other faſhons. Till he comed amongſt us, none of the family, except the men-ſarvants, ever ſo much as thought of ſwaring; but he has our *damns* and *blaſts* as glib and as natural as us who knows no better—which I thinks is a burning ſhame: and I fancies to myſelf that my horſes have grown ruſty ſince they have herd as other people can curſe them as well as Ben Crump. So pray, Doctor, tell us, has not freeborn Engliſhmen a right to their own oaths as well as to books of their own making? and does the law give a gemman any right to curſe and ſware like a ſarvant?

"From yours, Rev. Doctor, to command,

"BEN. CRUMP.

"P. S. The ſculliion wants to know if he mayn't ſware upon his honour, if the gemmen takes to b—ſting of eyes?"

While theſe letters lay on my table, my friend the Projector happened to enter my apartment. I put them into his hands, in the hope that they might ſtart ſome uſeful ſpeculation in his mind. No ſooner had he caſt his eye over them, than ſeizing his hat and cane, he haſtened out, telling me, as he ſhut the door, that I ſhould ſoon hear from him. Accordingly, the next morning, the following paper was brought to me.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"The caſual viſit which I paid you yeſterday, has been the means of relieving me from much perplexity. For ſome time paſt, my thoughts have been much employed

employed in ſearch of an effectual method to ſupply that deficiency which the public revenue muſt feel, whenever the propoſed and much-wiſhed-for abolition of lotteries ſhall take place. I muſt own, however, that nothing feaſible preſented itſelf, until the letters of your correſpondents ſuggeſted a plan, of which I haſten to give you the outlines. Should it meet your approbation, and be favourably received by your readers, I ſhall be encouraged to offer it, in a more ſyſtematic form, and on a larger ſcale, to the conſideration of the Miniſter, previous to the opening of the budget in the next ſeſſion of Parliament.

"In the firſt place, then, I would humbly recommend it to the Legiſlature, to make a public declaration 'That all oaths and curſes within theſe realms, 'are the property of the nation.' This being aſſented to, as it muſt be, it follows, that the nation, by its repreſentatives, has a right to diſpoſe of them. I know that curſing and ſwearing is already prohibited by law, and fines impoſed on thoſe who tranſgreſs; but, as ſuch laws are much too illiberally conſtructed for theſe polite and enlightened times, the ſooner they are repealed the better, eſpecially as they are very ſeldom enforced, and not even generally known.

"But where vices cannot be entirely reſtrained, a wiſe politician will endeavour to make them ſubſervient to the public benefit. On this principle, I propoſe to admit every body to the free uſe of oaths, who will take out a licenſe for the purpoſe; for which each ſhall pay in proportion to his fortune, profeſſion, and education. To effectuate this, there ſhall be a *Board of Blaſphemy* eſtabliſhed in the metropolis, with ſubordinate *comptrollers of curſing* in every county and great town; and the celebrated declaration, *nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus aut differemus*, may be made the motto of this new eſtabliſhment.

"Every perſon ſhall be furniſhed, on taking out

his licenſe, with a catalogue of ſuch oaths, execrations, and exclamations, as ſhall be judged moſt ſuitable to his rank, abilities, &c. Theſe alone he ſhall be entitled to pronounce, while a heavy penalty ſhall be the conſequence of his exceeding them. Thus, the proper diſtinctions and gradations of ſociety ſhall be marked even in its vices; and we ſhall no longer have a duke or a chancellor thundering out the vulgar curſes of a waggoner; or hear liſped from the mouth of a ſturdy ploughman, well-buttered blaſphemies, ſtolen, through the medium of the footboy, from his maſter's table.

"That there may be always a proper ſupply to anſwer the conſumption, I would have it ordered, that all maſters of colleges, tutors, &c. at Oxford and Cambridge, ſhall from time to time make returns of all thoſe youths that are (in the common meaning) *good for nothing*. Of theſe, the Board ſhall ſelect ſuch as ſeem to have talents for the compoſition of oaths, who ſhall be employed, in an academy to be built for the purpoſe, in repairing, renewing, poliſhing, and inventing thoſe eſſential requiſites to ſocial mirth, to ſound argument, and to every ſpecies of polite converſation. Much aſſiſtance in this way may be expected from thoſe gentlemen of the army who have ſworn themſelves into reputation for courage. As to the ſtudies neceſſary for this occupation, any book of divinity will furniſh matter for a thouſand happy blaſphemies. I have even known a young man of genius turn his Catechiſm to a very good account in this way. But as the public has no right to expect that the labours of theſe men ſhould be gratuitous, I would have the works of each ſecured to him, by exclusive patent, for a certain time, before they are thrown into the common ſtock.

"For gentlemen of the navy and army, there might be compiled a ſet of *ſeſquipedalian* exclamations, none of

which muſt conſiſt of leſs than three ſyllables; and e by the by I can't help remarking, that as the lan- ıge of oaths is extenſive enough to fill a dictionary, lon't know why it ſhould not be held conſiderable ıugh to have a grammar of its own, the arrange- nts of which might help to regulate the diſtribution ave propoſed. Who knows, under due manage- nt, how ſuſceptible it might be found of poetical limity? The proſody of oaths would be no very icult thing to adjuſt, as the great variety and en- gement which this bold language has of late years eived, afford us words of all ſorts of meaſures, as s:

Spondæus		-	-	d—n me.
Pyrrhichius		∪	∪	dem me.
Trochæus		-	∪	d—n it.
Jambus		∪	-	be d—ned.
Moloſſus	-	-	-	d—nation.
Dactylus	-	∪	∪	d—nable.
Amphimacer	-	∪	-	d—n it all.
Amphibrachys	∪	-	∪	Oh! d—n it.
Anapæſtus	∪	∪	-	d—ble d—n.

the ſupport of literature and claſſical knowledge, graduates of the univerſities ſhall be allowed to ſe and ſwear *ad libitum* in Latin, Greek, or He- w, together with the free uſe of all the names that / may find regiſtered in Boyle's Pantheon, of which, h a little application, they may form combinations :urſes, in endleſs variety, and ſuited to every emer- cy.

' Any perſon who can produce undoubted evidence his never having been detected in forming a propo- ın or drawing a concluſion, who can be warranted *on proof*, and can make affidavit that he never has ı *convinced*, ſhall have an unlimited credit at the ſury of the inſtitution; for, without oaths, it is likely that he will paſs for a man of humour or

pleaſantry; but it is fitting he ſhould pay for them at an advanced rate, ſince they will be to him the only ſubſtitute for wit or knowledge, for good ſenſe or good breeding.

"*Profeſſed ſtory-tellers* ſhould alſo be ſupplied liberally, as ſo much of their ſucceſs depends on the happy ſelection and arrangement of theſe expletives; and ſcarcely a man of anecdote but would fail in the effect of his good things, if they were not judiciouſly ſeaſoned with ſome of this literary Cayenne.

"No man who can bluſh at a falſehood, or who can ſit out a ſermon, or who is not aſhamed to be ſerious, or who does not fill bumpers, or compoſe ſentiments—in ſhort, nobody convicted by a jury of good and true ſwearers, of being an *odd fellow*, ſhall be furniſhed *on any terms*; and if he ſwear, it is at his peril. Such cowardly Chriſtians ſwear with ſo ill a grace, that they bring diſcredit to the cauſe.

"Pharo and hazard tables, race-meetings, boxing-ſchools, &c. &c. may have a licenſe to any extent.

"This, my dear friend, is the ſketch of a plan, which, with your aſſiſtance and the public approbation, I hope ſoon to make more perfect. I deſign alſo, in aid of the great deſign, ſhortly to publiſh a volume, which I ſhall entitle, *The Complete Curſer*, or *Every Man his own Swearer*, and ſhall be happy, with his permiſſion, to dedicate it to Mr. Olivebranch, as a ſmall proof of the real pleaſure I feel in ſubſcribing myſelf his

"Obliged friend,

"———— ————."

ON THE EQUALIZATION OF FOLLIES AND DISEASES.

[From the ſame.]

SIR,

A PROJECTOR, in your paper of ———, ſhows an inclination to render the practice of *curſing* and *ſwearing* an object of revenue. Certain it is, that in a time of public diſtreſs no tax can be ſo productive as that which is laid upon the effects of ill-humour; and I have more than once thought, that, in the beſt of times, a *per-centage* upon grumbling would be no cauſe of complaint. Some years ago, I drew up a plan of a ſimilar kind with that of Mr. Projector's, and had the honour to ſubmit it to the approbation of his Majeſty's Miniſters, although, for ſome reaſon or other, I have not heard of it ſince. The gratitude of great perſons is very ſeldom extended to men of a ſcheming turn. I do not, indeed, mean to blame Adminiſtration for the neglect of my plan: perhaps the moment they ſaw how exceedingly comprehenſive it was, including all deſcriptions of men, and conſequently amazingly productive, they might think it was too great a reſource for ordinary occaſions, and ought to be reſerved for ſome very trying time, to operate as a grand ſtroke in appalling the courage of hoſtile nations, by convincing them that our revenue may be increaſed, both in thought, WORD, and deed. But whatever may be their reaſons for keeping back an affair of this kind, I am convinced they are not to be cenſured for any breach of confidence towards me. I therefore do not inſinuate, in the moſt diſtant or indirect manner, that Mr. Projector has availed himſelf of a ſight of my plan in the Treaſury-office. I believe he would find that a very difficult matter, there being at leaſt one more reaſon than ordinary why

they would not let him come at it. No, Sir; on the contrary, I behold in him, as in myſelf, an unceaſing anxiety for the public good; and this muſt of courſe preſent to his mind every poſſible ſcheme that can tend to diminiſh the burdens of the ſtate, and render even our vices an object of national advantage. Nothing is ſo certain as that two perſons may hit upon the ſame plan, although the law of priority can aſſign the merit only to one. Often, Sir, when I am convulſed with laughter at the wit of a modern comedy, and applaud the author for his humorous things, it diſtreſſes me to think that his great-grandfathers laughed at the ſame jokes from the mouth of Joe Miller or Ben Jonſon. Often when thoſe original repoſitories, the Magazines, give us a fine piece of poetry, *never before publiſhed*, I am vexed to find it in an old folio in my library, embrowned by the oblivious duſt of antiquity.

But let all rivalſhip between us ceaſe. I propoſed my tax to be in the form of a licenſe, ſubject to the exciſe laws; and I propoſed it in a time of peace, when ſwearing and every other neceſſary as well as luxury of life, bore a great price, and the people were as able to pay, as they were willing to incur the penalty; and although I then conceived (with your correſpondent the Projector) that *oaths and curſes ſhould be declared to be the property of the nation*, it was ſuggeſted to me that they were not precifely that ſpecies of property which ariſes from the beſt efforts of our induſtry and genius; and that, in enumerating to a ſtranger the various ſources of our revenue, a real well-wiſher to his country might perhaps wiſh to drop this new ſpecies of *ſinking* fund. But objections to great plans are endleſs. I am now convinced, that, if my plan had been adopted, this property would have been conſiderably leſſened, and perhaps ſome evils, of which we now complain, might have been prevented: but let that

that paſs. It is not the ſubject of the preſent letter to conſider the Projector's plan in all its lights, or to revive my own. All I ſhall obſerve is, that as man has a *natural* tendency to *pay* for his vices, Government would not do much amiſs by ſuperadding an *artificial* one. We all know, that, by a fixed law in our conſtitution, when a man is wicked, it is ſeldom left entirely to his own generoſity to determine what ſhall be the price of his folly.

But, Reverend Sir, the immediate object of this letter is to offer you ſome conſiderations on one branch of the ſyſtem of Equality, which has prevailed in this country for many years, and long before the enigmatical revolution of a neighbouring nation took place—I mean an EQUALITY IN OUR VICES AND FOLLIES. Theſe are purſued by all men equally, without the ſmalleſt regard paid to rank, property, or genius. We ſee a peaſant as drunk as a *lord*, a ſhopkeeper as mad as a *poet*, and an attorney's clerk as great an infidel as an *hiſtorian*. Now, Sir, to behold a drayman as great as a lord, merely by being as much out of his ſenſes, is a circumſtance which muſt greatly affront the votaries of vice, and not greatly delight thoſe of virtue. What, indeed, Sir, do we mean by rank and fortune, if they cannot command a monopoly even of folly? Where are thoſe envied diſtinctions which once ſeparated the weſt from the eaſt end of the town, which placed impaſſable barriers between the man of quality and the citizen, if the latter can be as wicked, as fooliſh, and as ridiculous as the former?

There was a time, Sir, in my remembrance, and perhaps in yours, when follies of rank and fortune were as incommunicable as titles, and as incapable of transfer as an entailed eſtate, and when a great man's vices and his acres were handed down alike unimpaired to his poſterity. It was in thoſe happy

days,

days, Sir, that certain vices never appeared in public, unleſs accompanied by circumſtances of pomp and grandeur. A dignified luſtre ſhone around them, which dazzled the eyes of the profane vulgar, and deprived them of all hopes of imitation. To be in debt, then, was a mark of diſtinction; to fight a duel, was a ſingular proof of courage; and to be intoxicated, was ſo much the privilege of noblemen of a certain rank only, that for many centuries they had no rival in the *proverb*, except an imaginary animal called, for what reaſon I know not, David's *ſow*. A lady *then*, if ſhe gave buſineſs to Doctors' Commons, fell from a *coronet*, not from a *counter*; and, if ſhe loſt one title, was in no danger of being mixed with the common herd for want of another.

By what infatuation, by what ſeries of infatuations, has ſo great a revolution been accompliſhed? Why are our minds ſo changed, that we now behold the ſins of a tradeſman with the ſame ſatisfaction as thoſe of a man of rank; and that we give a common ſhopkeeper credit for his vices, while we refuſe it to his bills? How much is vice degraded, and folly debaſed, by thus mixing with the lower orders of ſociety! Did people of faſhion, indeed, leave off a vice, as they do a cap or a bonnet, the moment it has reached Fleet Street, ſomething might be ſaid, ſome hopes entertained. But, alas! the ſquares and circuſes are no longer the only ſcenes of dignified diſſipation and right honourable licentiouſneſs. In every court and alley we hear of men who will promiſe, with the moſt earneſt purpoſe of deceiving; who can lie with cool premeditation; and who have even attempted to fight and intrigue for objects of no greater value than a proſtitute or a poney! To ſuch a pitch are matters brought, that we hear of card-purſes being produced in Shoreditch, of ſtrong ſuſpicions of female weakneſs in the Borough, and of aſſignations in Gravel Lane?

It

It was but the other day I overheard a young fellow boaſting that he had an affair of gallantry at Wapping; and I am confidently aſſured, that a lady who has long ſold fruit in 'Change Alley is determined on a ſeparate maintenance.

Quid DOMINI facient audent cum talia FURES?

If aught can add to the mortification which we muſt feel on contemplating this new order of things, it is, that mankind in general ſeem to be inſenſible to the conſequences of it; that they have loſt all eſtimate of the true value of iniquity; and that they have forgot with what care it ought to be preſerved from the contamination of vulgar hands, and with what reputable ſplendour it appears when confined to men of rank and fortune. *They* only can give a conſequence to what they practiſe, and *they* only ought to be permitted to practiſe the greater vices. They only ought to poſſeſs the principal; and the lower orders ought to be content with ſmall dividends of ſin, as they often are obliged to be with ſmall parts of their bills.

If a man of independent fortune maintains the laſt fib he told by telling another, or juſtifies the laſt injury he inflicted by doubling it—by, for inſtance, adding murder to ſeduction, or contempt to oppreſſion, we do not wonder; becauſe, in ſuch caſes, he reſorts to the only means in his power for the vindication of his character. But, when a grocer talks of his *honour*, and offers to draw a *trigger* inſtead of a *check*; and, for the payment of his debts, truſts more to bullets than to bank bills; what ſenſe of ridicule is ſtrong enough to expreſs the abſurdity and impertinence of ſuch an affectation of ſuperior privileges? If ſuch a fellow wiſhes to vindicate his honour, is there not his counting-houſe, his banker's book? Has he not Guildhall and the courts of law? Muſt *he* talk of Montague Houſe, Hyde Park, and Kenſington Gravel-pits?

I with not to be ſevere, Mr. Olivebranch; but I,

who

who was an unworthy pupil of the Old School, cannot view theſe things "in the calm lights of mild philoſophy." I cannot ſee honour placed in the room of money by a ſober citizen. I have not lived long enough to prefer big words and piſtol-ſhot, to a fair ſtatement of accounts and a good dividend; and I foreſee the time coming, when, at the firſt meeting of creditors, it will be neceſſary to ſearch the bankrupt for fire-arms. It has fared ill with the city, Mr. Olivebranch, ſince tradeſmen began to ſupport their trade by a leſſon from Brookes's, and to buttreſs their honour by a challenge. It is very ſorry employment for a man of buſineſs to be ſhooting at a mark, when he ſhould be driving a bargain; and it is a bad ſign, when cards are the only traffic in which he ſeems inclined to deal fairly. Will theſe novelties pleaſe the public, ſatisfy all demands, and procure a more ſpeedy iſſue of the certificate? Will they not rather enrich the Newgate Calendar at the expenſe of the Gazette, and render a commiſſion of bankruptcy an indictment for felony?

But ſuch, Sir, muſt be the conſequence of confounding all diſtinctions and ranks in ſin and iniquity. Why was it that theſe diſtinctions were kept up for ſo many centuries, unleſs that the very nature of vice renders it an article of too great expenſe for the common people? They cannot make a property of it, carry it to market, and fix a price upon it. Even the Ten Commandments, few and ſimple as they are, cannot be broken at a ſmall expenſe; whereas I do not believe that the ſtricteſt obſervance of them will ever coſt a man one farthing. Propoſals have been made for the repeal of them, becauſe the expenſe attending the breaking of them has been conſidered as a tax. But, beſides that the preſent is not the proper time to talk of repealing taxes, I queſtion whether the legiſlature have the power to repeal any laws that are not of their

their own making; and I ſtill more doubt whether a proper ſubſtitute could be found. Theſe hints I throw out only by the by, Mr. Olivebranch; I have no inclination to involve your paper in diſcuſſion on conſtitutional points, eſpecially as the only nation in which the above laws have been formally repealed, does not exhibit to us any very good and beneficial effects that have ariſen, or are likely to ariſe therefrom.

To return:—There is one conſequence of this confuſion of all diſtinctions, which I muſt mention, as affording no contemptible argument againſt it; this is, Sir, that it has introduced a confuſion and EQUALIZATION of DISEASES. Formerly the gout, dropſy, ſpleen, &c. were confined entirely to perſons of rank and fortune, becauſe they only could afford the means by which ſuch diſorders are induced. A man of rank *then* was eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the vulgar by his tottering gait, or his pale and meagre countenance; his lady, by her graceful palpitations and ſentimental ſpaſms: the children ſpoke the antiquity of their family, and the purity of their blood, by a faſhionable ſoftneſs of the bones, a delicate deficiency of appetite, and ſomething noble in the rapid approaches of a conſumption: but, alas! if we now look at the meaner claſſes of ſociety, how ſtrangely are things altered! An eminent city phyſician aſſures me, that theſe diſorders are as common eaſt of Temple Bar, as they were formerly miraculous. He is frequently obliged to be content with a half-guinea fee for the gout, and is even induced to preſcribe *gratis* in nervous diſorders. The ſpleen is epidemic in Thames Street; and ſpaſms have reached the extremity of Whitechapel. Porters complain of the weakneſs of their nerves, and chairmen are not ſeldom afflicted with lowneſs of ſpirits. Not a ſnug party at tea, but ſome lady feels ſomehow the don't know how; qualms interrupt the buſineſs of

the

the forenoon, and the ſtomach, the offending party, is chaſtiſed by *ratafie*.

That men of magiſterial dignity ſhould complain of the gout and dropſy is not remarkable, becauſe the city chamber ſupplies the means, and the rotundity of an alderman may be ſtill an object of envy to a lord; but that their wives ſhould be fit ſubjects for tremblings, palpitations, and the moſt delicate and genteel nervous ſymptoms, is not eaſily to be accounted for, unleſs from the cauſes I have already aſſigned. True it is, however, that the city has become of late years a very unhealthy place, and at certain ſeaſons of the year great numbers of the inhabitants may be ſeen on the Kent road, like emigrants, ſeeking a place of ſafety.'

I have mentioned the *nerves*. This I take to be a modern invention, like Caſſino, and other faſhionable games, which ſoon extend to the lower claſſes of people. Our forefathers either had no nerves, or they lay dormant in the body, without being applied to any valuable purpoſe. At preſent the uſes of nerves are many. They afford an excuſe for leaving a company ſuddenly, or for acquiring the honourable diſtinction of a neat fainting fit. They are eminently uſeful in ſupporting the reputation of a tragic actreſs, or in giving an air of amiable diffidence to a young orator. In novels, they heighten the cataſtrophe; and in pleadings, they ſupply the place of argument. Were theſe, and other effects which I might mention, confined to perſons of faſhion who firſt invented nervous diſorders, the faculty only would have had reaſon to complain.

Having now, Mr. Olivebranch,' explained what occurs to me on this ſubject, I ought to propoſe a remedy for this univerſal anarchy of vices and follies; but I am diffident of its ſucceſs, and ſhall confine myſelf to a brief outline. I would humbly propoſe, that none but perſons of a certain rank and property ſhall, in

in all time coming, be allowed to practiſe the greater vices. The firſt difficulty in this ſcheme is to aſcertain the *quantum* of this property, which is to ſerve as a qualification. It is not eaſy, Sir, to bring order out of confuſion. Many perſons will think themſelves inſulted by being excluded, whatever qualification we fix upon; and ſome citizens, I am very ſenſible, might think their *credit* endangered; for, in popular opinion, appearances have great weight. *De apparentibus et exiſtentibus eadem eſt ratio.* Talking lately on this ſubject with a friend, I propoſed the uſual qualifications of a ſenator. My friend, who has long filled a ſeat in this great aſſembly of the nation, was not pleaſed with this, and aſſured me that the ſum was too ſmall. "A man," added he, "may make a very good member of Parliament, and yet make a very ſorry figure as a ſcoundrel." The remark ſilenced me, and I give it to you as I received it.

On the other hand, forty, thirty, or even twenty thouſand pounds of yearly income are ſums too large; and ſuch a regulation would coöp up iniquity in a very narrow compaſs: at the ſame time we know that three or four thouſands *per annum* is a ſum rarely ſufficient for the career of a lottery-office keeper. What middle ſum, therefore, may be proper, I leave to be determined by ſome ſpirited legiſlator, who may think it worth his while to adopt my plan, and who perhaps may be better able to talk on this part of it. Let me repeat, that juſtice requires, that only men of property ought to be permitted to act fooliſhly and viciouſly, becauſe a great part of mankind have agreed not to be offended with the vices of their ſuperiors, but, on the contrary, to flatter and to feed them in every poſſible way.

Wit and genius are ſo much admired in men of fortune, that a very ſcanty portion of either is found to go a prodigious way in raiſing the character. Although no enthuſiaſtic admirer of fortune myſelf, I muſt

muſt confeſs that a good thing has great weight from the mouth of a man worth five thouſand a year. I remember once to have been entertained with the *bon mots* of one of one thouſand, but I loſt all opinion of them when I was told that this was only an *annuity*. What can a man ſave out of an annuity to make him witty after his death? From a parity of reaſoning it is, that we call a drunken ſhopkeeper an idle blackguard, while a baronet is a *d——d fine fellow* when his ſenſes are gone; that we reprobate thoſe who play deep with dirty cards, but entertain a reſpect for thoſe who never play twice with the ſame pack; and that we conſign a petty tradeſman to gaol for a debt, but value the man of rank from the number of his creditors.

One remark more I have to troubleyou with. Should my plan be adopted, it might be worthy of conſideration, whether, in order to ſeparate plebeian from patrician ſins, we ſhould not alter the form of our oaths and obligatory ceremonies. I ſhall inſtance only one—the ceremony of marriage. It appears to be very ridiculous to expect, that a man who marries for money will be as ſtrictly bound by this ceremony as he who marries for love. A new form is certainly wanting for perſons of diſtinction. The words, *till death do us part*, if they have any meaning at all, imply that one, at leaſt, of the parties intends to depart this life in four or five weeks. As to the whole train of promiſes, *to have and to hold, love and cheriſh*, &c. they remind me of the oath of allegiance, by which a man ſwears not to bring in the old Pretender, the young Pretender, or any of his family, and are pretty nearly as obſolete.

To conclude: If perſons of rank and diſtinction feel their honour in any degree touched by this treſpaſs of the vulgar upon their property of vices and follies, and if they can no more preſerve an excluſive right to a folly than they can the pattern of a dreſs, my advice is,

is, to reſolve at once to renounce and abjure all ſuch practices as tend to level the moſt dignified with the meaneſt of mankind. They will then regain that reſpect which rank, and property, and wealth, can at all times command, by being employed to countenance virtue, to baniſh oppreſſion, and to protect merit; and thoſe of the lower claſſes will ſoon learn by experience, if precept ſhould be neglected, that nothing is ſo contemptible as a rivalſhip in wickedneſs, and nothing ſo meritorious as to add, by individual example, to that aggregate of virtue and induſtry, which alone can preſerve thoſe bleſſings of which neighbouring nations are unhappily deprived.

I am, Reverend Sir,

Your moſt obedient ſervant,

C.

PAROCHIAL FEUDS.

[From the Oracle.]

SIR,

I AM a blackſmith, and reſide in the city, where I have by induſtry acquired a handſome fortune. On the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet is a church, over the gate of which is curiouſly carved, and admirably executed, the awful ſcene of the reſurrection and laſt judgment. The enemy of man forms a very prominent figure in this piece, and is repreſented deſcending with great velocity to ſeize upon his prey. As this carving is held in high eſtimation in our pariſh, every churchwarden, on coming into office, vies with his predeceſſors in ornamenting it. The painter is ſure of an annual job, and the taſte of the pariſh officer is exhibited in the colour of the dæmon's coat: one year we behold him attired in green, the next in dark brown. Sometimes he wears muddy white, and at other times

times he is clad in copper; but, Sir, this year a very orthodox officer has been choſen, and, in purſuance of annual cuſtom, his firſt act was to array the devil. This gentleman gave Satan a black coat, to the very great mortification of my workmen, who certainly are not well verſed in biblical learning: one of them, more fluent than his companions, and a little better read, contended that it was highly indecorous to give his Satanic majeſty a ſuit of black. "I have ſome notion," continued he, "all this is intended as an inſult to our trade."—"Damn me," replied a young man, who is my apprentice, and nearly out of his time, a fellow of high ſpirit, "if I thought ſo, if I would not break the devil into a thouſand pieces." A general conſultation was held upon this ſubject; and as my men have an idea that they never examine a point half ſo well as over the bottle, a pint of gin was ordered, a regular debate enſued, and the ayes were for demoliſhing the devil. Fortunately for the arts, I happened to make my appearance when the council was about to depute a member to deſtroy the dæmon. Surpriſed at the clamour, the violence, and the irritability of the men, I inquired the cauſe, and was inſtantly informed; I remonſtrated; but was charged with apathy—I was not ſo tenacious of the honour of the trade as I ought to be—Did I ſuppoſe they would ſuffer ſuch an inſult to paſs unpuniſhed? I found my authority on this occaſion ſubverted, and my ſhop in a complete ſtate of inſurrection—I temporized—ordered more gin—reaſoned over it, and told the men it would be but fair to demand an explanation. As they proceeded to violence, I offered to procure them one, and promiſed, if it ſhould be withheld, that I ſhould lead them myſelf on to the charge. This notion was approved, and I was accordingly deputed to wait on the churchwarden, who, I need not inform you, was in a precious quandary on hearing of the danger in which his

his orthodoxy had involved the favourite carving. "What muſt we do?" ſaid he, in an agony of terror: "theſe Goths are probably now venting their rage on this maſterpiece of art, and my reputation will be for ever ruined in the pariſh." I aſſured him there was no immediate danger, and thought if he were to aſſure the men he intended them no inſult, every thing would go right. My advice was attended to; the churchwarden was too ſincere an admirer of the carving, to neglect taking every ſtep which might tend to protect it from injury. He called at my ſhop, and was received by the men with ruſtic dignity. An apology was expected, nor would they notice him till it was made. Happily for the pariſh, its officer is a man of gentlemanly manners; he treated the men with ſtudied reſpect, but at the ſame time with ſo much candour and openneſs, as to remove from their minds every unfavourable impreſſion. He aſſured the men he intended them no inſult, and that if they would have the goodneſs to point out to him what colour they thought the dæmon ought to be, it ſhould be given him. As this was a point which deſerved conſideration, an anſwer could not be immediately returned; but at the ſame time they acknowledged themſelves perfectly ſatisfied with his apology. A variety of opinions were urged upon this ſpeculative ſubject; ſome were inclined to think his colour was that of red-hot iron; ſome ſaid they heard their grandmothers, who ſaw the devil, ſay his colour was a garter blue; others rejected theſe opinions, and inſiſted it was purple, becauſe the whore of Babylon is ſaid in the Bible to be of that colour. The diſpute began to grow warm without indicating a ſpeedy concluſion. The churchwarden, who was preſent, but had not ſufficient taſte to admire ſo learned a debate, ſuggeſted to the diſputants the propriety of conſulting the parſon of the pariſh, whoſe learning, ingenuity, and talents, were indiſputable, who had appropriated much of his time

to

to this ſubject, and, conſequently, muſt have a more diſtinct idea of the dæmon than he or they could have. It was accordingly agreed to refer it to the divine, and a deputation was appointed to accompany the premier of the pariſh to his houſe. Our parſon, who is a man of humour, ſoon recovered from the ſurpriſe of ſuch a viſit. He told the party, with affected gravity, that the learned in every country were of opinion, that the colour of the prince of darkneſs was that of bronze.—"Be ſo good, Sir," ſaid the men, "as to write that ſame word down; we never heard it before, and he certainly muſt be of that colour." Having at laſt agreed on this ſerious point, the painter received the neceſſary inſtructions, who, to the great admiration of the ſkilful in bronze, has painted the devil a light yellow; my men are, however, perfectly ſatisfied, and whenever they ſee any thing of this colour, they ſay that this is bronze. For my own part, I think my exertions to preſerve uninjured our parochial favourite, deſerve the commendation of every artiſt and of every admirer of the arts.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

VULCAN.

ADVICE TO TAPSTERS IN GENERAL.

[From the True Briton.]

YE tapſters who 're wont to draw porter or ale,
And would probably wiſh to draw more,
You may hear of a plan from a very ſhort tale,
Which 't is likely you ne'er heard before.

Giles Trick'em an hoſtler the world did begin,
Till, on ſtrength of each traveller's bounty,
He ſet up a pot-houſe, and there he laid in,
I think, the worſt ale in the county.

Giles's

Giles's maxim was this—"If his profits were great,
The ſooner he 'd taſte the world's pleaſures;"
And hence—like ſome other wiſe men in the ſtate—
He would oftentimes deal in "*half meaſures.*"

To a cuſtomer once, as converſing they ſtood,
Giles bragg'd (for he always would ſpeak
Of his trade in the handſomeſt terms that he could)
That he drew his three hogſheads a week.

"That 's a vaſt deal indeed," quoth the other; "yet ſtill,
As you don't ſeem a man to mind trouble,
I 'm certain of this—that you may, if you will,
Draw nearly that quantity double."

"I ſuppoſe," replied *Giles*, with a wink of his eye,
"That you mean me to mix certain drugs
To make people drink."—"Why, no, truly not I;
What I meant was by FILLING YOUR MUGS."

THE ART OF BOTHERING.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS it too frequently happens, that, by an over-zeal to give minute directions, we bewilder thoſe who execute our commiſſions, I encloſe you a curious order, *verbatim*, as it was ſent to a tradeſman by a farmer's wife, for a *ſcarlet cardinal.*

"SIR,

"If you pleaſe to ſend me a *ſcarlet cardinal*, let it be full yard long, and let it be full, it is for a large woman, they tell me I may have a large one and a handſome one for eleven ſhillings, I ſhould not be willing to give more than twelve, but if you have any as long, either duffel or cloth, if it is cheaper I ſhould like to have it, for I am not to give more than twelve ſhillings, I beg you, Sir, to be ſo good as not to fail me this cardinal on Wedneſday, without fail, let it be

full yard long, I beg, or elſe it will not do, fail not on Wedneſday, and by ſo doing you will oblige

"M. WINNS.

"P. S. I hope you will charge your loweſt price, and if you pleaſe not to ſend me a duffel one, but cloth, full yard long and full, and pleaſe to ſend it to Mr. Field's, the waterman, who comes to the Beehive at Queenhithe, pray don't ſend me a duffel one, but cloth, I have altered my mind, I ſhould not like it duffel but cloth, let it be full yard long and let it be cloth, and not more than twelve ſhillings at moſt, one of the cheapeſt you have and full yard long, ſend two, both of a length, and both large ones, full yard long, both of a price, they be both for one woman, they muſt be exactly alike, for goodneſs and price, fail them not on Wedneſday, and full yard long."

THE LITTLE LYCEUM *.

[From a French Paper.]

A QUESTION was ſubmitted by *Zamaida* to the female club, reſpecting the neceſſary reform in the article of *huſbands*. After ſome diſcuſſion it was decreed as a principle, that the labours of the club ſhould be directed to form a *conjugal conſtitution*, preceded by a declaration of the *rights of woman*.

In this matrimonial charter, the true ſenſe ſhall be defined of the word "authority," and its due limits ſhall be ſettled.

There ſhall be an *equality* of *rights* in every thing relating to pleaſures, balls, play, and ſelect ſupper parties. There ſhall be the ſame *reciprocal liberty*, as

* This ſally, which is literally taken from *Ami des Loix*, is evidently meant as a pleaſant burleſque on the antiquated appellations, and phraſes without meaning, introduced into the recent *olio* which the Abbé *Sieyes* is pleaſed to call a conſtitution.

to

to the important article of *dreſs*. The huſbands ſhall be permitted to ſeek for their *coſtume* on medals of 2000 years old—on thoſe of *Titus* or *Caracalla*. It ſhall be equally permitted to the females to borrow their dreſſes from the prieſteſſes of *Venus* or *Cybele*, from *Iphigenia* or *Cleopatra*.

The article of the *finances* of the houſehold ſhall be an object of particular attention, conſidering that the majority of *wives* are as ill treated in this reſpect as the public annuitants were during the currency of paper money.

It appears, that, for the proſperity of commerce, the freedom of *taſte*, of modes, and of the *toilette*, ſhould be as unbounded as the *freedom of opinion*.

It is alſo recommended to the *conſtituent* body to frame a chapter, well provided with penal clauſes, to prevent the uſurpations of *jealous huſbands*.

As all perſons are intereſted in perfectioning theſe new *baſes* of the *conjugal connexion*, they are invited, in the fairer part of the human race, to render public the reſult of their reflections on this ſubject.

It was alſo agreed, that this new *Family Conſtitution*, when completed, ſhall be tranſlated into all languages, in verſe and proſe; and that its fundamental maxims may be turned into *ſongs*, as being more ſuited to the retention of *young ladies!*

This code, however, it is feared, will meet with ſome difficulty, when it is preſented for the *acceptation* of the *huſbands*.

ODE ON MODERATION.

BY PETER PINDAR.

"SOME folks are mad, and do not know it,"
Says *ſome one*—I forget the poet;
And verily the bard was in the right:—
Wild as a puppy chaſing butterflies,
The world hunts Tranſport with keen noſe and eyes—
Deceitful laſs, who often proves a bite!

The calm, cool, philoſophic hour,
The purling brook, the woodbine bow'r,
The grove's, the valley's ſweet and ſimple ſong;
Morn's virgin bluſh and Evening's ſetting ray,
On more than half the world are *thrown away*,
Whoſe joys muſt like a whirlwind pour along.

Calmly let *me* begin and end Life's chapter,
Ne'er panting for a *hurricane* of rapture;
Calm let me walk—not riotous and jumping;
With due decorum let my heart
Perform a ſober, quiet part—
Not at the ribs be ever bumping, bumping!
Rapture 's a *charger*, often breaks his girt—
Runs off, and flings his rider in the dirt.

Lo, when for Gretna Green the couple ſtart,
Love plays his gambols through each throbbing heart:—
Squeezing and hugging, kiſſing, on they go;
Wild, from the chaiſe they poke their heads to John—
"Make haſte, dear John; drive on, drive on, drive on!
Lord, Lord—your horſes are ſo very ſlow!"
And whilſt for Gretna Green each turtle ſighs,
The Blackſmith * ſeems an angel in their eyes!

But when this Blackſmith has perform'd *his* part,
Poſſeſſion quells the tumults of the heart:

* Alſo a divine, who gains a conſiderable maintenance by making matrimonial chains as well as horſeſhoes.

The

The heart with *foaming* bliſs no more boils over!
Now leiſurely into the chaiſe they get;
They aſk no John to drive, no horſe to ſweat—
No eyes' keen ſparkle ſhows the burning lover!

No kiſſes 'midſt the jolting road they ſnap;
Cælia now takes a comfortable nap;
Down on her cheeks her locks diſhevell'd flow—
Not vaſtly ſmooth, but much like locks of hay;
Her cap, not much reſembling Alpine ſnow,
Shook from the rolling, wearied head away!
The *youth* too, with his noddle on his breaſt,
His hair all careleſs, much in hay-like trim;
As though ſweet Wedlock's joys had loſt their zeſt,
As though a dull indiff'rence damn'd the whim,
With mouth half ſhut, that heavy ſeems to ſay—
"The devil take the Blackſmith, and the day
That tied me to that trollop, now my wife,
Juſt like a jack-aſs to a poſt—for *life!*"

ODE TO THE OCEAN.

BY SIMPKIN SLENDERWIT, ESQ.

[From the Morning Herald.]

O OCEAN! thou guardian and friend to mankind,
To the beſt of thy favours how many are blind!
The *merchant*, who cares but to live like himſelf,
Extols thee for floating home coffers of pelf;
The *alderman* pours out his thanks to his God,
Who ſtock'd thee with ſalmon, and turbot, and cod!
The *ſcholar*, who knows not the bleſſings of home,
Sings thy waves ſo tranſporting, which waft him from home,
And ſhow him old Peloponneſus at Rome!
Which led him to climes fam'd for *Pompeys* and *Neroes*,
And bring him to plains trod by conſuls and heroes.
While *philoſophers*, poring from midnight till noon,
Make us ſtare with their tales of a jig to the moon!
But I thy waves honour with juſt veneration,
For diffuſing ſuch good o'er the whole of this nation.
In infancy thou, while we ſtruggle and ſquall,
Driv'ſt off ſcrofula, rickets, and weakneſs, and all:

'T is thou giv'ſt to Jacky and, Suſan—ſweet pair,
The bleſſing they 've languiſh'd ſo long for—an *heir!*
Returning from thee with thy bounties elate,
Sue brings home a boy to retain the eſtate!
'T is thou giv'ſt the *rake*, weak with revels and pain,
To pick up his crumbs, and go to it again;
'T is thou giv'ſt the demi-rep, ſlave to diſeaſe,
Again to recover her talent to pleaſe;
'T is the virtue ſupreme of thy Catholic wave,
That ſo many poor mortals each ſummer doth ſave,
That reſcues their lives from the grave and from crutches,
If it waſh but a *beggar*, a *duke*, or a *dutcheſs!*
Then, oh! may thy waters, for ages yet longer,
Continue this nation to cleanſe and make ſtronger,
May they waſh off decrepitude, lengthen our lives,
And faſten the knot 'twixt our huſbands and wives;
Grant them conjugal bliſs, ſuch as ſent from above,
And give them each year a ſweet pledge of their love;
Make us potent in council, and wiſe in debate,
To keep off our enemies far from the ſtate!
And oh! may thy borders each ſummer diſplay
A group thus harmonious, lively, and gay,
Where unanimous all, there 's no ſtruggle or ſtrife,
But to *throw away* MONEY and *treaſure up* LIFE.

REPUBLICAN ARITHMETIC;

OR, TELEGRAPHIC DECEPTION: A SONG.

[From the True Briton.]

"WHAT news?" ſaid John Bull to a croaker. "Alack,
Sad news from Helvetia, they ſay;
Thirty thouſand men diſh'd by the French in a crack,
And the reſt with Suworrow at bay."
"Pray, how did this come?"—"Why, by papers from France,
And their Telegraph brought the account."
"That it all is a hum then there is a great chance,
For you know how republicans count,

"If

" If with the allies a ſlight ſkirmiſh takes place,
Why they quick their *arithmetic* rouſe, and
If a Ruſſian or two get a ſcratch in the face,
They tell us they 've done for a thouſand:
Quick to Paris the news of ſo great an event
The Telegraph brings in dumb miſſion;
As the people can't tell by its ſigns what is meant,
The Directory teach 'em *addition*.

" When a battle is fought, and the Eagles ſucceed
Moſt completely in threſhing the Frog,
Though ten thouſand men of their army ſhould bleed,
They again their *arithmetic* jog;
They allow they gave way, but 't was nothing at all,
They loſt but a hundred in action;
So deducting, in loſs, the great ſum, leave a ſmall,
To prove they have ſtudied *ſubtraction*.

" And now that perhaps an advantage they 've gain'd,
Though trifling, compar'd to their ſtory,
Unus'd to a victory truly obtain'd,
Why, egad, they are all drunk with glory;
And when in that ſtate, man ſees double we know,
And 't is ſo perhaps with the Great Nation,
That the number they 've taken, or kill'd of their foe,
They give us by *multiplication*.

" And if to their ſorrow their armies are beat,
Though Victory baffles their cauſe,
Though confuſion and flight prove their conqueſt complete,
Yet ſtill at the truth they will pauſe;
Though the action was hard, 't was a drawn battle ſtill;
All yielding they hold in deriſion;
For though they are routed by courage and ſkill,
Yet they balance the day by *diviſion*.

" Before we can well to the next rule advance,
Which Cocker lays down in rotation,
We muſt take off *two kings*, and leave but *one* to France,
That 's the beſt *golden rule* of a nation;
And as for the next, they inſtruct us at ſchool,
Our ſoldiers and tars, when they reach 'em,
Will prove that to conquer with truth is a rule
In *practice* they ever will teach 'em."

FATE OF FRANCE.

IMITATED FROM HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XV.

Paſtor quam traheret per freta navibus.

[From the ſame.]

I.

WHEN Gallia's haughty rulers ſent
The leader of their rebel hoſt,
New plagues, in Freedom's garb, to vent
On Egypt's deſolated coaſt,
Old Neptune from his oozy bed
Rais'd high his ſtorm-diſperſing head,
And thus in accents clear and ſtrong,
To Gallia's future fate he rais'd the ſacred ſong:

II.

"Forbear! forbear! ill-fated France,
To ſend forth your devoted crew;
Where'er your timorous fleets advance,
England's are eager to purſue.
And lo! ſhe tracks th' intended guile
Even to the ſhores of diſtant Nile;
They meet—I ſee the midnight flame,
Glory and pride to her, to thee defeat and ſhame.

III.

"Alas! what toils, thy ills to crown,
Futurity's dark ſhades conceal!
Crimes that ſhall draw due vengeance down
From Heaven—Fate haſtens to reveal.
To mighty Emperors draw the ſword;
Whole nations, to their God reſtor'd,
Bleſs the firm phalanx—join the band,
And fear and civil diſcord madden round thy land.

IV.

"In vain on Fortune's airy car,
A while upborn thy ſtreamers fly;
Thy youth ruſh eager to the war,
And, idly impious, threat the ſky.

In

In vain—for ſoon thy bands ſhall feel
The conquering force of *Auſtrian ſteel*;
Again the peaſant, gaily free,
Shall ſport beneath thy ſhades, delightful Italy!

V.

"See Charles, of long Imperial race!
Suworrow, hardy Ruſſia's boaſt!
Whoſe veteran brows freſh laurels grace,
Which thrive beneath his age's froſt:
His bands thy fated land o'erwhelm,
While riding on my ſpacious realm,
Thee ſcorning, and thy *ſubject Spain*,
Britannia ſoars aloft the empreſs of the main.

VI.

"Though Fraud and wavering Subtlety
Awhile may ſeem to prop thy ſtate,
Nought ſhall avert the fix'd decree,
And ſhield thee from the ſhafts of Fate.
Even now fell Diſcord-binds thee low,
Confederate Europe ſpeeds the blow,
To prove that France, in ruin hurl'd,
Can only by her fall give freedom to the world."

S.

A FAREWELL TO AMBITION.

IMITATED FROM HORACE, ODE I. BOOK IV.

Intermiſſa Venus diu, rurſus bella moves.

[From the ſame.]

AGAIN, reſtleſs Goddeſs! attack me again?
Say whence the new pangs of my breaſt?
Ah! ſpare my confuſion, ah! pity my pain,
And leave me to ſilence and reſt.

Alas! now no longer in jolly condition,
With North, my old rival, I ſit;
Where, bankrupts apart, by a joint coalition,
We conquer'd the forces of P—t.

Conſider, great Queen, I approach to threeſcore;
Then check your inſidious advances:
Your favours on B-df—d or Sh-r——n pour,
Or the hot-headed youngſter, Sir F——s.

Thee H—ll—d admires, yet of Loughborough ſad,
With T—r—y, the anti-ſeceder;
And Ego, the valiant, half merry, half mad,
Of club politicians the leader.

His ſoul ſympathetic ſhall hail thy bright form;
Then, Goddeſs, to Hampſtead repair;
The petulant Pleader will brave the rude ſtorm,
And joyfully welcome you there.

Thy grim-viſag'd buſt ſhall be lifted *en haut*
By him and his "merry men all;"
While the old-faſhion'd portraits of Juſtice and Co.
Shall vaniſh poſt-haſte from Guildhall.

Then the harp and the fiddle, the drum and the fife,
Shall echo ſymphonious to thee;
And patriots exclaim, free from ſorrow and ſtrife,
"Ça ira, à-la-mode de Paris."

But the froſt of my boſom no rebel debate,
Nor Bacchus nor Venus, can thaw;
Remote from the buſtle, I ponder the ſtate
Of the "worſt times that England e'er ſaw."

Again, reſtleſs Goddeſs! I feel thee again;
Why flows down my cheek the ſalt tear?
I hug thy tall ſhadow, it laughs at my pain,
And vaniſhes ere I draw near.

From the Houſe to the Treas'ry it leads me a dance,
At St. Anne's plays me many a trick;
Conducts me to Maidſtone, to Ireland, to France,
The Shakeſpeare, deſpair, and—Old Nick.

THE BRITISH STRIPLING'S WAR SONG.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

YES, noble old warrior! this heart has beat high,
Since you told of the deeds which our countrymen wrought;
Oh! lend me the ſabre that hung by thy thigh,
And I, too, will fight as my forefathers fought.

Deſpiſe not my youth, for my ſpirit is ſteel'd,
And I know there is ſtrength in the graſp of my hand;
Yea, as firm as thyſelf would I march to the field,
And as proudly would die for my dear native land.

In the ſports of my childhood I mimick'd the fight,
The ſound of the trumpet ſuſpended my breath,
And my fancy ſtill wander'd by day and by night,
Amid battle, and tumult, and conqueſt, and death.

My own ſhout of onſet, when th' armies advance,
How oft it awakes me from viſions of glory;
When I meant to have leapt on the Hero of France,
And have daſh'd him to earth, pale and breathleſs, and gory.

As late through the city, with banners all ſtreaming,
To the muſic of trumpets the warriors flew by,
With helmet and cimetar naked and gleaming,
On the proud trampling thunder-hoof'd ſteeds did they fly.

I ſped to yon heath that is lonely and bare,
For each nerve was unquiet, each pulſe in alarm,
And hurl'd my mock lance through the objectleſs air,
And in open-ey'd dream prov'd the ſtrength of my arm.

Yes, noble old warrior! this heart has beat high,
Since you told of the deeds that our countrymen wrought:
Oh! lend me the ſabre that hung by thy thigh,
And I, too, will fight as my forefathers fought.

ADAMS AND LIBERTY.

THE BOSTON PATRIOTIC SONG.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS PAINE, A. M.

[From a New York Paper]

Tune—"*To Anacreon in Heaven.*"

YE ſons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For thoſe rights which unſtain'd from your ſires had deſcended,
May you long taſte the bleſſings your valour has bought,
And your ſons reap the ſoil which their fathers defended!
'Mid the reign of mild peace,
May your nation increaſe,
With the glory of Rome, and the wiſdom of Greece!

CHORUS.

And no ſon of Columbia ſhall e'er be a ſlave,
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls a wave.

In a clime, whoſe rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whoſe ſhores are unſhaken by Europe's commotion,
The *trident* of commerce ſhould never be hurl'd,
To incenſe the *legitimate* pow'rs of the ocean.
But ſhould *pirates* invade,
Though in *thunder* array'd,
Let your cannon declare the *free charter of trade!*

For no ſon of Columbia ſhall e'er be a ſlave,
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls a wave.

The *fame* of our *arms*—of our *laws* the *mild* ſway,
Had juſtly ennobled our nation in ſtory,
Till the dark cloud of *faction* obſcur'd our young day,
And envelop'd the ſun of *American* glory.
But let *traitors* be told,
Who their *country* have *ſold*,
And barter'd their God for his *image* in *gold*,

That no ſon of Columbia ſhall e'er be a ſlave,
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls a wave.

While

While *France* her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And Society's *baſe* threats with wide diſſolution;
May *Peace*, like the *dove* who return'd from the flood,
Find an *ark* of abode in our mild *conſtitution*.
But though *peace* is our aim,
Yet the boon we diſclaim,
If bought by our *ſov'reignty*, *juſtice*, or *fame*.
For no ſon of Columbia ſhall e'er be a ſlave,
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls a wave.

'T is the *fire* of the *flint* each American warms,
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of *colliſion*;
Let them bring all the *vaſſals* of Europe in arms,
We 're a *world by ourſelves*, and diſdain a *diviſion*:
While with patriot pride,
To our *laws* we 're allied,
No foe can ſubdue us, no faction divide;
For no ſon of Columbia ſhall e'er be a ſlave,
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls a wave.

Our mountains are crown'd with imperial *oak*;
Whoſe *roots*, like our *liberties*, ages have nouriſh'd;
But long ere *our* nation ſubmits to the *yoke*,
Not a *tree* ſhall be left on the field where it flouriſh'd.
Should invaſion impend,
Every grove would deſcend,
From the hill-tops they ſhaded, our ſhores to defend;
For no ſon of Columbia ſhall e'er be a ſlave,
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls a wave.

Let our *patriots* deſtroy *Anarch*'s peſtilent *worm*;
Leſt our *liberty's growth* ſhould be check'd by corroſion;
Then let *clouds* thicken round us—we heed not the *ſtorm*;
Our realm fears no *ſhock* but the earth's own *exploſion*.
Foes aſſail us in vain,
Though their fleets *bridge* the main,
For our *altars* and *laws* with our lives we 'll maintain.
For no ſon of Columbia ſhall e'er be a ſlave,
While the earth bears a plant, or the ſea rolls a wave.

Should

AGRICULTURAL REPORT-EXTRAORDINARY.

RUS IN URBE.

[From the Morning Herald.]

THE *crops* are in general on the increaſe. They have of late been diveſted, for the greater part, of that *brown* appearance which gave them ſo *unpromiſing* a look. They now ſeem to be much more *wholeſome* and *cleanly*.

The *tares* (commonly called *ſeditious*), in conſequence of the uſe of ſome newly-invented pruning *bills*, were generally ſuppoſed to have diſappeared. Some of them, however, were lately ſeen in the N. E. quarter; but a few of the *tops* being taken down—from the hint of the old Roman, who cut off the tops of the higheſt *poppies*—the miſchief was of no long continuance.

The late *ſhearing* ſeaſon in the pariſh of *St. Stephen*, it is generally ſuppoſed, when the *calculations* are finiſhed, will not turn out very productive. Some ſay that it will be found as wrong in point of *time*, as the toll propoſed by the principal manager, was proved to be out of *place*.

The *harveſt* in the eaſtern diſtrict is getting in but dully. The cauſe aſſigned for this failure is the want of that *yellow manure*, on which depended the quantity of *produce*.—Some of the light-fingered labourers have contrived, however, to make their harveſt tolerable; but this, it muſt be allowed, was owing to their ſuperior *induſtry*.

In the north-eaſt quarter, and eſpecially towards *Spitalfields*, there has been an abundant ſhow of *lean cattle*.

In the weſtern diſtrict, the *plants* of every kind look remarkably healthy, inſomuch that the *pulſe-lice* have almoſt ſhrunk into nothing.—N. B. It is obſervable of

of this *inſect*, that it always *thrives leaſt* in a *healthy* ſeaſon!

The *hops* are rather in a ſtate of decay. They have, in fact, not been much attended to, in conſequence of ſome *riots* which have lately occurred in the *hop-grounds*.—The *Bow Street pickers* have, however, been very ſucceſsful.

Clover is remarkably ſcarce. Many of the middling order of cattle, who formerly could *live* in *clover*, are reduced to food leſs nouriſhing.

The *Haymarket* has been well *ſupplied*, and well *attended*.

The ſhow of *bulls*, at this advanced ſeaſon, is by no means full. Thoſe of the *Iriſh* breed have, in general, been *driven* to the different watering-places, to ſtand for the different *prizes* held forth by the concourſe at thoſe places.

LETTER FROM A GREAT PERSONAGE.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH good-nature and forgiveneſs are virtues peculiar to me, yet there are certain provocations of which even I may complain without any violation of my character; and I hope my complaints will be uttered in the true ſpirit of meekneſs.

I have for many years lived in a retired and ſomewhat obſcure ſituation. The world has attended but little to me. I have not of late been much conſulted by courts and ſenates; I have not lived among the great, and am under very few obligations to them. This perhaps may be partly my own fault:—I am not deſirous of ſuch favours as they have to beſtow, and feel no inclination to ſwell the number of their humble expectants. Content with the few friends who adhered

hered to me in all my misfortunes whether good or bad, I have not been ſolicitous of the advantages either of rank or fortune.

Preſuming, therefore, on no occaſion to interfere with public affairs, I expected I ſhould have been allowed to go on in my old way, undiſturbed by public notice. For ſome years paſt, however, I have been dragged forth without my conſent, and in fact without my knowledge, as the author and adviſer of plans in which I never had a hand, and which are notoriouſly known to be adverſe to my very nature and principles. I am every day paragraphed in the papers as one who meddles with the affairs of every ſtate in Europe; and no ſcheme ever ſo abſurd, impracticable, or even cruel, is contrived, without the inventor boldly declaring that it is for *my ſake.*

Sir, I am tired of this impertinence; and every friend who truly knows and reſpects me is heartily ſick at the liberties taken with my name. Where can it be found that *I* ever ordered a ſword to be drawn to propagate my intereſt? The thing is abſurd—a moſt ridiculous violation of the *great charter* by which I hold the property bequeathed to me. I am aſtoniſhed that there are men who can make ſuch an aſſertion, and quote *me* as the authority for their ambition, or their wanton waſte of human life. I am more aſtoniſhed yet, that ſuch is the decay of the thinking powers, that there are others who will believe all this, and who can look, without either contempt or ridicule, at the ſingular object of a profligate aſſuming my name and affecting to contend for my intereſts.

I never, Sir, was deſirous of political fame.—Politics have not of late years been much to my taſte, and are too frequently adverſe to my principles. Why, therefore, ſhould I be lugged in as the *declared* (for I am certain I am never the *real)* cauſe of thoſe abſurd confederacies and unnatural alliances which are every day

day conſtructed and every day tumble to pieces like a houſe of cards? It is obvious to every one who knows me, that, if I had been *conſulted*, I muſt in the very nature of things have given my opinion decidedly againſt them. Impoſtors have in former times aſſumed my name and authority; but I defy my worſt enemies to prove that I ever was the cauſe of overthrowing monarchies, dividing kingdoms into provinces, or ſubverting republics. The weapons employed in thoſe ſervics are not mine. Mine (where I allow any) are purely *defenſive*: but the words *offenſive* and *defenſive* have lately been ſo bewildered in a jargon of unmeaning rant, that I deſpair of ever making them be underſtood in their original ſenſe.

The conſequence of involving my name in the affairs of the world is, that I am conſidered both as the apology and the cauſe of every miſchief that befalls mankind. It might ſeem ludicrous to deſcend to particulars, yet I cannot help complaining a little when I am gravely told that it is *for me* that ſtocks fall and taxes riſe—*for me* that men undertake impracticable expeditions—*for me* that public credit is ſhaken and bankruptcies increaſe. Puſh this abſurdity a little farther, and you will find that for *my ſake* men wear powder in their hair, and that to *preſerve me* not a dog can bark without an annual permiſſion.

The purpoſe, therefore, of this letter is merely to ſay, that, as I do not feel myſelf either honoured or benefited by the notice taken of me, I hope I may be permitted to remain in the retirement I formerly enjoyed. My *houſes*, it is true, were not much viſited; but ſuch as came, came from a reſpect to me, and came *conſtantly*. I am not proud of thoſe viſitors who can come only once a year in fine red coats, and then think no more about me. *My Miniſters* are the only perſons whom I enjoin to wear a uniform, but it is not of *that colour*; and I wiſh men to fix their *hearts* and not

their

their *bayonets* when they approach *my dwellings*. However, I do not, upon the whole, complain of theſe viſits as to the *mode*; I only wiſh they were repeated often enough to become a *habit*: but, as I have been viſited once by many who never viſited me before, and are not likely to repeat the compliment, I leave you to judge what value I ought to put upon it.

I hope, therefore, that after this declaration of my ſentiments, no perſon will preſume to uſe my name without ſome ſmall acquaintance with the ſubject, as it is impoſſible I can take any concern in the affairs of Europe without being properly conſulted.

RELIGION.

FOGS AND FUTURITY.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

YOU are cenſured in a Miniſterial Paper of this day becauſe you lay even *fogs* at the door of the Miniſtry, and blame them for ſtorms and tempeſts. I truſt you can acquit yourſelf of this charge—at leaſt you cannot mean *natural fogs*. A little *hazineſs* of underſtanding you may now and then prove, and a *miſtineſs* of meaſures, which neither themſelves nor any body elſe can ſee through; but even this, I truſt, you will now be inclined to give up. You can have nothing to ſay againſt our great Financier on this ſcore. A man who can ſpy out a *revenue* at *twelve years diſtance** may laugh at Herſchel and his forty-feet teleſcope. "The like was never done before," as the puppet-ſhowmen ſay, "and will ſurpriſe all the crowned heads of Europe." I preſume the next

* Can this have any alluſion to the renewal, by anticipation, of the Bank Charter? EDIT.

thing

thing he will do will be to cock his eye at the Magna Charta of Leadenhall Street, which will be out of print in leſs than twenty years, and it may be as well to prepare a new edition in time. There are other ſnug things that may be expected to *fall in* in the courſe of the next century, which, I preſume, will alſo come within his *purview*. I expect every day to hear that my friend Dr. Maſkelyne has got orders to quit; and that our Teleſcopic Treaſurer has removed the Tax Office to Flamſtead Hill, the only ſcope for genius determined to make *eternity* ſupply the deficiencies of *time*.

I am, Sir,
Your humble ſervant,

Saturday, Nov. 9. BLINKUM.

P. S. It is none of the ſmalleſt advantages our Financier has reaped from keeping Mr. D——'s company ſo long, that the latter has accompliſhed him in that attribute of his countrymen, commonly called the *ſecond ſight!*

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT ſeems to be generally acknowledged that ſome people have more cunning than others, and that ſome people have too much cunning, and others too little; and I ſhall not be far wrong, if to theſe ſagacious remarks I were to add that your very cunning people often defeat their own purpoſes by yielding too haſtily to the impulſe of the moment.

When I conſider the *contents* of the Letters which have been intercepted on their way from Egypt, and the importance of the information they convey, I confeſs it ſtrikes me that we have outwitted ourſelves by divulging

divulging to the enemy what it muſt be obviouſly our intereſt to have concealed.

The diſtreſſes of the Army of Egypt are great. As a worſhipper of Adminiſtration, I am bound to rejoice in thoſe diſtreſſes; I am bound to contemplate with the moſt pleaſing ſatisfaction the ſword, or the famine, or the plague, which ſhall devour *ſeven thouſand* more human beings——I beg pardon, I mean Frenchmen. I am bound to fill up the little interſtices of my joy with calculating their agonies, and meaſuring the varieties of pain which theſe fatal auxiliaries may inflict; I am bound to exult in the *idea* (for, alas! it is what I may not, perhaps, *ſee*) of bags, and ſacks, and old woolpacks filled with heads to decorate the walls of the Seraglio, and placed there in the moſt beautiful order and forms. All this, by the new religion, is to afford me joy and tranſport. But if we, the moment ſuch proſpects are opened to our expectant eyes, the moment ſo exquiſite a pleaſure ſeems to be within our reach—if, I ſay, we divulge the contents of our letters to the enemy, do we not inſtruct them to take ſuch meaſures as may defeat our hopes? Surely, Sir, "our right hand has in this buſineſs forgot its cunning." What ſignifies it that we intercept letters, if we divulge the contents to the parties for whom they were intended, and that almoſt as ſoon as they would have received them by courſe of poſt?

Now, Sir, contemplate the reverſe—ſuppoſe the Conſulate ignorant of what is paſſing in Egypt, and of courſe neglectful of the army, what more natural than that they ſhould all die by the hand of the enemy, or by famine, or by plague; or, (what is yet more delightful!) that, irritated by their country's neglect, they ſhould kill one another; nay, who knows?—perhaps *eat* one another! O glorious proſpect! O raviſhing thought! And how bitter the *diſappointment*, if

if we ourſelves, by this precipitate publication, are the cauſe of it!

Yours,

ANTI-JACOBIN.

HINTS FOR THE ECONOMY OF TIME, EXPENSE, LEARNING, AND MORALITY.

DESIGNED FOR THE EASE AND BENEFIT OF THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

TIME.

1. NO time to be expended on thought, as nothing comes of it among men of faſhion.

2. The wear and tear of time by conſtant *uſe* to be avoided, as ſo precious an article ought to be employed ſparingly.

3. Time often to be protracted by long and wearifome lounges, by way of making the *moſt* of it.

4. When time is heavy with laſſitude, and dull with inoccupation, be tender of uſing it in this torpid and vapouriſh condition, and endeavour to refreſh it by the ſlumbers of inanity.

5. Make up your mind at once and irrevocably on every queſtion: by theſe means you ſave the time that would otherwiſe be loſt in chooſing, and need never after waſte a moment in hearing what another man has to ſay.

6. Avoid the acquiſition of too many new ideas, which will demand conſiderable time to arrange themſelves in your minds. The fewer your ideas, the more ſpeedily will your meaſures be taken, and your reſolutions formed; it being a much ſhorter proceſs to determine with two ideas than with half a ſcore.

7. Diſpoſſeſs yourſelf as much as poſſible of all feeling for other men; for this is giving to others a claim upon your time; and while you are ſympa-

thizing

thizing with their ſufferings, they are ſtealing a march upon you.

8. Rob other men of as much of their time as poſſible, by way of ſaving your own. This is a golden rule, and a moſt ingenious economy.

9. Study your own gratifications in every concern of life, and waſte no time in thinking of the ſacrifices you make to them, or of their conſequences to other men.

10. Let all your time be ſpent upon yourſelf, and let your conſtant admiration of your own perfections abſorb all the praiſe that is due from you to others.

11. Fill up your time as much as poſſible with pleaſures that exclude participation: on this account, the time ſpent in decorating your perſons, and in the pleaſures of the table, is worthily employed; for then ſelf is the ſole object of it, and not a ſingle moment is alienated from us.

12. The laſt and greateſt rule is this:—Allow no time for praying, or for works of charity; for this is giving up a portion of our time to eternity, which is a greater abſurdity than ſending preſents to Crœſus, or pouring water into the ocean.

EXPENSE.

1. All expenſive feelings and ſenſations to be ſubdued; ſuch as compaſſion, generoſity, patriotiſm, and public ſpirit.

2. The money beſtowed on horſes to be ſaved out of the education of our children; they are therefore to be ſent to ſchool where the cheapeſt bargain can be made for them.

3. To baniſh hoſpitality from our boſoms, and to aſk the company of our friends for the ſake of pillaging them at play, and in a view to the *douceurs* which they in courſe leave behind them, and which we divide with our ſervants.

4. To

4. To ſacrifice comfort to oſtentation in every article of life; to go without ſubſtantial conveniences for the ſake of ſhining ſuperfluities; to be mean and ſordid under the roſe, that we may look like prodigals in public; and to live like beggars in ſecret, to glitter like princes abroad.

5. To abandon all poor relations, and to make preſents only to thoſe who are much richer than ourſelves, in the expectation of being gainers at laſt.

6. To be loud againſt the ingratitude of the poor, which we have never experienced; and to reſerve our charity for deſerving objects, which we are determined never to acknowledge.

7. To be active and forward in ſpeculative ſchemes of charity, which we are well aſſured can never take place; while we are ſilently raiſing our rents, to the ruin of diſtreſſed families.

8. To paſs by the door of famine with our money glued to our pockets; while, to ſee a new dancer at the opera in the evening, we draw our purſe-ſtrings as generouſly as princes.

9. To repair to the houſe of diſtreſs, not to diſſipate our money in common-place acts of compaſſion and generoſity, but to extort good bargains from hunger and neceſſity, and to purchaſe, at cheap rates, the laſt valuable relics of periſhing fortunes.

10. To be laviſh of kind ſpeeches, which coſt nothing; and to lament, when death has come in relief to miſery, that the circumſtances of ſo melancholy a caſe were not known to us in time, to afford us the luxury of exerciſing our humanity.

LEARNING AND MORALITY.

1. To become a member of two or three learned ſocieties; for thus we maintain the title of philoſopher, at the cheap rate of a few guineas a year.

2. Inſtead of collecting a library, to belong to a reading-club, where one book may ſerve many perſons,

ſons, and where the waiter takes the reſponſibility of choice off our hands, and contracts to ſupply books as he uſually does cards.

3. A cheap ſyſtem of morality may be collected from the introductory parts of advertiſements, which may do for ourſelves and children. For inſtance—ſome fine ſentiments on the paſſions may be found in the advertiſement of the Cyprian Preventive. The Dumb Dolly, or a machine for waſhing, is recommended by ſome lively remarks on the ſaving of time. An elegant preface on parental duties, uſhers in the famous pills for conception. The great fecundity of nature is a natural theme of admiration in the advertiſement of the Perſian powder for lice. The contagion of bad communication is very forcibly deſcanted upon by the inventor of the antivariolique bags, againſt the infection of the ſmall-pox, &c. A ſincere believer in future rewards and puniſhments conſcientiouſly recommends his elaſtic *deſiderata*. The advantages of exerciſe are ſet forth very pointedly in recommendation of a plaſter for corns. The inventor of the *aqua mirifica* for the eye, has not forgotten to expatiate on the tendency which the contemplation of Nature's works has to open and expand the mind.

Theſe valuable paſſages contain all the morality neceſſary to a man of *faſhion*. The rumbling of his carriage will ſoon ſhake them together, ſo as to form them into a compacted ſyſtem; and ſo furniſhed, he will ſoon acquire the title of a great philoſopher—in his *own circles*.

DEMADES: A CHARACTER.

DEMADES is a perſon of great property, and has an undoubted ſhare of good nature; he looks on nothing with ſo much abhorrence as the character of a covetous man; and, rather than be thought to want hoſpitality,

hoſpitality, would make his whole neighbourhood ſwim in an ocean of Madeira. Nothing can be more coſtly than his furniture and his liveries; all his appointments are magnificent; and it is not eaſy to excel him in the ſplendour of his entertainments. But Demades makes but a ſorry figure in the midſt of all this profuſion, with which he is evidently overſtocked and encumbered; he lets you perceive in a moment how high he rates the honour he has done you, and takes eſpecial care that no part of his magnificence ſhall eſcape your notice; which if it appear to dazzle you, he cannot help betraying the delight your embarraſſment affords him, in a ſmile of exultation. As this ſort of feeling in his gueſts is conſidered by him as the moſt unequivocal praiſe that can be offered to him, he is ſolicitous to produce it as often as poſſible, by playing off his grandeur before men of broken fortunes and bluſhing indigence. Thus it is a rule with him to propoſe a dozen ſorts of wine to a man who he knows has never taſted but two, and is charmed with his perplexity of choice, and miſtakes of pronunciation. His table, for the ſame reaſon, is filled with foreign diſhes, "of exquiſiteſt name," and of moſt ambiguous forms; and you might fancy yourſelf at ſupper with Lucullus, on fattened thruſhes and the cranes of Malta. Moſt of his diſhes have ſuch formidable names, that few care to riſk the ridicule of their hoſt, by venturing to aſk for them: and if they name them rightly, it is ten to one but they blunder in eating them, which anſwers equally well to the facetious entertainer. If any thing is particularly rare and out of ſeaſon, you are told how much it coſt before you touch it, ſo that you eat it with a ſort of grudge, and with that feeling which diſappoints the reliſh of the richeſt dainties. This ham was ſent him from Weſtphalia; this pickle was prepared from the receipt of an Italian count; this wine was imported

for him by the Spaniſh ambaſſador; the veniſon he killed himſelf; the pig was fed with cheſnuts and apples. Every thing has its hiſtory: his potatoes are not common potatoes, they are the potatoes of Demades; they have an anecdote belonging to them—touch one, and you will hear it. His apartments are replete with every imaginable contrivance for elegance and accommodation; but his manners render it plain that they are there, not for your convenience, but your admiration. Whatever you touch, taſte, or uſe, you cannot forget for a moment who is its owner. Egotiſm, and a certain ſtamp of property and poſſeſſion, accompany all his acts, and characterize all his phraſes. *My* is a monoſyllable never omitted, and always emphatic: thus, it is *my* doors, *my* hinges, *my* coals, and *my* carpet. Touch his poker, and you will preſently feel that it belongs to Demades. You may always know in what part of the room Demades is ſeated, without the trouble of looking for him; for, beſides a magiſterial cough, his voice is the loudeſt in the company; and if he moves, you are ſure it is Demades, for ſome ceremony attends upon every act, that marks it for his own. He breathes with a certain emphaſis; he has a motion more than any man preſent in uſing his handkerchief; there is a ſupererogatory flouriſh in his manner of drinking your health; his glaſs makes a turn or two extraordinary in its journey to his lips; and in ſeating himſelf in his chair, the toe of his right foot deſcribes on the floor a ſemicircle with the other—that is to ſay, he does it with a ſwing, that ſhows him to be the maſter of the houſe, and the chair to be his own. Thus, altogether, his entertainment is the grandeſt and the meaneſt, his viands the beſt and the worſt in the world.

SPECIMEN OF AN INTENDED HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF A HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE; REPRESENTING THE LIFE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS SON OF WALDRON.

NOW went forth the ſpirit of plunder. The gigantic forms of depredation, which at this time ſubjected the perſons and pockets of the metropolis to the hands and hangers of the marauder, naturally rivets our attention to the exploits of the ſon of Henry Waldron, in whom, under the wily alias of George Barrington, I darkly contemplate the father of that ſpecies of clandeſtine rapine which diſjoins the inconveniencies of robbery from its terrors, and conſiſts in the inſinuation of the finger or the hook into our perſonal coffers, and recovering them triumphant with the ſpoils of the inſenſible benefactor. This furtive aſſeſſment upon property does not, on a firſt view, appear worthy of the tranſcendant abilities of the freebooter of Kildare: but whatever underwent the touch of Midas became gold; and the tranſmuting intellect of Barrington inveſted with ſyſtem and with ſcience an art which had hitherto been regarded, by the more learned and more adventurous in the ſchools of Mercury, with contemptuous indifference, and was by them conſigned to the noviciates of their lawleſs fraternity. Darting a keener glance into the occupation which was at once to dignify and degrade his future day, this plunderer of the Weſt was probably fired by thoſe very diſcouragements which would have depreſſed a leſs towering altitude of genius; and diſcerned, through the ſhades of ignominy, a harveſt of glory, in a proportion inverſe to the fertility of the ſoil in which it was to be reared.

Armed with ſuch confidence and ſuch ambition, now walked forth the Adventurer of Ireland, ſealing his ears to the ſyren ſolicitations of more honourable employs; ſpurned with unhallowed contempt the proffered patronage of the Pontiff of Leixlip, and the hope of hiſtrionic eminence with which a ſucceſsful appearance in the part of Jaffier had ſaluted his dawn. The metropolis of Hibernia was the ſcene of his predatory exploits no longer than till the maturity of habit had ſucceeded to the crudities of unpractiſed timidity. The ripeneſs of his art co-operating with a few inſtances of detection, ſent him, fraught with preſages of victory, againſt the capital of Albion; and the year 1773 will be connected, through the lapſe of ages, with the firſt appearance of the Son of Waldron on the ſhores of Britain. The giant capacities of genius are awake at thoſe hours and in thoſe ſituations wherein minds of a plebeian mould ſhould reſign themſelves to the torpors of ſlumber; and the tedious interval which was paſſed in the Dorſet yacht was made conducive to the promotion of his future hopes, by laying the faithleſs foundation of a felonious friendſhip with one of the copartners of his voyage.

A tale of wealth and anceſtry was fabricated by our child of fortune, for the purpoſe of lulling ſuſpicion into ſecurity, and conciliating doubt into confidence. The latter of theſe pretenſions was of a nature ſufficiently unſubſtantial to elude the fear of detection; but as the former was to be corroborated by external evidences, and as a ſolitary ſcore of guineas was the only baſis on which it could at this early epoch of his life be erected, it became neceſſary to make an inſtantaneous appeal to his mighty abilities. His firſt ſucceſſes held the world in awe; England trembled at the name of Barrington; and the march of the Hero of Hibernia was every where marked with perſonal depredations.

predations. From the winter ſolſtice to the equinox of ſpring, he proſecuted a ſeries of exploits unequalled in craft and ingenuity among the ſons of Adam. The walls of Ranelagh were the ſcene of his maiden claims upon the involuntary contributions of the public; and in the tranſient revolution of a ſingle evening, a Knight of the Bath, nine Peers of the realm, and five others of the brighteſt luminaries in the globe of faſhion, were reduced, by the fingers of the Son of Waldron, to the neceſſity of inquiring the hour of the night from thoſe of their friends in whoſe fobs he had ſtill left the ſources of information.

The magic of the fœneratorial rod was not wanting for the purpoſes of converting his watches into wealth; and his intimacy with his fellow-voyager of the Dorſet yacht was ſupported with the glittering robberies of Ranelagh. But the gratitude of the depredator of Hibernia walked forth with unequal pace by the ſide of his emoluments. This friend of the Dorſet yacht, and the friends of this friend, and every collateral relative, were laid under contribution to the unaſking neceſſities of the pupil of Mercury. At their nocturnal meetings he ſilently contemplated his gains amid the unſuſpicious joys of Bacchus; and promoted a full flow of hilarity, not as an aid to wit, or as an antidote to care, but as a ſoporific to ſuſpicion, that his hand might find a facile entrance into thoſe favourite haunts of his divinity, the pocket and the fob.

But theſe ſubaltern modes of chicane, however they might relieve his neceſſities or ſupply his prodigality, could by no means ſaturate his ambition. He was an eagle, that aſpired rather to the perilous glory of a victory over the vulture, than to the ſafe luxury of a meal upon the dove; and the Court of the Britiſh Potentate was to be the ſcene of his proudeſt achievements in this field of adventure. The eccleſiaſtical

habit, not now aſſumed for the firſt time as a ſcreen to the plots of the plunderer, furniſhed him with a paſſport to the preſence of Majeſty; and a Lord of the Council unconſciouſly reſigned to the felonious hand of the Hibernian the glittering enſign of his Order. Nor was a leſs ſum than 800*l.* which was delivered in exchange for the trophy of St. James's, the reward of that audacity and adroitneſs, of which the detection would have tragically terminated in the priſon and the halter.

But the wide and ſtill widening limits of the Britiſh Peerage were not commenſurate to the reach of his predatory ambition; and Prince Orlow, of whom the Empreſs had teſtified her eſtimation by the gift of a ſnuff-box of ineſtimable price, could not long retain this ſplendid pledge of Imperial predilection within the domain of this triumphant arch-plunderer; and the Queen of the Ruſſias had nearly paid a tribute to the Prince of pickpockets, through the reluctant medium of the Hyperborean Peer.

But Fortune, who does not always crown with ſucceſs the enterpriſes of the warrior, or the benevolences of the ſaint, may well be imagined to countermine the ſnares of the felon; and the favourite of Catherine, by a ſeaſonable detection of the transfer, recovered the power of dazzling Engliſh eyes with the munificence of his Queen. On his day of trial, the ſubtlety of his defence, and the lenity of Orlow, procured his eſcape from the penal conſequences of his boldneſs. But the notoriety both of the attempt and its diſcovery, ſo cloſely rivetted on him the ſcrutiny of the public, that for one year and nine days he ſequeſtered himſelf from the unhallowed haunts of plunder; and, ſubſiſting on the fruits of former ſpoils, beguiled the interregnum of diſhoneſty by reſuming that attention to literary amuſements which he had ſucceſsfully cultivated, ere the luſt of larceny had ſwallowed up the

the calmer pleaſures of the pen and the page. But the influence of the *belles lettres* was ſhed in vain on his licentious nature; and the opportunity of appropriating the contents of his landlord's till was found too powerful for the ſenſe either of ſafety or compunction.

The dikes of a ſtream once removed, its courſe is not eaſily recalled within its priſtine bounds; and he now returned, with appetite proportioned to the length of his faſt, to the practices of manual conveyance. But he had wearied the liberality of Fortune; and the clandeſtine capture of a ſilver time-piece ſent the Son of Waldron to one of thoſe ſcenes of compulſory labour, where, in the diſpoſal of his time, neither the choice nor the genius of the labourer is conſulted. Now walked forth to the hulks of Woolwich the adventurer of Ireland; and the ſpade and the mattock were the rugged implements that now filled that hand which had hitherto revelled in the ſoft and eaſy labour of ſoliciting the watch, and diving into the rich receſſes of the pocket.

The humanity of the ſuperintendant of the convicts, in concurrence with the ſedulous activity of the degraded miniſter of ſecret rapine, abridged the term of his confinement, which, from three years, was reduced to one third of the original number; at the expiration whereof he was once again let looſe upon ſociety, notorious in his perſon, enfeebled in his frame, and diſcarded from his creditable connexions: yet was he not the more reduced in ſpirits, or leſs determined to proſecute anew his career of depredation. But frequent detection will engender caution, though it conquer not our reſolution; and, although he abated not the frequency, he redoubled the ſecrecy, and refined upon the ſubtlety of his thefts. Of the latter quality, an inſtance may be adduced, for which we ſhall in

vain ſeek a parallel in the annals of readineſs and ingenuity.

As he was one day prowling for his prey in the ways of the metropolis, his eye encountered a diſtant multitude, to which, as to the field of victory, he triumphantly advanced. Urging his paſſage through the preſs, he dimly diſcovered in the centre a gentleman who had dropped in ſudden death. He ſprung forward with agonized impatience, gazed with affected horror on the pallid viſage of the apoplectic victim, and "Great God! my uncle! my uncle!" was the burſting exclamation which drew on him the wonder and compaſſion of the ſurrounding throng. "In the name of mercy," continued the hypocrite of Kildare, "in the name of mercy, procure me a hackney or other conveyance, that I may bear away and honour with the laſt gloomy offices of unperiſhing affection the remains of the brother of my father." His urgent entreaties were humanely complied with, and the dead and the living entered at once into the chariot, while to the charioteer the latter of the two, with faltering accents, notified the place of his melancholy deſtination.

We have already ſeen that to the collector of Ireland a voyage or a journey was not, as to others, an interval of relaxation; the precious moments were now devoted to the lucrative labour of ſtripping from the carcaſe of his ſilent uncle, his now needleſs appurtenances; and the handkerchief of the defunct was made the receiver of the perſonal property of the abrupt expirer. Scarce completed was the ſpoliation, ere the chariot and the charioteer arrived at the gates of a chirurgeon, to which he had clandeſtinely directed the ſon of Jehu. A purloiner of the ordinary rate of ability would have remained exultingly content with having thus far ſucceeded in his mighty machinations: but not in theſe imperfect depredations do I recogniſe the

the Son of Waldron. It was reſerved for the pick-pocket of Ireland, after having feigned the ties of affinity with an unknown carcaſe, and forced from it an illegal inheritance, to round this maſter-ſtroke of chicane, by conſigning the body, for a ſtipulated purchaſe, to the blade of the anatomiſt.

But the moſt brilliant ſucceſſes of the felon only lead to a confidence that terminates in diſcovery; and the plain of Enfield was deſtined, perhaps, to be the laſt ſcene of his violations of property upon Engliſh ground. A palpable detection of his hand in invading the ſob of an Engliſh Commoner, occaſioned primarily his ſeizure, and finally his conviction. As his ſpirit never ſunk with his circumſtances, he incurred not the ſentence of tranſportation without vigorous efforts for its prevention; and as eloquence was not leſs eminently his talent than manual dexterity, he neglected not, when ſummoned to his defence, to appeal to the paſſions of the jury and his auditors. Eloquence, the ſubſtitute of honeſty, decks itſelf in its robes of purity only to conſummate its impoſitions; and Barrington imagined, by his rhetorical efforts, to hoodwink with a new bandage the eye of Juſtice. But his oratory turned againſt itſelf; and he forgot, in his hour of affliction, that he was provoking ſtill further the clamours of an indignant public, by evincing the poſſeſſion of thoſe powers, a more politic direction of which might have tranſplanted him from the bar of the culprit to the bench of the biſhop.

The Recorder of England's capital, whoſe ſombrous lips were the vehicle of his ſentence, omitted not to impreſs on the mind of the offender this deep aggravation of his criminality; and a rumour went forth, that the tears of the penitent pickpocket of Kildare were wiped with a cambric trophy of former achievements. At this hour I mentally deſcry him in the Bay of Botany, either realizing the profeſſions of

contrition which he held forth in his defence, and a ſaint among his fallen aſſociates, or employing the interval of his ſeptennial exile in deviſing new forms of fraud, new artifices of concealment, or new immunities from juſtice.

Thus in one dark day was crumbled into duſt the grandeur of the Hero of Hibernia; and as he moved along, melancholy and ſlow, the hall of juſtice, there ran along the dome a collective ſigh, that ſtole from the boſoms of maids, and wives, and widows—a deſponding hoſt—while it was the common conſent of all who aſſiſted at the ſpectacle, that the ſorrowing Son of Waldron had more the appearance of an emiſſary ſent forth on the pious errand of propagating the goſpel, or a new biſhop on his way to the ſacerdotal throne, with the prelatical *nolo* in his mouth, than the culprit of Kildare, tranſported by the Recorder of the capital of Albion, to the realm of rogues in the Southern Main.

ON THE ABUSE OF THE TITLE OF ESQUIRE.

THAT the honours of nobility may, even by creation, as well as natural deſcent, fall upon unworthy perſons, is a fact which it would be fooliſh to deny, becauſe it would be impoſſible; and which it would be weak to repine at, becauſe it is the fate of all inſtitutions not to be able to exclude certain abuſes. A profeſſion is not leſſened in the eyes of a ſenſible man, becauſe an unworthy perſon has been admitted into it; and with all the faults of individual noblemen, it will be found, that the inſtitution of the peerage has been the nurſe of patriotiſm and public virtue, and impreſſes the mind with a kind of ſuperior caution againſt vice, cowardice, and perfidy, which the general maſs of mankind are without. It is not, however, my intention, in the following obſervations, to interfere at all

all on ſpeculative queſtions on the advantages or diſadvantages of created or hereditary nobility; but to point out the abſurd abuſe of a title, which, from vanity and fooliſh complaiſance, has been ſo generally extended, as to loſe its dignity, and become almoſt a term of reproach.

The title I mean is that of *Eſquire*, appended to the name by the common abbreviation *Eſq.* Let us conſider what this title was originally, and what it legally is, and we ſhall ſoon be convinced, that the indiſcriminate uſe of it is totally without foundation upon any known law, or ſource of honour. In this part of my ſubject, I am principally, though not altogether, aſſiſted by the learned author of "Commentaries on the Laws of England."

Eſquires are ſaid, by Camden, to conſiſt of four claſſes: 1. The eldeſt ſons of knights, and their eldeſt ſons in perpetual ſucceſſion. 2. The eldeſt ſons of younger ſons of peers, and their eldeſt ſons in like perpetual ſucceſſion; both which ſpecies of eſquires, Sir Henry Spelman entitles *armigeri natalitii*. 3. Eſquires created by the king's letters patent, or other inveſtiture; and their eldeſt ſons. 4. Eſquires by virtue of their office; as juſtices of the peace, and others, who may bear any office of truſt under the crown. To theſe may be added the eſquires of the knights of the bath, each of whom conſtitutes three at his inſtallation; and all foreign, and even Iriſh peers; for not only theſe, but the eldeſt ſons of peers of Great Britain, though frequently titular lords, are only eſquires in law, and muſt be ſo named in all legal proceedings. It may be obſerved, however, that the firſt two diſtinctions or claſſes, enumerated by Camden, have long ceaſed to exiſt; for the title of knight gives not the title of eſquire to the eldeſt ſon, who may perhaps be a common, and often a low mechanic, and muſt, accord-

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ing to the ſtatute 1 Hen. V. c. 5. be deſignated by his myſtery or trade, in all writs, &c.

Eſquires and *gentlemen* are confounded together by Sir Edward Coke, who obſerves, that every eſquire is a gentleman, and a gentleman is defined to be one *qui arma gerit*, who bears coat-armour, the grant of which adds gentility to a man's family. "It is indeed," ſays Blackſtone, "a matter ſomewhat unſettled, what conſtitutes the diſtinction, or who is a real *eſquire*; for it is not an eſtate, however large, that confers this rank upon its owner. But to the liſt given above, the following may be added: mayors of towns, counſellors at law, ſerjeants of the ſeveral offices of the king's court, and other officers of note. Theſe are all entitled to be called eſquires, and none others."

The title of Eſquire, therefore, like all other titles, proceeds directly, or indirectly, from the king as the fountain of all honour, and it can be conferred by no other perſon, nor aſſumed by any perſon from vanity or caprice. But if this be the law, how ſtrangely different is the practice of modern times! Tradeſmen and mechanics, of all deſcriptions, confer this title upon each other; and many do not even ſcruple to write *eſquire* to their names in books of ſubſcription. But no individual in this kingdom (his Majeſty only excepted) can confer any title; and if fooliſh cuſtom or complaiſance allow men to dub each other eſquires, an equally fooliſh and equally well-founded cuſtom may, in time, induce them to prefix the title *honourable* to their names. If caprice is to govern in one thing, it may in all; for caprice is boundleſs, and human vanity will always furniſh it with an apology.

But mechanics and tradeſmen are not the only perſons who aſſume the title *Eſquire* without the right to it. The higher orders of commercial men, ſuch as *merchants* and *bankers*, aſſume it with no better title; nor can the landed intereſt prove that they have a ſuperior

perior claim: for, as Blackſtone obſerves, an eſtate, however large, does not confer this rank upon its owner. But, in flat contradiction to thoſe of honour, how many thouſand eſquires does this nation contain*! Beſide perſons concerned in trade, it is aſſumed by every man who has no viſible means of living, and who therefore calls himſelf a *gentleman*, and is by others denominated an eſquire. Even debtors in gaol are frequently addreſſed by this title; and I recollect to have ſeen, in a newſpaper, under the head of Old Bailey Intelligence, the "Trial of George Barrington, *Eſquire*," the moſt infamous pickpocket and thief that ever diſgraced a good underſtanding. Is not this enough to ſicken us of *Squireſhip*?

Low mechanics retired from buſineſs, and who repair to Hampſtead or Hackney, to doze away the remainder of their lives in ſolitude which they cannot improve, or diverſions of which they cannot partake, are to a man *Eſquires*.—It was ſaid above, that perſons enjoying patent places under the king, or officers of municipal adminiſtration, are entitled to the rank and title of Eſquire; ſuch as commiſſioners of the cuſtoms, exciſe, comptrollers, &c. To render this as ridiculous as poſſible, we find the title of *Eſquire* almoſt always beſtowed on perſons who enjoy the *high office* of *Stewards* to tavern dinners. Whether they enjoy this title only *durante officio*, or for life, with remainder to their eldeſt ſons, I know not; but his Ma-

* The author of the Tatler, in No. 19, ſays: "To the utter diſgrace and confuſion of the heralds, every pretender is admitted into this fraternity (of ſquires), even perſons the moſt foreign to this courteous inſtitution. I have taken an inventory of all within this city, and looked over every letter in the Poſt-office, for my better information. There are of the Middle Temple, including all in the buttery books, and in the liſts of the houſe, five thouſand: in the Inner, four thouſand. In the King's-bench Walks, the whole buildings are inhabited by Eſquires only, &c." Steele purſues the ſubject in a happy vein of irony, and I beg to refer my readers to the paper.

jeſty's gift appears to loſe conſiderably of its value, ſince his privilege of conferring honours can be aſſumed by *Codgers*, *Odd Fellows*, and *Eaſy Johns!*

If the queſtion be aſked, why the title of *Eſquire* is thus confounded, and rendered common to the meaneſt as well as the greateſt, I know of no anſwer but by referring to *vanity*; a principle in our nature too often powerful enough to acquire the maſtery over reaſon and common ſenſe. There is often a very great degree of vanity in oſtentatiouſly proclaiming the titles to which we have a right; and it is perhaps always a ſign of weakneſs to value ourſelves on names, which abſtractedly imply no intellectual merit and no ſuperior virtue. But to aſſume a title to which we have no right, is an uncommon degree of arrogance; and to be proud of it, may, without any breach of Chriſtian charity, be denominated a very great defect in the underſtanding. It is, indeed, a ſpecies of childiſhneſs; for we obſerve that children are remarkably fond of "playing at lords, dukes, generals, and judges;" mimicking the conſequence which they conceive to be attached to ſuch elevated ranks.

To a man fond of the title of Eſquire, I would perhaps addreſs myſelf in terms like theſe: "You have been dubbed *Eſquire*, by perſons who have not the power to confer the title upon you. Here is one who wrote you down Eſquire, becauſe you appeared well dreſt; your title, therefore, conſiſts in externals, and the taylor is *your* fountain of honour. There is another man who addreſſes you Eſquire on the cover of his letter, and he wants to borrow money of you; your beſt method will be to addreſs him Eſquire, and refuſe the requeſt; for a title, which confers no merit, is dearly bought by a dividend of ſixpence in the pound. But perhaps you may ſay, If a man addreſſes me as *Eſquire*, I cannot do leſs than return the compliment; common politeneſs requires it. Very true; and depend

pend upon it, he expects it; for he knows that common politeneſs will have weight with you, though common ſenſe has none with him. But if you are yourſelf fond of this title, let me mention a circumſtance which ought, in ſome meaſure, to leſſen its charms. All titles are eſtimable in proportion to their ſuperiority, as all metals are valuable in proportion to their ſcarcity. Now, as the title of *Eſquire* is at preſent beſtowed upon five hundred times more perſons than it was thirty years ago, and is becoming every day more common, you may perceive that a time is approaching when it will be *univerſal*, and an equality of Eſquireſhip will prevail. You will then be on a level with the maſs of mankind, and your out-door clerk will be as good a ſquire as yourſelf. The title then will loſe its value, and be as common and *contemptible* as *Miſter* is now in the eyes of you *Eſquires*. This conſideration, ſince it is an appeal to vanity, which is the parent of promiſcuous eſquires, ought to be well attended to; for what reſource will then be left to you? I cannot ſuppoſe that you will become ſelf-created Knights, or Baronets; for the law will not allow you, unleſs you can ſet up the plea inſanity or idiotiſm; but let me tell you, in the mean time, that by being pleaſed with the title of Eſquire, which does not belong to you, you ſhare very much in the temper and diſpoſition of that late ſelf-created Knight Sir Jeffrey Dunſtan."

To all this the reply may be, that a merchant, banker, or *gentleman*, who is commonly ſtyled *Eſquire*, might be offended if any perſon of my way of thinking were to degrade him to plain *Miſter*. And this, in all probability, would be the caſe with many; for where a certain reverence is generally paid to a man, to withhold it marks a difference of opinion that may eaſily be conſtrued into contempt or diſreſpect. Where there is danger that this may be the caſe, it may be

prudent

I was, Sir, for many years, the humble friend of Chriſtopher Noddy, Eſq. who having at an early age embarked in buſineſs, was, by one of thoſe unaccountable turns of fortune which ſometimes happen in the city of London, poſſeſſed of fifty thouſand pounds before the age of forty. He now gave over all thoughts of buſineſs; and, reſolving to make amends for the mental reſtrictions to which his mercantile life had hitherto confined him, bought a houſe a few miles from London, and gave a looſe to his natural lively diſpoſition, with a full determination to become a profeſſed man of wit. To accompliſh this great end, he proceeded to furniſh his library with all thoſe writers who he thought could in any way aſſiſt him. Pope, Swift, Voltaire, La Fontaine, Boileau, Lucian, and Ariſtophanes, compoſed his more ſerious ſtudies; and Tom Brown, Joe Miller, Killigrew, George Alexander Stevens, Colman, Thornton, and all the facetious modern writers, down to the Merry Jeſter, Comus's Court, and Pills to purge Melancholy, contributed to the amuſement of his lighter moments.

By a ſtrict attention to the object of his purſuit, he in proceſs of time attained popularity enough to gratify his moſt ſanguine wiſhes. Every ear liſtened with delight to the ſprightlineſs of his ſallies, and every tongue was buſied in his praiſes. He became the idol of all the clubs to which he belonged; and many a veteran, who had hitherto preſided as Grand Maſter of the Order of Jeſters, felt his throne totter beneath him. It was a matter of ſurpriſe to all his acquaintance how human ability could maintain ſuch a fund of merriment, and give birth to ſuch a number of, what they thought, impromptu's: but I, who had an opportunity of being behind the ſcenes, could obſerve the ſtrings and pullies employed to give effect to thoſe pantomimical tricks which extorted ſuch peals of laughter from the ignorant ſpectators. Bayes, in The Rehearſal,

Rehearſal, talks of taking phyſic to become a wit; I cannot ſay that Mr. Noddy literally followed his practice; but I can venture to affirm, that no courtezan ever took half the pains to decorate her perſon for the adventures of the night, that my honoured patron did to ſecure himſelf a conſpicuous ſeat among "the ſons of ſound ſenſe and ſatisfaction." Many a voluminous publication have I been obliged to turn over, that I might aſſiſt him in culling and ſublimating a fit offering to be laid upon the altar of Apollo. I always carried about with me a memorandum-book, to put down any good thing I might chance to hear in ſociety, and forwarded it to Mr. Noddy, who, with more than gipſy roguery, diſcoloured it a little, and boldly made it paſs for his own. I was generally placed on his left hand at public tables, to be ready either to lead the laugh, or aſſiſt his memory; occaſionally to put the queſtion that led to the happy reply; to ſpill the ſauce, which gave occaſion to the facetious obſervation; to pimp for puns, and cater for conceits; in ſhort, continually to draw the converſation to the particular point which furniſhed a ludicrous chain of images and illuſtrations.

By theſe and ſimilar practices, I not only ingratiated myſelf with my patron; but, from having no ſmall ſhare of ſucceſs myſelf in the ſame line (though I never practiſed in the preſence of Mr. Noddy), was filled with an ardent deſire for attaining the ſame ſpecies of fame, and looked forward with delight to the time when I ſhould ſhine forth an acknowledged leader in the regions of mirth and humour.

In the midſt of theſe Utopian viſions my patron died, from having broken a blood-veſſel in a violent fit of laughter at one of his own jokes (for he was always generous enough to lead the laugh on thoſe occaſions). My affliction at his death was not immoderate, for I looked forward not only to a conſiderable legacy, but

alſo to ſucceeding him in his intellectual eminence. In the former of theſe expectations I was quickly diſappointed; for, whether I had diſguſted him by a competition in trade, or omitted to time my laugh at one of his favourite ſtories, certain it is, I found myſelf totally overlooked in his will, in favour of an obſcure poet, whoſe only merit conſiſted in having addreſſed an ode to Mr. Noddy, beginning, "Hail! happy child of ridicule!" It was not long, however, before I found myſelf deceived in a proſpect which intereſted me much more nearly. The cuſtomary time of ſecluded ſorrow having elapſed, I made my appearance at our favourite club with the ludicrous ſolemnity of viſage, which I had preconcerted, in order to raiſe a laugh; but all were as grave as mutes at a funeral. I was not much ſurpriſed at this, for I imagined they miſtook my mock ſorrow for reality; in which ſuppoſition I determined quickly to undeceive them. I rehearſed, in my beſt manner, my patron's favourite ſtory of Lucy Willis and the Turkiſh Ambaſſador, at which I remembered the club had, in Mr. Noddy's time, laughed thirty times at leaſt. To my utter aſtoniſhment not an individual ſmiled: one ſhrugged his ſhoulders; another cried, "Well, and what then?"—While a third ſaid, he remembered Kit Noddy to have told that ſtory; "But, alas!" added he with a ſigh, "we ne'er ſhall look upon his like again." I was not yet quite diſcouraged, but determined, by way of το καλον, to treat them with a little buffoonery. For which purpoſe I ſwallowed a mouthful of ſoup ſcalding hot; I mixed upon my plate ſyllabub and anchovy ſauce; I miſtook a pie of raiſed cruſt, manufactured by Wedgwood, for one fabricated by the baker: ſtill the company preſerved the ſame provoking gravity. With a moſt laudable diſintereſtedneſs, in a pretended fit of abſence, I joſtled the arm of the water as he was conveying a butter-boat from the table, by which means I received

I received the contents upon the collar of my new coat: ſtill, alas! I received no applauſe, though I remembered in my patron's lifetime to have excited ſhouts of merriment by ſimilar feats of dexterity. In ſhort, it was not till after repeated diſappointments, and ſeveral very plain hints, that I diſcovered all my air-blown bubbles to have burſt, and that with my imputed fortune I had loſt all my imputed facetiouſneſs. I now wander about the town, with a large ſtock of wit on hand, and literally "*meo ſum pauper in ære.*"

In this emergence, Mr. Editor, I have applied to you, in hopes that you will make my caſe known, and point out ſome mode of relief. Let me beſeech you, Sir, to tell my former admirers that I have as much wit as when my patron was alive, and indeed rather more, from having ſucceeded to his ſtock in trade. Expatiate upon the folly of meaſuring a man's wit by his three per cents; tell them, though "my houſe, and land, and all is ſpent," yet ſtill my mirth-provoking talents are "moſt excellent;" inform them, that a collection of jeſts cannot be diminiſhed by a ſtatute of bankruptcy, any more than by a ſtatute of lunacy, and urge the barbarity and impolicy of their conduct, if, while ſeven years are ſufficient to enable a ſhoemaker or weaver to ſet up for himſelf, the hapleſs wit, after a whole life ſpent in an arduous apprenticeſhip, is ſuffered to wander about, with "the world all before him," unpitied, unrelieved, and unknown.

I am, &c.

EUTRAPELUS.

THE

THE CASE OF MALACHI MILKY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I AM one of thoſe milky creatures, who go about continually "ſeeking whom they may *aſſiſt* and *relieve*." I am ſo ſenſible of the impreſſions of external objects, that my affections are ſeized by every trivial calamity that occurs to others. In the exerciſe of this propenſity, I am daily impoſed on, and ſometimes to a very large amount; I have narrowly eſcaped even corporal puniſhment, for the exertion of my beſt endeavours to redreſs the grievances of thoſe whom I thought to be injured or neglected.

I entertained from my infancy, a thorough deteſtation of falſehood: you muſt not therefore accuſe me of vanity when I aſſure you that, in my whole life, I never once deviated from the line of truth: this diſpoſition naturally led me to think every one a man of veracity, like myſelf; but ſorry am I to inform you, Mr. Editor, that nineteen in twenty of them were cheats and ſwindlers. So many tricks have been played upon me by theſe ſpecious ſharks, that I have (to adopt a familiar phraſe) almoſt reduced my noble to nine-pence: ſtill, however, I am daily performing acts of kindneſs and compaſſion, if they come within the compaſs of my reduced and ſcanty income. To mention all the ſnares and traps which have been ſucceſsfully laid for me, would fill a folio volume; I ſhall therefore only relate ſome recent matters, which have chagrined and embarraſſed me exceedingly.

A gentleman with a whole ſuite of ſervants, took an elegant ready-furniſhed houſe in my neighbourhood, and having perhaps heard me talked of as a good-natured man, kindly invited me to his houſe, and introduced me to his wife and daughter, (fine elegant women!)

men!) Proud of being noticed by a very capital merchant, as he pretended to be, I expreſſed an anxious deſire to become acquainted with him, which he obligingly condeſcended to comply with. In the ſpace of about three days, this accompliſhed merchant, accompanied by another well-dreſſed man, produced a bill to me (properly ſtamped and drawn as I thought), requeſting me to diſcount it. Though it had little leſs than two months to run, I did not accept of a penny intereſt, but gave him the whole five hundred pounds. His companion turned out to be one of thoſe who ſay and ſwear any thing but the truth: the bill indeed was regularly honoured when due, but immediately afterwards an action was commenced againſt me for uſury. This was ſo coolly and audaciouſly ſworn to by the perjured attendant, that I was obliged to forfeit thrice the ſum (1500*l.* with treble coſts), to be divided among the plunderers as they thought proper.

Deſiring no farther tranſactions with this hopeful couple, I ſet out for home with ſome degree of precipitation, reſolving, if poſſible, not to be guilty of a ſingle act approaching to good-nature during the remainder of the day. I had not paſſed more than half the length of a ſhort ſtreet, when I beheld a fiend of a woman correcting her child in ſo unmerciful a manner, that I tore the infant from her arms, and carried it to my own manſion, with about three hundred people in my train, ſome execrating me for a meddling raſcal, and others *bepraiſing* me for taking the part of a perſecuted infant, againſt its inhuman parent. I committed the child to the care of an upper ſervant, charging her to treat it with the utmoſt tenderneſs.

As this mercy was extended towards an infant who knew no guile, I ſuppoſed no diſaſtrous circumſtance could poſſibly await it. I congratulated my feelings on their intellectual feaſt; happy beyond conception that I had been the founder of that feaſt. But I pre-

ſently diſcovered that I was a poor ſhort-ſighted mortal, and difficulties of the moſt tremendous nature were preparing for me. The termagant had applied to a magiſtrate to procure a warrant for me, which was readily granted, on her affidavit, that I had ſtolen her dearly-beloved daughter, in order to ſtrip it and ſell its clothes. I was conducted to a place of *durance vile* for the larceny charged againſt me, and ſuffered ſeven days impriſonment before I could obtain credit to my genuine unvarniſhed tale: but, my innocence at length appearing, I was diſcharged, with a reprimand, and a caution againſt engaging in any more ſuch pranks for the future. When I returned from priſon, I found the infant at my houſe, where I have fed and clothed it ever ſince, and ſhall continue to rear it as my own, if the unnatural mother ſhould not think proper to demand it from me.

I have been twice proſecuted under the dog-act of the 10 Geo. 3. c. 18. The firſt charge was, that I had unlawfully, felonioufly, and wilfully endeavoured to eſtrange the affections of a dog from his maſter, by having, with malice aforethought, endeavoured to ſeduce ſuch dog from his ſaid maſter, and at divers times and ſeaſons felonioufly fed ſuch dog with large pieces of bullock's liver, to the great danger of corrupting the fidelity of the ſaid dog, and unlawfully getting poſſeſſion of him. From this ſcrape, however, I fortunately eſcaped, becauſe the act of parliament above-mentioned, makes it penal only to *ſteal dogs*; and, fortunately for me, the animal to which I had ſhown ſo much kindneſs was a *bitch*. The ſecond time I was clearly convicted of a ſimilar offence, and fined twenty-five pounds, together with the charges previous to and attending the conviction.

When I was at Bagſhot-Heath camp, I obſerved a lady, overcome by the intenſe heat of the weather, fall upon the ground in a kind of ſwoon: I flew to her aſſiſtance,

aſſiſtance, ſeized her hands with all the force and energy I was maſter of, felt her pulſe, looſed the beads which encircled her neck, chafed her palms, and rendered her every ſervice in my power. The huſband at this inſtant appeared, and inſtead of thanking me for my civilities, gave me a violent blow under my left ear, and laid me ſprawling by the ſide of his deary; aſking me, in a menacing tone, what buſineſs I had to take ſuch indecent liberties with his wife?

Scarce had I returned to the capital, when I ſaw ſome brutal butchers dragging a dog along the ſtreets, in order to hang him, having pronounced him to be mad: touched with the impending fate of this animal, I purchaſed his life for half a crown, and took him home with me. In a few days he bit me, and, having now but too much reaſon to think his intended executioners were right in their judgment, I ſhall ſet off for Graveſend to-morrow, to be dipped in the ſalt water, being apprehenſive of the conſequences.

Believe me, Mr. Editor, I am "more ſinned againſt than ſinning." My motives are always good, but I am exceedingly unſucceſsful in my ſchemes. When I return, after having been pickled in ſalt-water, you may probably hear again from

Your moſt obedient ſervant,
MALACHI MILKY.

A BACHELOR'S NOTIONS OF MARRIAGE.

[From the European Magazine.]

MR. EDITOR,

SOME time ago I happened to be turning over Johnſon's Dictionary, when the word Bachelor caught my eye. I had the curioſity to hunt for the etymology of it, when I found that Junius derives it from Βακηλος, which ſignifies fooliſh. I muſt own the

derivation ſtartled me; for being in my own opinion a man of profound wiſdom, though a bachelor, I felt a little hurt that the fraternity, of which I have the honour to be a member, ſhould thus be wounded by the arrows of a fanciful etymologiſt. From diſliking the derivation, I proceeded to quarrel with the poſition, and to inquire whether the cap and bells may not be added to other decorations of the married head. The man who, miſled by the cunning of another, ſuffers himſelf to be drawn into a contract by which he is ruined, and the author of the calamity unhurt, is generally ſpoken of with more ridicule than compaſſion; nor do I think the ridicule would be leſſened, if the knaviſh party ſhould happen to be a woman. In other words, by marriage a man runs a greater riſk of being made a fool of, than by remaining ſingle; a fact which the annals of Weſtminſter Hall and Doctors' Commons are by no means backward in authenticating.

But there are other conſequences of marriage, which, though not ſo ruinous to happineſs as infidelity, are equally calculated to promote vexation and excite ridicule. Some of theſe conſequences will appear in the following account.

Frank Homely and myſelf were in early youth as inſeparable companions as good-humour and port wine could make us, till love, who, as the poet ſings,

> "At ſight of human ties,
> Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies,"

threatened in an evil hour to ſet us at variance. Alike in ſtudies and alike in pleaſures, the ſame arrow ſmote us both, and both became victims to the bright eyes of Miſs Rachel Barnaby, daughter of Mr. Giles Barnaby, an inconſiderable farmer in the neighbourhood. For myſelf, being a man of an invincible modeſty, I "never told my love;" content that my patient aſſiduities ſhould tell it for me. But, alas! patient

patient aſſiduities could effect little, when placed in competition with the more ſubſtantial qualifications of my friend, namely, aſſurance and three per cents. By means of theſe, Frank increaſed ſo rapidly in the damſel's good graces, that in the ſpace of two months he led her to the altar. I had, during the progreſs of my paſſion, with a prudence rarely attainable by perſons in that ſituation, concealed it from my friend; nor do I think Rachel herſelf, with all her ſex's penetration, ever once dreamt of it. Being ſoon cured of all remains of fondneſs, I ſet out on my travels, and, year after year, received from the Engliſh newſpapers the important intelligence, that the wife (I beg her pardon, the *lady)* of Francis Homely, Eſq. was delivered of a child. This brings to my mind an odd obſervation, made to me by a lady of eminence at Venice, that the Engliſh, wiſely knowing that the true wealth of a country conſiſts in its population, never fail to record the birth of a child in all their public prints. But to proceed in my ſtory.

Fourteen years had elapſed ſince the period of my quitting England, and every year had witneſſed an increaſe in the noble family of the Homelys. In that prolific houſe, the human figure might be ſeen in all its ſhapes and gradations—"ab ovo uſque ad mala"—from the infant "muling and puking in the nurſe's arms," up to the tall coquettiſh girl aping the airs of womanhood. I had not been long landed when I received a letter from Mr. Homely, acquainting me, among other things, that he had been long married to old Barnaby's daughter, Rachel, a woman "poſſeſſed of every accompliſhment to make the married ſtate happy;" that ſhe had already *bleſſed* him with ſeven ſons and ſeven daughters, as fine a ſet as ever I ſaw in my life, and that nothing was wanting to complete his felicity, but to find his friend a witneſs to it, &c. &c.

Eager to enjoy the ſight of ſo much connubial happineſs, I fixed an early day to dine with him, and buſied myſelf in the anticipation of the elegant delights which my poetic imagination figured my friend to poſſeſs. When the hour arrived, I repaired to Mr. Homely's houſe, and was ſhown into his ſtudy, which, inſtead of being furniſhed with books and maps, was ſtrewed about with go-carts, dolls, whiſtles, penny trumpets, and "cheap publications." I thought this rather ſtrange furniture for a library, and imagined that nothing ſhort of the ingenuity of the Sage of Laputa could extract food for ſtudy from ſuch a jumble of materials. Scarce had I made this reflection, when my ears were alarmed with a tremendous ſound, which, aſcending the ſtaircaſe, and burſting open the *ſtudy* door, exhibited four of my friend's ſons and ſix of his daughters, ſhouting like wild Americans, with their arms ſtrongly faſtened with cords, and urged forward by another of the hopeful race, who brandiſhed a whip over his head, and ſent forth ſounds from it which might have ſilenced the thong of a French poſtillion: this gentle paſtime, it ſeems, they called *playing at horſes*. The infant banditti had paced round the room, and thrown down three chairs in their progreſs, when the ſecond horſe in the team fell down, and was dragged by his playful aſſociates along the floor, in ſpite of his angry cries and remonſtrances. It required all the authority of their father to quell this hideous din, who ſhortly made his appearance; and, notwithſtanding the increaſed wrinkles on his brow, welcomed me by a cordial ſhake by the hand, and led me up ſtairs to the drawing-room, to introduce me to his wife. The drawing-room had diſcarded all ſuperfluous ornaments, and boaſted a negligence and plainneſs that Diogenes might not have been aſhamed of. In one corner two miſchievous urchins had torn open a new pack of cards, and were building houſes with

with them. In another ſtood a cradle and caudle-cup; while ruſh-bottomed chairs, back-boards, ſteel collars, and ſtocks, uſurped the places of candelabrums, ſilk hangings, and mirrors. On my entrance, Mrs. Homely ſhook two children from her lap, and one from her ſhoulder, and aroſe to welcome me; exhibiting to my aſtoniſhed view the once ſlender Rachel converted into a broad clumſy dame, with all the marks of premature old age. After the uſual ceremonies I took my ſeat: and now my torments commenced. One child faſtened my button with packthread to the back of the chair; another pierced the calf of my leg with a black pin; while a third inſiſted upon mounting behind me, and ſwinging by my *pigtail*. I bore theſe tortures with the firmneſs of an American captive, hoping that the call to dinner would put an end to my ſufferings. But my expectations were vain, and I queſtion whether Sancho ſuffered half the vexation that I did during the mockery of a banquet, though I confeſs my ſufferings were alleviated by obſerving that the reſt of the company came in for their ſhare. Mrs. Homely ſat at the head of the table with a rickety child on her knee, and inſiſted, like an indulgent mother as ſhe was, that nine of her numerous brood ſhould ſeat themſelves at the board, which cauſed all the din and diſturbance that I expected. Two butter-boats were overſet on the ſatin breeches of Deputy Maroon; the immaculate muſlin of Miſs Bridle was fated to receive the contents of a wine-glaſs; and, to complete the calamity, a fine leg of pork was entirely flayed, that the children might devour the ſkin, under the ſignificant name of *crackling*. My friend, not quite reconciled to matrimonial trammels, ſeemed rather diſturbed at this ſcene of folly and confuſion; but his helpmate, who had long buried politeneſs, and even decency, in the vortex of one inſtinctive paſſion, love for her offspring, was delight-

ed with the buſtle, and *would not have the poor things ſnubbed for the world.* She looked round upon her diſtorted brood with exultation, even priding herſelf upon their defects, and appeared to think that ſhe had obtained a diſpenſation from rule and reaſon, from the ſole circumſtance of having favoured the world with fourteen children.

Now, Mr. Editor, is it not a ſhame that a parcel of idle fellows ſhould ſit down and write poetical panegyrics upon "wedded love," when it is notorious that nine times out of ten the married ſtate is as I have deſcribed it? We collegians, who take our ideas of life from books, are apt to imagine that marriage is attended by all that elegant felicity which your Thomſons and your Shenſtones deſcribe. I confeſs, that at the age of nineteen ſuch was my opinion; but the caſe of my friend Homely, and twenty other caſes which I might produce, have ſince tended to diminiſh my credulity. Tell me, Sir, I entreat you, why ſhould Hymen's torch and Cupid's bow be thus eternally at variance? Show me the policy of this conduct, that one woman, elegant and ſilly, ſhould, after marriage, ſuffer her elegance to evaporate, and her ſillineſs to remain; while another, who in her virgin ſtate has charmed her admiring acquaintance with beauty, accompliſhments, and taſte, ſhould be content, when a wife, to abſorb all other qualifications in the duties of houſemaid and nurſe.

I am, &c.

SOLUS.

THE FIERY ELEMENT PERSONIFIED.

[Aſcribed to Mr. Sheridan.]

IN *poets*, all my marks you 'll ſee,
Since flaſh and ſmoke reveal me:
Suſpect me always near *Nat Lee*—
E'en *Blackmore* can't conceal me,

In

In *Milton*'s page I glow by art,
One flame intenſe and even;
In *Shakſpear's blaze!* a ſudden ſtart,
Like lightnings flaſh'd from heav'n!

In many more, as well as they,
Through various forms I ſhift;
I 'm gently lambent when I 'm *Gay*,
But brighteſt when I 'm *Swift*.

From ſmoke, ſure tidings you may get,
It can 't ſubſiſt without me;
Or find me, like ſome fond coquet,
With fifty ſparks about me.

In other forms I oft am ſeen,
In breaſts of *Young* and *Fair*;
And as the *Virtues* dwell within,
You 'll always find me there.

I with pure, piercing, brilliant gleams,
Can arm *Eliza*'s * eye!—
With modeſt, ſoft, ethereal beams,
Sweet *Mary*'s * I ſupply!

ENDYMION.

THE CONVICT.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

THE ſun was dilating his orb in the weſt;
And the ſtill ſeaſon's mellowing charm,
Diffus'd through all Nature, was felt in the breaſt,
And the breaſt became kindly and warm.
And muſt I then part from theſe objects ſo fair?
In the pain of my ſpirit I ſaid:
But, ſubduing the thought, I made haſte to repair
To the cell where the CONVICT is laid.

* Ladies Eliza and Mary Birmingham, daughters of the Earl of Louth.

The thick-ribbed walls that o'erſhadow the gate
Reſound—and the dungeons unfold.
I pauſe; and at length through the glimmering grate
That outcaſt of pity behold.
His black matted head on his boſom is bent,
And deep is the ſigh of his breath;
While with ſtedfaſt dejection his eye is intent
On the fetters that link him to death!

'T is ſorrow enough on that viſage to gaze,
That body diſmiſs'd from his care:
But my fancy has pierc'd to his heart, and pourtrays
More terrible images there.
His bones are conſum'd, and his life-blood is dried
In wiſhes the paſt to undo;
And his crime, through the pains that o'erwhelm him, deſcried,
Still blackens and grows on his view.

When from the dark ſynod, or blood-reeking field,
To his chamber the MONARCH is led,
All ſoothers of ſenſe their ſoft virtue ſhall yield,
And ſilent attention ſhall pillow his head.
If the leſs guilty CONVICT a moment ſhould doze,
And oblivion his ſortures appeaſe,
On the iron that galls him his limbs muſt repoſe
In the damp-dripping vault of diſeaſe.

When full fain he would ſleep, and has patiently tried
No longer his body to turn,
And the iron that enters ſo deep in his ſide
Has enter'd too deep to be borne;
While the jail-maſtiff howls at the dull clanking chain,
From the roots of his hair there ſhall ſtart
A thouſand ſharp punctures of cold-ſweating pain,
And terror ſhall leap at his heart!

But now he half-raiſes his deep-ſunken eye,
And the motion unſettles a tear!
It ſeems the low voice of deſpair to ſupply,
And aſks of me, why am I here?
Poor victim! no idle intruder has ſtood
With o'erweening complacence our ſtates to compare;
But one whoſe firſt wiſh is the wiſh to be good,
Is come as a brother thy ſorrows to ſhare.

At

At thy name, though Compaſſion her nature reſign,
Though in Virtue's proud mouth thy report be a ſtain,
My care, if the arm of the mighty were mine,
Would plant thee where yet thou might'ſt bloſſom again.
Vain wiſh! Yet miſdeem not that vainly I grieve—
When Vengeance has quitted her graſp on thy frame,
My pity thy children and wife ſhall reprieve
From the dangers that wait round the dwelling of ſhame.

MORTIMER.

THE CELL OF THE ATHEIST.

[From the fame.]

IN the worſt den of human miſery,
Behold the hopeleſs and forſaken wretch,
Who on the humid pavement naked lies,
Tearing his burning fleſh! Then aſk thy heart,
O little greatneſs! and let Nature's voice,
Piercing the adamantine ſhield of Pride,
Tell thee, thy victim is thy fellow, man!
Once Nature's darling, now a maniac wild!
His intellectual treaſures ſcatter'd wide,
By Perſecution's ſtrong and ruthleſs arm,
While he, an atom, ſhrinking from the ſtorm,
Flies to an unbleſs'd grave! Was it for this
His youth was paſs'd in toil—in mental toil—
The hardeſt labour? Did the claſſic fount,
Such as Athenian ſages taught to flow,
For him diffuſe its renovated ſtreams,
The Muſes bind his brow, the Virtues grace
His bland, inſtinctive mind, to bow the ſlave
Of barb'rous Ignorance? Did Fancy ſmile,
And bid his fingers ſmite th' Horatian lyre,
His pulſes throb with the fine fervour ſtrong,
His depth of thought explore the wondrous page
Which made Longinus live, himſelf to die
Unbleſt, neglected, indigent, and mad?
Did he, for this, with Newton climb the ſtars,
And traverſe worlds unknown? Or did the thrill
Of heav'n-born Poeſy through ev'ry vein

Dart the electric fire, whoſe vivid glow
Illum'd the darken'd ſenſe of Britain's bard *
With full Promethean blaze, while at his touch
Immortal themes, imbodied, burſt to view,
Angels, and all the mighty hoſts of Heav'n,
Rang'd in tremendous glory?——Pow'r Supreme!
Where is thy juſtice? Victims ſuch as theſe
Make reaſon ſtagger; rouſe the thinking ſoul;
And, in the frenzied agony of wrongs,
Preſent ſuch ſceptical and daring thoughts,
That man diſowns his Maker! Guilty Pride,
The crime is thine, not his; thy lofty rage,
Inſulting tyranny, and cold diſdain,
Pour'd fell oppreſſion's torrent o'er his ſenſe,
Madden'd his ſhrinking brain, and whelm'd his ſoul!

ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

TERRIFIC fiend, thou monſter fell,
Why leave thy fitteſt manſion—hell?
Thou tyrant of the heart,
Thy viſionary ſpells can bind
The ſtrongeſt paſſions of the mind,
And raiſe each lovely thought which Virtue can impart!

Soon as thy fatal birth was known,
Upriſing from his venom'd throne,
The fiend pale Error ſprung:
Thy hideous form the Sorc'rer preſt
With kindred fondneſs to his breaſt,
While through th' infernal ſhades exulting clamours rung!

When thy uſurping fangs aſſail,
The ſacred bonds of Nature fail—
Affection ſues in vain;
The frantic ſuff'rer ſpurns relief,
Feeds on the luxury of grief,
At thy command exults, and triumphs in his pain!

* Milton.

Thy

Thy ſavage voice mankind obey!—
The untam'd Indian owns thy ſway;
His limbs, with gore imbued,
Are mangled with the pointed blade!
In vain kind Pity lends her aid,
And groaning Nature mourns, and weeps with tears of blood!

The mother bends with hagard eye,
And ſcarcely deigns to heave a ſigh
Before the flame's bright blaze;
Thy dead'ning touch has ſteel'd her breaſt,
And, in her fatal error bleſt,
Of her dear babe ſhe views, unmov'd, the parting gaze!

Ah! hapleſs parent, gaze no more—
His tranſitory ſcene is o'er,
The guſhing life-blood flows;
For, loſt amid the rolling fires,
Thine agonizing child expires,
While Superſtition ſmiles, and mocks the mother's throes!

IGNOTUS.

THE POPE AND THE PONEY.

A LAMENTABLE, YET TRUE STORY.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

THE Abbé Barruel, from whom *we* derive all our religion, and who has taught us to be reconciled to Popery, and make an honeſt woman of the W——e of Babylon, has collected together ſo many cauſes for the late revolutions in Europe, that it would be a cruel inſult to the patience of the public to aſſign one more, were it not that *that one* happens to be worth all the reſt. The Abbé talks big of Plots and Conſpiracies, Philoſophers, Illuminators, and every ſpecies of intrigue tending to overthrow the *Holy See*; but his reverend Worſhip is quite miſtaken—

If

It was all done by a *poney*; and I'll tell you the ſtory:

It was the cuſtom on the eve of the day of St. Peter and St. Paul, to preſent a *white poney* in great pomp to the Pope, which was the homage the King of Naples paid to the See of Rome. The late Pius had received the *poney* in due form for his firſt two years. In 1777 the *poney* came with theſe words: "As a teſtimony only of the devotion of the Court of Naples to St. Peter and St. Paul;" juſt as if *dead Saints* were to be mounted on *white ponies*. But the Pope, not willing to loſe the compliment, replied; "We accept the *poney* as a feudal homage of the Crown of Naples."

Well, Sir, the next year the *poney* appeared with the ſame words; and with great difficulty the Court of Naples was induced to ſend another in the year 1780. Great reforms were now in agitation; but a reconciliation was adjuſted between the two parties. The *poney* was ſent in 1781, and the mendicant friars were reduced from 16,000 to 2800. Did you ever know ſuch a *poney?*

Every year in the ſame manner the *poney* was the ſubject of renewed alarm: the Court of Naples continued the ſuppreſſion of monaſteries, and (what every true *Anti-jacobin* muſt regret) deſtroyed the *Inquiſition!* ſtill the *poney* trotted to Rome till the year 1788. In that year no *poney* appeared; and none has appeared ſince.

Now, Mr. Editor, did you ever hear a prettier ſtory of a *poney?* I dare ſay the plot-ſtitching Abbé knew all this very well; but he did not chooſe to tell us that the decline of the Holy See was more owing to the withholding of Neapolitan *ponies* than the propagation of French principles. Ye Voltaires, D'Alemberts, Diderots, hide your diminiſhed heads; or, if you dare to look up, look at your four-footed ally in the anti-

anti-chriſtian conſpiracy, that does more than all of you put together.

But let us hope for better times for the reſtoration of all things—of Popes and of ponies: of Popes to whom homage is paid by ponies, and of Kings who will not refuſe to prop the Holy See by a poney, even if they ſhould have the trouble of ſending to Shetland for it.

I am Sir, yours,
AN ANTI-JACOBIN.

THE OLD HOUSE.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

I WILL make my ſtory as ſhort as poſſible. I am a ſurveyor or builder, and live near Pimlico. Some days ago a perſon whom I did not know called upon me, and told me he had a job which he wiſhed me to execute. As there is nothing that we ſurveyors like better than a good job, I handed him one of my beſt chairs, and ſtirred the fire up into a comfortable blaze.

"The fact is, Sir," ſays he, "about ten years ago there was a great riot in that part of the country where I live, about the price of corn and ſo forth; and, although at the time I had really very little concern with that article, I could not prevent a mob from riſing and deſtroying my houſe. It ſo happened, that, when I wiſhed to take poſſeſſion, a diſpute was ſtarted about the title-deeds, which, although the eſtate had been in our family for many years, had never been properly examined, and I coming to it by my grandfather's death, thought myſelf ſecure enough till the above affair happened. However, Sir, to make my ſtory as ſhort as poſſible, I have now a clear proſpect of

of recovering what I loſt, and wiſh to conſult you about rebuilding my houſe: perhaps you may think me a little whimſical, but I wiſh to have it rebuilt exactly as it ſtood before."

"Very well, Sir, that may be done. I preſume you have a plan of it."—"Why, no, I can't poſitively ſay I have. Indeed there never was any plan of it drawn upon paper; for my anceſtors altered and repaired it juſt as they pleaſed. But I have ſome notion of it in my head; and confeſs I am ſo attached to the old building, that I wiſh to ſee it replaced ſtone for ſtone, brick for brick, and beam for beam:—what ſay you?"

"Truly, Sir, without you can very accurately deſcribe it, I am afraid we ſhall find great difficulty in executing your purpoſe. What do you remember of it?"

[Here he enumerated ſome parts of the building, which are unneceſſary to be repeated.]

"Why, Sir, I muſt confeſs it would be almoſt impoſſible to build ſuch an edifice as you have deſcribed. I ſcarcely ever heard of ſuch a one. It never could have been built to laſt, nor could it afford that comfortable accommodation which would induce a rational man to live in it. Really, Sir, if the mob you mention had not riſen at that time, I do not ſee how your manſion could have ſtood long. It appears to have been undermined by the addition of the *American* fir you mention; and you allow that moſt of the timbers were rotten, and that the roof was extremely ill ſupported and ready to fall in."

"You have hit the caſe exactly, Mr. Surveyor—you have hit the caſe: nobody could deſcribe it better. And now what I want is, to have the building reſtored exactly *in ſtatu quo*, with the old timbers and all thoſe rotten materials which you have ſo accurately deſcribed."

"Good

"Good Heaven! Sir, you can't be ſerious? I never heard of ſuch a propoſition. In this country, Sir, in whatever way a man's houſe may have been pulled down, in rebuilding it he is always glad to avail himſelf of ſuch improvements in the art as may ſecure it from ſimilar accidents."

"Don't talk to me of improvements—I hate the very name. I don't know what may be the caſe here; but where I live we have been ruined by improvements; and I'll have none of them."

"Nay, Sir, there may be changes which are no improvements, and there have been innovations in our trade as well as others, and there are ignorant and preſumptuous men who have made a bad uſe of their opportunities; but we muſt not argue from the *abuſe* againſt the *uſe* of a thing."

"I don't care; I'll hear of no new-fangled ways of building. I'll have every thing as it was, or elſe I'll ſtay where I am, and live upon charity. You can ſurely be at no loſs to find rotten joiſts and planks fit for my purpoſe."

"No doubt, Sir, we have rotten planks and joiſts enough, and people that are fond enough of them, and will not allow them to be replaced by ſound timber; but ſtill we don't build new houſes with them. I ſhould be taken for a madman, were I to ſet about ſuch a job as yours. You might as well aſk me to put the *dry rot* into a houſe."

"The very thing I want: gad, I am glad you mentioned that. It is one of the things which muſt be replaced, as well as every thing elſe, good, bad, or indifferent."

"Then, Sir, I am ſorry I muſt decline the honour of your commands on thoſe terms. It may be nothing to *me* how *you* chooſe to rebuild your houſe; but *my* reputation would be deſtroyed, were I, with my experience, to aſſiſt you in ſo wild a ſcheme."

"I am ſorry too, Sir, that you cannot undertake it;

it; becauſe, beſides your acknowledged ſkill, you have more capital for great undertakings, pay your men better, and can lie longer out of your money than moſt of your profeſſion. I have, indeed, already employed ſome perſons, but they are ſo ſlow in their motions, that I never could get them within many miles of the ſite: it is all *talk* with them. There was laſt ſpring a Ruſſian Architect who promiſed to do the job for me: but, although a friend of mine advanced him money, he is about as far from the mark as when he began; and I have been told he is ſo croſs-grained that nobody can work with him. And ſo, Sir, as you decline it, I wiſh you a very good morning."

You may be ſure, Mr. Editor, I was very happy to get rid of this man, who was fitter for Bedlam than any other place, and might have done me the Lord knows what damage, if I had encouraged his mad ſchemes. But now comes the *denouement*. He had not been gone half an hour when in popped a worthy friend of mine, to whom I could not help repeating the particulars of the above converſation, to make him laugh.

"Make me laugh!" ſaid he; "why, my dear Sir, don't you perceive that this madman, as you call him, has been bantering you all this while, and that this pretty ſtory about his houſe, and his old timbers, and his rotten planks, is neither more nor leſs than a joke upon the *ancien regime* of France, which thoſe Counts, Marquiſſes, and Ex-Jeſuits you dined with at Hampſtead the other day, are perpetually contending for?"

I was ſo confounded, Mr. Editor, at being thus tricked, that I had not one word to ſay; nor will I ſay one word more, unleſs that I am

Your moſt obedient and
Very humble ſervant,

Dec. 28, 1799. PETER PILASTER.

THE

THE FEAST OF FOOLS.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

THE following pieces are tranſlated from a work, entitled, "*Memoires pour ſervir à l'Hiſtoire de la Fête des Fous, qui ce faiſoit autres Fois dans pluſieurs Egliſes*, par M. du Tilliot à Lauſanne et à Genéve, quarto, 1741." They relate to a ſubject which has excited conſiderable inquiry among men of literature and antiquaries, and may therefore afford ſatisfaction to various perſons who may not have happened to have ſeen the work from which they are taken. Indeed it appears from many ancient records, that though during the barbarous ages the dramatic art was ſunken and degraded to the moſt vulgar, ignorant, and offenſive buffooneries, it never was entirely loſt.

The Feaſt of Aſſes; a ſolemn piece of buffoonery, conſiſting of a proceſſion of the prophets and perſons, ſacred and profane, who had foretold the coming of Chriſt. Balaam rode firſt on his aſs: after him the prophets, Iſaiah, Zachariah, and the Holy Elizabeth, John the Baptiſt, Simeon, the Erythrean Sibyl, Virgil, Nebuchadnezzar, with Shadrach, Meſhach, and Abednego, and the fiery furnace. Quitting the cloiſter, the proceſſion entered the church, and ſtopped between two rows of people, ſuppoſed to be one Jews, the other Gentiles, to whom the chanters addreſſed themſelves. They then called forth the prophets who had mentioned the Meſſiah. Queſtions and anſwers were repeated, conſiſting of verſes from the Old Teſtament on this ſubject; the fiery furnace was exhibited; Nebuchadnezzar made a ſpeech; the Sibyl afterward did the ſame; then came the prophets, and all in chorus ſung a mottet, which ended the ceremony.

The

The Feaſt of Fools; or, in ſome places, called the Feaſt of Innocents; or, the Feaſt of drunken Deacons, Deans, and Prieſts; is ſuppoſed to have been in imitation of the Saturnalia of the ancients, and of great antiquity. A Biſhop or Archbiſhop of Fools was elected in the cathedrals, and conſecrated with numberleſs buffooneries; in which ſpirit he ſolemnly beſtowed his benediction on the people; and in churches that depended on the holy ſee, a Pope of Fools was choſen, with burleſque ornaments and ceremonies, in imitation of the real Pope. On theſe occaſions the clergy aſſiſted at divine ſervice, in maſquerade and pantomime dreſſes; ſome with caricature maſks, others with daubed faces to excite terror or laughter. Maſs being over, they ran, leaped, danced, tumbled, and ſtripped themſelves almoſt naked; after which they were wheeled about the ſtreets in barrows, and indulged in all the whims that imagination could ſuggeſt: ſome acting the buffoon, others dreſſing like women, or aſſuming the moſt monſtrous forms. They even ſang obſcene as well as ſatirical ſongs, and played at dice on the altar, while the Prieſt was celebrating maſs; and ſo highly were their follies and antics in vogue, that thoſe who wiſhed to diſcountenance theſe practices were regarded as worthy of excommunication.—They ſometimes ſhaved their chief, in honour of whom the feaſt was ſuppoſed to be made; and Vicars gamboled before him, ſome holding lanterns, with ridiculous and even obſcene figures and imagery, and playing on fifes, drums, tongs, poker, &c. Sometimes they led an aſs in proceſſion, ornamented with a Prieſt's cope, and ſinging, "Ho, ho, good Sir Aſs, &c." from a rubric compoſed for the purpoſe. Theſe feſtivals were not only held on the continent, but moſt probably in England; for, about the year 1530, in an inventory of the church of York, a ſmall mitre and a ring

ing for the Biſhop of Fools are among the items. This feſtival was accuſed of being heatheniſh and idolatrous by the Sorbonne, in 1444; to which its apologiſts replied, "That their anceſtors, who were grave and reverend men, had always kept that feaſt; and could they have better examples? Beſide," ſaid they, "the folly, which is natural to us, and ſeems to be born with us, is diſſipated by this exhilarating annual recreation. Wine-barrels would burſt, if they did not give them vent-holes; and man is but an ill-cooped barrel, which the potent wine of wiſdom would certainly crack, if it were to ferment in uninterrupted devotion: we muſt, therefore, occaſionally give it air, that it may not be ſpilt, loſt, and profitleſs." Sometimes when the mock Biſhop had been dreſſed in his pontificals, followed by his almoner with a cope over his ſhoulders, and a pillow on his head, inſtead of a bonnet, he went and ſeated himſelf in the epiſcopal chair, aſſiſted at divine ſervice, and received the cuſtomary honours. The ſervice over, the almoner called aloud, "*Silete, ſilete, ſilentiam habete:*" to which the chorus replied, "*Deo gratias.*" The Biſhop of Fools, after having pronounced the *adjutorium*, &c. gave his benediction; which was immediately followed by mock indulgences, thus diſtributed, with aſſumed gravity, by his almoner:

"In behalf of the Lord Biſhop, may God grant you the liver diſeaſe, with a baſket-full of pardons, ſcurf on your ſkin, and an itching beard! His Lordſhip further beſtows on you the tooth-ache in all plenty; and to his other bounties adds the gift of a red tail."

We further learn that they had four ſorts of dances; the dance of the Deacons, the dance of the Prieſts, the dance of the Clerks, and the dance of the Sub-deacons. They ſung, too, what they called the proſe of the aſs, or the proſe of the fools. They had likewiſe the proſe of the ox. The proſe of the aſs ſtill exiſts:

in

it was ſung by a double choir; that, at intervals, and by way of ſymphony, imitated the braying of an aſs.

At the Feaſt of Innocents, which was a kind of branch or imitation of the Feaſt of Fools, the Franciſcan Friars at Antibes uſed to be guilty of every kind of extravagance and abſurdity. The lay-brothers aſſumed the power and the functions of the initiated; and the profeſſed Friars performed their menial offices. The former clothed themſelves in the ſacerdotal habits, but all in rags, if they could find them ſo, and turned inſide out; holding books the wrong ſide upward, and pretending to read them with large ſpectacles, that, inſtead of glaſs, were of orange-peel. They ſang neither hymns, pſalms, nor maſſes, but muttered certain confuſed ſounds, and occaſionally ſent forth the moſt diſcordant howlings, accompanied with every kind of grinning and contortion.

Mere Folle, Mother Folly, or Mother Madcap, was the title of a facetious ſociety, which is anciently ſuppoſed to have taken its riſe from the above Feaſt of Fools. It was moſt celebrated at Dijon; a country famous for its vineyards, and its antics were performed in carnival time; when perſons of quality diſguiſed like bacchanals, mounted on carts, and ſung ſongs, ſatirizing the manners and follies of thoſe times. The members of the ſociety wore fantaſtic dreſſes of green, red, and yellow; with two pointed caps of the ſame colours, garniſhed with bells, and holding baubles, on each of which was carved a fool's head. Mother Madcap was the principal perſonage; and held her court, and had her guards, horſe and foot, her domeſtics, her magiſtrates, her chancellor, her maſter of the horſe, and every other mock officer of the kingdom. The judgments ſhe pronounced were without appeal. On great occaſions the ſociety marched in proceſſion; the foot-guards with colours flying; yellow,

low, red, and green; painted with innumerable heads of Folly. A woman was ſeated in the centre, clad in the ſame colours; with the ſame pointed cap, and holding the ſame bauble; with numerous fool's heads projecting from her petticoat round her waiſt. They had large carriages or waggons, each drawn by ſix horſes, capariſoned with houſings of three colours, and conducted by coachmen and poſtillions clothed in the ſame. Theſe carriages contained only thoſe perſons who ſung ſatirical ſongs, dreſſing themſelves in imitation of the individuals they meant to ſatirize. At the head of the proceſſion four heralds marched, followed by the captain of the guards; to which ſucceeded the painted carriages, then Mother Madcap, preceded by two heralds, and mounted on a white horſe, attended by her waiting ladies, ſix pages, and twelve footmen. Then came an enſign, followed by ſixty officers, ſquires, falconers, the maſter of the hunt, and others; and afterward the ſtandard, accompanied by fifty cavaliers, the fiſcal officer, and his two counſellors, clothed in green; and finally the Swiſs guards.

Sometimes Mother Madcap was drawn in a prodigious carriage, by twelve horſes richly capariſoned; containing herſelf, and actors dreſſed for the ceremony, who ſung and recited their verſes, and were accompanied by a band of muſic. This generally happened when ſome extraordinary event had taken place; as robbery, murder, ſeduction, abſurd marriages, &c. which incidents were repreſented as they had occurred The candidates who wiſhed to be members of this ſociety, appeared before the Fiſcal; Mother Madcap and her principal officers being preſent. The candidate was ſtanding, the Fiſcal ſeated. Queſtions were put in rhyme, which were likewiſe in be anſwered in rhyme. When admitted of the fraternity, they gave him

him the three-coloured cap, and aſſigned him eſtates in the moon.

The following is the account of the reception of Henri de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, firſt Prince of the blood, granted by the company of la Mere Folle of Dijon, 1626:

"We the ſuperlative, miralific, and ſcientific voters of the Dijon infantry, regents of Apollo, and of the Muſes, legitimate, figurative children of the venerable Father Time-paſt, and of Marotte, or Fool's Head, and of their children, grand-children, and great, great, great grand-children; red, yellow, and green, covered, uncovered, and all in rags; to all fools, arch-fools, lunatics, heteroclites, madcaps, capricious poets, paper-ſculls, and logger-heads; almanacs, old and new, paſt, preſent, and to come, greeting; double piſtoles, ducats, and all the bad money of Portugal; new wine, without the gripes, or inſurrection of the entrails: who would believe it, the High and Mighty Henri de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, firſt prince of the blood royal, houſe, and crown of France, knight every hair and inch of him, who could have thought he would have honoured, by his preſence, the greaſy-bearded, guttling blades of Mother Madcap? and have deigned to demand in full aſſembly, to be matriculated and recognizated as he has been; yea, and covered with this nonpareil fool's-cap, laying his hand on the cap and bells, and ſwearing, in the behalf of Folly, to a league offenſive and defenſive, thereby inviolably to maintain, guard, and ſupport Folly in all points, and to aid and obey her on all occaſions, requiring letters patent for this purpoſe; to which our redoubtable dame and mother, being inclined full of our ſcience, puiſſance, and authority, without other preceding information, and in full confidence of his princely intentions, ſhe has here with alacrity by theſe preſents,

preſents, hurly burly, with arms open and uncovered, received and impatroniſed, we him receiving and impatroniſing in our Dijon infantry in ſuch ſort and manner, that he ſhall remain incorporated in the inteſtine cabinet, and generally, as long as Folly ſhall endure, may, by her conſent, there remain, hold, and exerciſe at his pleaſure whatever charge it ſhall pleaſe him in the honours, prerogatives, pre-eminences, authority and potency, which heaven, his birth, and his ſword, have for him acquired; that his Highneſs may manfully, and by force of arms, aid Folly in eterniſing herſelf, and that ſhe may not be impeded, but with free egreſs and regreſs may expoſe her merchandiſe, may traffic with all countries, and be every where free, and every where enjoy her privileges; on which conſideration his Highneſs is permitted, whenever the whim ſhall take him, to add folly to folly, and guinea to guinea, *anté ſub-anté per-anté*, without intermiſſion, diminution, or interrogation, except when his jaw wags: therefore, on theſe conditions, and in reward of his valour, we have aſſigned, and do aſſign on our fields of Mars, the ſpoils which he ſhall himſelf take from the enemies of France, for which no man ſhall make him accountable. Granted and deſired on behalf of his Highneſs.

"At Dijon 't is done in broad day, not by ſtealth,
The Prince being preſent, we drink to his health.
In one thouſand ſix hundred, one ſix and one twenty,
Where fools, it is plain, are aſſembled in plenty."

PIZARRO THE UNIVERSAL TOPIC!

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS I am naturally fond of variety, and wiſh to paſs, although by decent and not precipitate gradations, from one ſubject to another, whether that ſubject be of the amuſing, the political, or the buſineſs kind, I am not well pleaſed when I find the public determined, as it were, to ſtand ſtill and devote their whole attention to one thing only. I do not like to hear people ſay, "Now we have got a fit ſubject for converſation through the reſt of our lives, let us deſpiſe and forget every thing elſe." And yet, Sir, ſomething very like this I have certainly heard ſince the firſt performance of Pizarro; the very words may not have been expreſſed, but as I have ſince heard nothing but about Pizarro, it is but fair to conclude that the ſentiment prevails. Now, Sir, I ſhould really be glad to know how long this play is to engroſs our attention, or whether faſhion, in ſome evil hour of omnipotent ſway, has not decreed that both at bed and at board, whether walking, riding, ſitting, eating, or drinking, whether in town or country, in church and ſynagogue, in the ſenate or at the bar, we are to hold no converſation for the remainder of our lives unleſs about Pizarro.

I ſay, Sir, I really ſhould be glad to know this; for although I am ready to allow all the merit due to this play in all its editions and tranſlations, and as many more editions and tranſlations as the admirers of Kotzebue, or the mutilators of Kotzebue, ſhall in their great liberality be pleaſed to give us; and although I would not for the world throw out the leaſt hint of diſapprobation or exception to any one line or word that either Kotzebue, Mr. Sheridan, or any of the tranſlators

tranſlators or mutilators aforeſaid, have written or ſhall hereafter write; yet I own my failing: I do not like to be *Pizarroed* out of my memory and recollection in every company I enter, and every ſociety I frequent. I ſhall make no objection to Pizarro at Drury Lane, or in the bookſellers' ſhops; but I do not like to meet him at the corner of every ſtreet, to ſee him lurking among the diſhes of the table, diſputing or cauſing diſputes among the quidnuncs of the coffee-houſe, and following us not only to the doors, but half up the ailes of the churches.

Yes, Sir, monotonouſly grievous as this is, if it were all, it were nothing to the giant ſtrides Pizarro is taking to annihilate all ſubjects of converſation but himſelf. He marches through Germany, and Switzerland, and Italy, and in a moment obliterates the memory of the Archduke Charles, of Marſhal Suwarrow, and General Moreau. In Egypt he combines with Sir Sidney Smith and that other hero, whoſe name is eaſier to write than pronounce, Ghezzar Pacha, to annihilate Bonaparte; and as to France, he has really and truly rendered the affairs of the Directory and the Councils not worth talking about, compared to himſelf. Is ſuch a monopoly of human attention to be tolerated? a monopoly compared to which, the Ireland-Shakeſpeare, or Shakeſpeare-Ireland, was a meteor which glided by me in a moment, with Edmund Malone and George Chalmers hanging at its tail; compared to which, the diſpute about the author of the Purſuits of Literature took up no more time than the authorſhip of a halfpenny ballad or a Vauxhall ſong generally occupies.

This is a ſerious conſideration. I aſk again, are we to be thus eternally *Pizarroed* out of all we ever knew or heard, all that is ſaying and doing, and has been ſaid and done in this wide world? Is the Royal Society, or the Antiquary Society, to have their la-

bours neglected, in order to aſcertain the merits of Pizarro? Is the Parliament to neglect all *acts* of their own making, for the five acts Mr. Sheridan has preſented to the public? Is the Bench of Biſhops, converſant as they are in *tranſlations*, to determine who has done moſt juſtice to the German dramatiſt? Are counties, cities, and corporations, to aſſemble and preſent petitions and remonſtrances on the merits of Pizarro? Are the clergy to recommend Pizarro by a *brief* read in all churches and chapels? In a word, Mr. Editor, is Pizarro for ever to engage the attention, the thoughts, words, and actions of "all people that on earth do dwell?"

The diſtreſſes of an individual in ſuch a caſe may, perhaps, appear trifling, and be laughed at; but I cannot help ſaying, that not being aware of the univerſal mandate to "ſpeak nothing but what had Pizarro in it," I have lately got into ſome whimſical ſcrapes by attempting to direct the converſation to other topics. Indeed among my acquaintances I ſhould give leſs offence by aſking for money, than by putting a queſtion that had no connexion with the dear Pizarro.

The fact, however, is, that, having by ſome means eſcaped the general contagion, I flatter myſelf I am qualified to give a more impartial criticiſm on this celebrated play than many others; and as I have ever found your publication open to the advocates for both ſides of a queſtion, I ſhall now take the liberty to tell you exactly what I think; and this I hope to be able to effect, as far as human infirmity will permit, with the utmoſt candour, with all due deference to thoſe who may differ from me, and without any of that authoritativeneſs, petulance, and poſitive aſſertion which are ſo frequent in polemical writings; and I hope without any ſpark or atom of "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableneſs."

Suppoſing

Suppoſing, then, that Pizarro is to be the object of attention to all ſucceeding ages, it does not appear to me, after due conſideration of the matter, that it will lead to any very important diſcoveries in the philoſophy of *chemiſtry*. I really do not ſee how the much-conteſted points reſpecting the production of gas can be adjuſted, even if the tranſlators had done more juſtice to the author. Nor can I conceive that our advancement in the *healing art* will be greatly promoted by placing Pizarro at the head of the College; for although the firſt four acts are but little altered by Mr. Sheridan, yet they throw no light on the doctrine of *fever*; and although Cora is made in the fifth to ſing a *bravura* ſong, it will not determine the riſing controverſy on the *cow pox*, nor decide whether the *gout* be always an hereditary diſeaſe. If we paſs on to other branches of knowledge, we ſhall perhaps find that the *univerſal topic* is ſomewhat deficient in moſt of them. We cannot, for example, acquire a certainty in hiſtorical facts, when we ſee that a hero who was privately murdered in one hiſtory, is publicly killed in our play. Nor will our advances in geography, I am ſore afraid, be greater under the reign of the monopolizing Pizarro, than when people uſed not to think it impertinent to mention ſuch men as Vancouver, Pérouſe, Parke, or Browne. With reſpect to *trade* and *manufactures*, indeed, I am ready to allow that ſomething may be done; but I unfortunately am none of thoſe who conſider making money as "the whole duty of man;" and I remember the time when writers uſed to conſult their fame, and managers reſpect true taſte. But *de mortuis*, &c.

It would be quite unneceſſary to run round the circle of ſciences, and point out to you exactly where Pizarro may or may not come in contact. Doubtleſs its annihilating influence may mount upwards and affect

our aſtronomical ſyſtem; and indeed from thoſe beautiful inflated paragraphs with which the morning papers have been for ſome time diſtended, I already perceive, to uſe an old ſaying, "that there is ſomething in the wind." But, leaving ſcience out of the queſtion for a moment, I wiſh, in the ſame ſpirit of candour which has hitherto animated my pen, to obſerve, that, in my humble opinion, Pizarro will not affect the *political ſtate of Europe* ſo much as ſome very reſpectable tea-tables and crowded coffee-rooms have ſuppoſed. Sufficient time, I allow, it may be ſaid, has not been given; but three months are elapſed ſince the appearance of this ſweeping comet-tail, and yet I can ſee no material change in the diſpoſition of the French council, nor, except the late victory gained by Marſhal Suwarrow, have we as yet ſeen that it is likely to reſtore the ancient ſtates of Italy. Nay, what I advance with more, yet I hope pardonable boldneſs, if we look nearer home, its effects are not proportionate to the univerſality of its fame. It has not ſhortened the number of taxes, nor the length of debates. Its influence upon religion and ſocial order is ſtill deemed leſs than may be expected from a zealous and cordial co-operation of the allied powers. We know it did nothing at Raſtadt; and, as ſome think, there has been no privy council yet called upon the ſubject. But what is more in point, I have it from a confidential perſon in the office of Mr. Dundas, one of his Majeſty's principal ſecretaries of ſtate, that in the whole train of preparation now making for a ſecret expedition, the merits of Pizarro have not once been ſubmitted to the Board.

And now, Mr. Editor, if theſe things are ſo, as I humbly conceive they will be found to be, let me, by way of concluſion, aſk whether it will be worth while to eſtabliſh a chaos in the world of ſcience and politics, with the exception only of Pizarro? Or

may

may we not, as we have been accuſtomed, give to every thing its due and proper ſhare of attention? I hope, Sir, that in a year or two (it would be preſumption to expect it ſooner) we may again hear of Pitt and Fox, Suwarrow and Bonaparte, Jacobins and Anti-Jacobins, Whigs and Tories, High Church and Low Church, Preſbyterians and Independents, for the *gentlemen*; and caps, bonnets, flounces, ribands and ſaſhes, elopements and *crim. cons.* for the *ladies*, as uſual; and that it may one day be as common to ſay "How do you do?" as it is now to ſay "How do you like Pizarro?"

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A LOVER OF VARIETY.

PARODY UPON GRAY'S CELEBRATED ODE OF "THE BARD."

BY THE HON. THOMAS ERSKINE.

[This Parody was written at Trinity College, Cambridge, near five and twenty years ago; and aroſe from the circumſtance of the Author's Barber coming to late too dreſs him at his lodgings, at the ſhop of Mr. Jackſon, an apothecary at Cambridge, where he lodged, till a vacancy in the College; by which he loſt his dinner in the Hall: when, in imitation of the deſpairing Bard, who propheſied the deſtruction of King Edward's race, he poured forth his curſes upon the whole race of Barbers, predicting their ruin in the ſimplicity of a future generation.]

THE BARBER.

A Fragment of a Pindaric Ode, from an old Manuſcript in the Muſeum, which Mr. GRAY certainly had in his eye when he wrote his "BARD."

I.

"RUIN ſeize thee, ſcoundrel Coe!
Confuſion on thy frizzing wait;
Hadſt thou the only comb below,
Thou never more ſhouldſt touch my pate.

Club nor queue, nor twiſted tail,
Nor e'en thy chatt'ring, Barber! ſhall avail
To ſave thy horſe-whipp'd back from daily fears;
From Cantabs' curſe, from Cantabs' tears!"
Such were the ſounds that o'er the powder'd pride
Of Coe the Barber ſcatter'd wild diſmay,
As down the ſteep of Jackſon's ſlippery lane
He wound with puffing march his toilſome, tardy way.

II.

In a room where Cambridge town
Frowns o'er the kennel's ſtinking flood,
Rob'd in a flannel powd'ring-gown,
With hagard eyes poor Erſkine ſtood;
(Long his beard, and blouzy hair,
Stream'd like an old wig to the troubled air;)
And with clung guts, and face than razor thinner,
Swore the loud ſorrows of his dinner.
"Hark! how each ſtriking clock and tolling bell
With awful ſounds the hour of eating tell!
O'er thee, O Coe! their dreaded notes they wave,
Soon ſhall ſuch ſounds proclaim thy yawning grave:
Vocal in vain, through all this ling'ring day,
The grace already ſaid, the plates all ſwept away.

III.

"Cold is Beau **'s tongue,
That ſooth'd each virgin's pain;
Bright perfum'd M** has cropp'd his head:
Almacks! you moan in vain:
Each youth whoſe high toupee
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-capt head,
In humble Tyburn top we ſee,
Eſplaſh'd with dirt and ſun-burnt face;
Far on before the ladies mend their pace,
The Macaroni ſneers, and will not ſee.
Dear loſt companions of the coxcomb's art,
Dear as a turkey to theſe famiſh'd eyes,
Dear as the ruddy port which warms my heart,
Ye ſunk amidſt the fainting Miſſes' cries—
No more I weep—they do not ſleep:
At yonder ball, a ſturdy band,
I ſeem them ſit; they linger yet,
Avengers of fair Nature's hand;

With

With me in dreadful reſolution join,
To crop with one accord, and ſtarve their curſed line."

IV.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-ſheet of barbers' race;
Give ample room and verge enough
Their lengthen'd lantern jaws to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When all their ſhops ſhall echo with affright;
Loud ſcreams ſhall through St. James's turrets ring,
To ſee, like Eton boy, the King!
Puppies of France, with unrelenting paws
That ſcrape the foretops of our aching heads;
No longer England owns thy fribbliſh laws,
No more her folly Gallia's vermin feeds.
They wait at Dover for the firſt fair wind,
Soup-meagre in the van, and ſnuff; roaſt beef behind.

V.

" Mighty barbers, mighty lords,
Low on a greaſy bench they lie!
No pitying heart or purſe affords
A ſixpence for a mutton-pye!
Is the mealy 'prentice fled?
Poor Coe is gone all ſupperleſs to bed.
The ſwarm that in thy ſhop each morning ſat,
Comb their lank hair on forehead flat:
Fair laughs the morn, when all the world are beaux,
While vainly ſtrutting through a filly land,
In foppiſh train the puppy Barber goes;
Lace on his ſhirt, and money at command,
Regardleſs of the ſkulking bailiff's ſway,
That, hid in ſome dark court, expects his ev'ning prey.

VI.

" The porter-mug fill high,
Bak'd curls and locks prepare;
Reft of our heads, they yet by wigs may live:
Cloſe by the greaſy chair
Fell thirſt and famine lie,
No more to Art will beauteous Nature give.

Heard ye the gang of Fielding ſay,
Sir John *, at laſt we 've found their haunt;
To deſperation driv'n by hungry want,
Through the cramm'd laughing Pit they ſteal their way?
Ye tow'rs of Newgate! London's laſting ſhame,
By many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere poor Mr. Coe the blackſmith's † fame,
And ſpare the grinning Barber's chuckle head.

VII.

"Raſcal! we tread thee under foot,
(Weave we the woof; the thread is ſpun:)
Our beards we pull out by the root:
(The web is wove—your work is done.)"
"Stay, oh ſtay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me uncurl'd, undinner'd, here to mourn.
Through the broad gate that leads to College Hall
They melt, they fly, they vaniſh all,
But, oh! what happy ſcenes of pure delight,
Slow moving on, their ſimple charms unroll!
Ye rapt'rous viſions, ſpare my aching ſight;
Ye unborn beauties, crowd not on my ſoul!
No more our long-loſt Coventry we weep:
All hail! ye genuine forms; fair Nature's iſſue, hail!

VIII.

"Not frizz'd and fritter'd, pinn'd and roll'd,
Sublime their artleſs locks they wear,
And gorgeous dames, and judges old,
Without their têtes and wigs appear.
In the midſt a form divine,
Her dreſs beſpeaks the Pennſylvanian line,
Her port demure, her grave, religious face,
Attemper'd ſweet to virgin-grace.
What ſylphs and ſpirits wanton through the air!
What crowds of little angels round her play!
Hear from thy ſepulchre, great Penn! oh hear!
A ſcene like this might animate thy clay.
Simplicity, now ſoaring as ſhe ſings,
Waves in the eye of Heav'n her quaker-colour'd wings.

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* Sir John Fielding, the active Police Magiſtrate of that day.
† Coe's father, the blackſmith of Cambridge.

IX.

" No more toupees are ſeen
That mock at Alpine height,
And queues with many a yard of riband bound,
All now are vaniſh'd quite.
No tongs, nor torturing pin,
But ev'ry head is trimm'd quite ſnug around:
Like boys of the cathedral choir,
Curls, ſuch as Adam wore, we wear,
Each ſimpler generation blooms more fair,
Till all that 's artificial ſhall expire.
Vain puppy boy! think'ſt thou yon' effenc'd cloud,
Rais'd by thy puff, can vie with *Nature*'s hue?
To-morrow ſee the variegated crowd
With ringlets ſhining like the morning dew.
Enough for me: with joy I ſee
The different dooms our fates aſſign:
Be thine to love thy trade and ſtarve;
To wear what Heaven beſtow'd be mine."
He ſaid, and headlong from the trap-ſtairs' height,
Quick through the frozen ſtreet he ran in ſhabby plight.

THE MILITARY TAYLOR.

[From the Lady's Monthly Muſeum.]

MR. EDITOR,

AS you profeſs to be the friend and patron of our ſex excluſively, I am encouraged to ſtate my awkward ſituation, ariſing from an abuſe of that moſt laudable principle which has ſo nobly ſtimulated the other ſex to unite in arms for the defence of their country. As this evil is become very general, and is cauſed by perſons ranking themſelves as Volunteers, without having one requiſite for a military character, it demands the more immediate redreſs. I hope, therefore, you will take the following circumſtances into your conſideration, and adopt ſuch means of reproof as may tend to relieve our ſex from the inconvenien-

cies they ſuffer from their ſweethearts and huſbands neglecting their buſineſs, and expoſing themſelves to ridicule. Inſtead of contributing in the leaſt to that military defence, which can only be formed by characters whoſe age, perſons, talents, and circumſtances, are particularly adapted to the profeſſion of a ſoldier, they loſe their time, ſpend their money, contract habits of idleneſs and vanity, render themſelves contemptible, and, what is worſe for their wives and families, they ſhamefully neglect the main-chance, which, you know, is a word of moſt copious meaning, in all that concerns domeſtic ſupport and economy. But, to relate my unhappy ſituation.

You muſt know, that, in the days of peace, when French fraternization, French liberty, and French politics, were words of no meaning, or at leaſt not ſignifying the deſtruction of all ſocial order and welfare, I reſigned my heart to a very ſober, honeſt, and induſtrious taylor. Theſe qualifications gave my father the moſt rational hopes of ſeeing the comfort of his daughter increaſe with her years, and his grandchildren. To be ſure, our courtſhip was not according to the old adage—"Happy the wooing that is not long doing." To confeſs the truth, it was rather tedious; although I reconciled myſelf with repeating ſometimes, but not without a little inward mortification—"Marry in haſte, and repent at leiſure."

Well; years and years rolled on, and I was bleſt to ſee my father happy in his anticipating the comfort he ſhould derive in two or three grandchildren. But all this time there was no actual talking of a wedding. At laſt it was determined that Billy Buckram ſhould go to London, where he might ſee faſhions, and complete himſelf in his buſineſs. To this I readily conſented, and ſaw him depart upon the roof of the mail-coach with tolerable fortitude. Indeed, for ſome time, I had not cauſe for complaint, until the laſt three

three months of his ſtaying in London; for, during all this time, I received from him only one letter, which was as follows. But I muſt firſt obſerve, that, although I am a much better ſcholar than Billy is a ſoldier, to tranſcribe this epiſtle, *en militaire*, has coſt me a deal of trouble.

"MY DEAR MOLLY,

"By the multitude of my *manœuvres*, I have lately been ſo hindered, that I could not *handle* the pen to your ſatisfaction; but ſhall now *enter* myſelf a volunteer under Colonel Hymen, and mean to *rank* myſelf among the braveſt of his *corps*. Oh, Molly, Molly! could you behold your Billy, when, like Alexander, he *marches* before the Statiras and Roxanas of the preſent day; or when, like Julius Cæſar, he braves the dangers of wind and weather—how you would bleſs the hour he ever came to London! Tell me not of inconſtancy! Not a day paſſes but I *diſcharge* whole *vollies* of ſighs for the *taking poſſeſſion* of your charms by a *coup de main*. You ſee I have learnt French by coming to London. Truth is the *picket-guard* of my affection, and the love I bear to dear Molly is the *van-guard* againſt all other paſſions. And no wonder, ſince my heart is *flanked* by your various perfections, which have proved a ſufficient *defence* againſt the *feu de joye* of bright eyes that meets me from both *rank and file*.

"But, adieu; I muſt *ground my arms*. The drum beats for our corps to receive their colours from the fair hands of the Lady of Captain Quill, the attorney.

"Your ſoldier in arms,
"Panting for your charms,
"Amid war's alarms,
"B. B."

Did ever mortal read ſuch a farrago of nonſenſe? But this is not all. It was only two days after I received the letter, that a friend came and announced the

the arrival of Billy. But, oh gracious! what a figure preſented itſelf! As he entered the glaſs door which opens into our ſhop, how was I thunder-ſtruck at his appearance! Imagine to yourſelf what my ſurpriſe muſt be, to ſee a figure, four feet eleven inches high, marching in all the parade of military conſequence towards me. On his head was a fur cap, the point of which was elevated above his forehead two and twenty inches. He had a red jacket, ſcarcely reaching below his waiſt. His ſhoulder, the higheſt of the two, was preſſed almoſt to the level of the other by the weight of a very heavy muſket. Notwithſtanding this ſtrange diſguiſe, I knew him, and was haſtily advancing to expreſs a fond welcome, when he abruptly ſuſpended my kindneſs, by crying out in a moſt commanding manner—"*Attention*, Molly." He then began ſome monkey-like geſtures, which I knew nothing about; but inſtead of his preſenting his arms to embrace me, he preſented his firelock with a threatening air. I now thought it was high time for me to run away, although he called after me—"*Stand at eaſe—Keep your ranks—Halt.*" To be ſure, Billy laughed heartily at *my retreat*, as he called it, and ſaid it was the beſt and luckieſt *manœuvre* he had ſeen a great while. It might be the beſt, but it could not be the luckieſt: for in his purſuit of me he run his gun through the glaſs door, and ſhattered it to pieces. But all this was nothing to his behaviour at church; for laſt Sunday he perſuaded me, ſomehow, to plight my troth to him. When the miniſter, aſtoniſhed at his figure, ſtood a moment in ſuſpenſe, he pointed to the book, and in a furious tone bid him *Handle arms!* And when we were to kneel, Billy bid me *ground my* ARMS, inſtead of KNEES. Oh! how my heart ached for his folly! But to proceed—In preſenting the ring he ſaid, *Join your right hand to your firelock:* and when the ceremony was concluded, he thundered out—*To*

the

the left, wheel. But my mortifications were not yet ended. He had inſiſted that we ſhould go to church *en militaire*, as he called it, although my father ſaid it was a bad omen. In handing me into the chaiſe-cart, his ſword unfortunately getting entangled among the ſpokes of the wheel, threw him from his equilibrium, ſo as to cauſe him, in plain Engliſh, to fall, as it is commonly expreſſed, *clean in the dirt.* For the firſt time ſince his arrival he forgot his military expreſſions, and lamented, in ſimple but very ſorrowful terms, the injury done to his ſcarlet jacket. However I may from habit ſoon learn his military phraſes, yet I cannot but ſeriouſly think very great inconveniencies may attend *his* adopting the military profeſſion. I anticipate what I may ſuffer from his reſigning the management of his ſciſſars for a firelock, his needle for a ſword, his thread-paper for a cartridge, and his gooſe for a cartouch-box.

Thus attached to his military habits, he is every inſtant loſing his character and connexions. He is no longer the peaceable and induſtrious Billy Buckram. He begins to diſturb the tranquillity of our neighbourhood by his military darings. What proſpect is there of my having a decent ſupport? Can a wife have any rational dependance on one who has thus deſerted his real intereſt to *rank* himſelf a volunteer; on one who has changed his comfortable woollen cap for that of a grenadier, in which he ſtruts all day at the ſhop door, or at ſome neighbouring public houſe, when he tells his cuſtomers that the *ſafety of their country* demands of them to wait with patience for the clothes they have ordered from him?

Do not ſuppoſe, that, in blaming my huſband for this military mania, I mean any cenſure of thoſe whoſe eſtate or property in the country, and whoſe avocations and patriotiſm, lead them to take ſo laudable an intereſt as to rank themſelves among its gallant and

effective

effective defenders. No; I honour them for it; and the firſt wiſh I can form in their favour, is, that—protected as we are by the wooden walls of Old England, they may never be called upon to prove their ſkill and courage in any real engagement. At the ſame time, I could wiſh you to inſert the above as hints to the Billy Buckrams of the age. Remind them, that, as charity begins at home, they ſhould uſe their *courage* in *conquering* that idle vanity which expoſes themſelves, their wives, and families, to the *danger* of being *attacked* by all the wants that *rank* themſelves under the *tattered ſtandard* of *indigence*.

I am your very obedient ſervant,
And real admirer,
MOLLY BUCKRAM.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PATCHES.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

I DO myſelf the honour, through the medium of your elegant and widely-circulated Muſeum, of informing all the fair ladies in Great Britain, that I have formed a ſelection of Characteriſtic and Secret Patches, which I deſign for their ſervice. It will ſave them and others an infinity of trouble; and I ſhall, with pleaſure, ſhow them where to place them with effect, if they will apply at my *Miroir Salle*, in Bond Street. The following is a ſpecimen of my catalogue and arrangement of Characteriſtic Patches—

CATALOGUE, &c. OF PATCHES.

The *Impaſſioned*—at the corner of the eye.
The *Gay*—upon the fold or dimple which the cheek forms in laughing.
The *Gallant*—on the middle of the cheek.

The

The *Kiſſing*—at the corner of the mouth.
The *Daſhing*—upon the noſe.
The *Coquette*—upon the lips.
The *Languiſhing*—under the left eye.
The *Secret*—upon a pimple, &c.

But I ſhall engage to inſtruct ladies to form a perfect ſecret-graph by the arrangement of Patches: a ſingle one on a particular ſpot ſhall be an hieroglyphic of no ſmall ſignificance. By this they ſhall form aſſignations, with the *when* and the *where*—they ſhall break them off, with the *why* and the *wherefore*, and expreſs a diſappointment without a tear or a ſigh.

I am in ſtrong hopes, through patronage, matronage, and miſs-age, to obtain a patent for the *Patch*, or *Secret-graph*.

Miroir Salle. THE FLAPPER.

NEW MATRIMONIAL PLAN.

A PROVINCIAL publication ſays, that a MATRIMONIAL PLAN is propoſed to be eſtabliſhed throughout every county, city, or town, in England or Wales, under the management of a ſelect number of clergymen, as chaplains to this eſtabliſhment. Its titles and ſtyle are high and ſonorous—"A new and original imperial and royal plan, according to the uſage of the Potentates and ſovereign Princes of Europe, as well as in all the poliſhed courts throughout the known world!" being a nuptial ſociety, or inſtitution for Matrimonial Intercourſe.

The ſyſtem of this curious, and it ſhould ſeem actually *ſerious*, plan—as far as we can learn—is as follows:—Every perſon, of either ſex, who deſires to enter into a treaty of marriage, is *firſt to ſubſcribe a certain ſum*. All ladies and gentlemen to deſcribe themſelves, by real or fictitious names, as they may

choose,

chooſe; and give a detail of themſelves after the following manner:—

Firſt Claſs.—I am 19 years of age, heireſs to a freehold eſtate, in Kent, of 500*l.* per annum, beſides 15,000*l.* in the funds. Have loſt my father, and under a guardian. I am of middle ſize, dark hair and eyes, perſon agreeable, temper lively, religion—that of my future huſband.

Second Claſs.—I am 32 years of age, a widow, in the glaſs line, in London, have three [or no] children. Middle ſtature, light complexion, red hair, full made, and am worth 3500*l.*

Third Claſs.—I am tall and thin, auburn hair, one eye rather brighter than the other, active and converſible, having had a good education, am 24 years old, and live with my father, who can give me 1500*l.* down, if I marry with his approbation.

The liſt of Gentlemen alſo in claſſes.

Firſt Claſs (in inſtance), No. 1.—A young gentleman, juſt of age, dark eyes and hair, tall and ſlender, has an eſtate of 500*l.* per annum, in New Zealand, beſides 20,000*l.* or rather leſs, in the Britiſh funds.

Second Claſs, No. 2.—A gentleman, 40 years of age, a little corpulent, rather of a dark brown complexion, wears a wig, has a place in the Cuſtoms, and a ſmall eſtate in Suffolk, with 750*l.* in the funds; reaſonably well-tempered, and at times very lively; religion—of his fathers.

Third Claſs.—A Clergyman 30 years of age, dark eyes and hair, robuſt and healthy, enjoys three curacies, and keeps a ſmall ſchool, of which he is heartily tired, and wiſhes for a more active department, and is of a very affectionate diſpoſition.

The ſubſcribers to be furniſhed with a liſt of deſcriptions, and when one occurs likely to ſuit, to ſignify the individual would be glad to correſpond with the

the number in queſtion, &c.; and, if mutually approved, the interview may be afterwards arranged.

BOB THE WAITER.

[From the Lady's Monthly Muſeum.]

YOU muſt know that I am a waiter at a Chop-houſe not many miles from the Royal Exchange, and am over head and ears in love with our cook-maid, Sally. If you knew her, I am ſure you would ſay I have not a bad taſte; for ſhe is a charming creature! Her eyes are as black as ſloes, her cheeks the colour of roſes, and her teeth as white as ivory;—the loveliеſt mouth, the ſweeteſt ruby lips, the fineſt neck! In ſhort, take her from top to toe, "you ſhall not look upon her like again." But the devil of it is, Mr. Editor, ſhe treats my ardent love and adoration with the utmoſt indifference and contempt. *You* never was croſſed in love, perhaps; if not, I hope you never will be; for, believe me, it is a moſt terrible thing!—as the poet ſays (who, no doubt, was in the ſame ſituation as myſelf),

> "To love, and not be lov'd, is dreadful pain,
> When love ſincere is treated with diſdain!"

I have made love to her a thouſand different ways, and compared her to a thouſand different goddeſſes; ſuch as Venus, Diana, Penelope, Cleopatra, and all the reſt of them; but to no purpoſe.

My head is ſo full of her at times, that my maſter thinks I am going out of my mind; for if a gentleman calls for a mutton chop, I bring him a pork griſkin; a veal cutlet for a beak ſteak, &c.; and when aſked for the reckoning, I make another ſixpenny-worth; with various other miſtakes, equally extravagant.

Now,

Now, Sir, if you will but ſtand my friend, I have great hopes that my cares will ſoon be at an end; for our houſe-maid told me, laſt Tueſday ſe'nnight, that Sally will have nothing to ſay to me, unleſs I write ſome poetry upon her, and put it in your Muſeum. My head, to be ſure, was never cut out for poetry; but the hopes of obtaining ſo rich a prize determined me to try what I could do; ſo at it I went directly; and, to tell you the truth, I ſcarcely had a wink of ſleep till I had finiſhed the under-written, which I did not accompliſh till laſt night at twelve o'clock.

So, God bleſs you, Mr. Editor, inſert it as ſoon as ever you can; and if it has the deſired effect, as I hope to be ſaved I will treat you with a beef ſteak, mutton chop, veal cutlet, or any thing in the world you like better. Pray do not fail: if you do, Heaven knows whether you will not have to anſwer for the death of poor

July 15, 1799. BOB *the Waiter.*

To SALLY, at the ——— Chop-houſe.

DEAR Sally—emblem of thy Chop-houſe ware,
As Broth reviving, and as White Bread fair;
As Small Beer grateful, and as Pepper ſtrong,
As Beef Steaks tender, as freſh Hot Hearts young;
As ſharp as Knife, and piercing as a Fork;
Soft as new Butter, white as faireſt Pork;
Sweet as young Mutton, briſk as Bottled Beer,
Smooth as is Oil, juicy as Cucumber,
And bright as Cruet, void of Vinegar.

Oh, Sally! could I turn and ſhift my Love
With the ſame ſkill that you your Steak can move,
My Heart thus cook'd, might prove a Chop-houſe feaſt,
And you alone ſhould be the welcome gueſt.

But, deareſt Sal, the flames that you impart,
Like Chop on Gridiron, broil my tender heart,
Which, if thy kindly helping hand ben't nigh,
Muſt, like an unturn'd Chop, hiſs, burn, and fry;
And muſt, at leaſt, thou ſcorcher of my ſoul,
Shrink, and become an undiſtinguiſh'd coal!

REASONS

REASONS FOR GOING TO MARGATE.

[From the ſame.]

Margate, Aug. 23.

HAVING a little ſpare time, I left London for this place.—"Ah!" ſaid I, leaning out at my window, in view of the Promenade, "that it ſhould come to this! What pity that mankind, inſtead of endeavouring to leſſen the number of their real evils, ſhould induſtriouſly be increaſing the catalogue of them, by adding fictitious ones! This Margate is ſaid to be a place of health, and they are ſick people who are ſaid to viſit it; yet, of all the crowd who now range before my eyes, how few know for what purpoſe they are come!—How few are come for any purpoſe at all!

"One would think," continued I, growing ſtill graver, "that the human heart ſometimes felt, that the human mind ſometimes thought, that human kind were not at all times aſſes. One would think, that the experience of yeſterday might admoniſh them to-day; that the leſſons of to-day might be a ſharp comment upon the morrow. Yet it is not the caſe. The experience of yeſterday, and of to-day, and of every day, ſerves only to this purpoſe,—it becomes a load upon our backs; and, to drop or forget the burden, we plunge into new purſuits.

"At the leaſt, this ſame ſcheme of exoneration is but a ſorry one. If, on walking upon yon narrow and clogged path between the two hedges, in my way to yonder ſtile, a thorn pricks me in the foot, my ſkin is lacerated by brambles, or a ſerpent winds himſelf round my ankle; if all or any of theſe misfortunes befall me, the d——l's in it if I walk there again to-morrow, or in any villanous place like it. Shall I not, think you, make all the ſpeed I can to yon ſmooth and level way, which gradually aſcends the hill without tiring me; where no thorn will prick me, no

bramble

bramble lacerate, and no ſerpent wind round my ankle?—'T is a caſe in point.

" If, in ſteering my pathleſs way over this dreadful ocean which extends itſelf before my window, I unwittingly wander among the rocks and ſands off the North Foreland, endanger my life, and eſcape only with a very hard ſtruggle; if this misfortune befalls me, ſhall I not in my next voyage bear far off it, as from a hoſtile ſhore? Or ſhall I, to avoid the ſands on my right hand, plunge into thoſe on the left, after the example of thoſe good folks who are now walking in my view?—If I do, I deſerve to be drowned, indeed.—This alſo is a caſe in point.

" Faſhion!" I ſtill went on, " this is all your fault. It is owing to you that theſe poor people have ſweated themſelves down hither from the metropolis; it is owing to you that many of them know not for what purpoſe they are come; and many are come for no purpoſe at all!

" Yet, I am not ſurpriſed. King Cloten was unhappily ſubject to various diſeaſes. He was once ſeized with the yellow jaundice: the rapidity with which this diſeaſe became *faſhionable* was aſtoniſhing. In a trice, not a perſon was ſeen at court without the yellow jaundice.

" King Cloten was next ſeized with the palſy: the palſy was equally deſtructive among his courtiers. You could not turn a corner without ſeeing a paralytic wretch, ſhaking, nodding, and enfeebled. The court was like the court of Diſeaſe, and the poor king ſtood in the midſt of his courtiers like the king of Death!

" There was no end of this *fickly* faſhion; as uſual with the other faſhions, it deſcended from the court to the commonalty; and the king had the melancholy reflection to make, that he had infected his whole kingdom with diſeaſes.—It is impoſſible to tell where this would have ended, had not the king publiſhed a declaration,

declaration, commanding all his ſubjects to be *well* again, on pain of his *uſing* them *ill:* and he at the ſame time threatened, that the firſt of his ſubjects, who ſhould report himſelf to be ailing with any of the faſhionable diſeaſes, ſhould be ſent for to court, and be bled, bliſtered, and purged into good health again in his own preſence.

"What folly!" continued I, ſtill moralizing, "what madneſs! that we ſhould be the ſlaves of this ſame whimſical goddeſs, Faſhion!—that we ſhould wear her ever-changing livery, and ſuffer her to make what things of us ſhe pleaſes!—that we ſhould have reaſon, yet uſe it not!—that we ſhould have taſte, yet gratify it not!—that we ſhould be aſſiduous to pleaſe others, rather than ourſelves.

"Having thus diſplayed the power of Faſhion, what wonder is it that ſhe ſhakes her ſceptre over the good company who viſit Margate, led by their whimſical and thriftleſs imaginations! But let us hear them ſpeak for themſelves."

I left my window, and walked down among the crowd.—It was a young lady whom I firſt addreſſed.—"Fair lady," ſaid I, gently, "why cameſt thou hither?" She replied, "That it was in conſequence of reading a receipt in the family medicine book, which aſſured her that ſalt water was good for *whitening the teeth.*"

Having ſuch bad ſucceſs with the young, I tried the old.—"Reverend lady," ſaid I to one who has remained at her fortieth year ſince 1780, "I wiſh to know the purpoſe of your journey to Margate."

"You do!" replied ſhe, toſſing her gray head in my face. "Why, what do you think it ſhould be, but to *dance?*" I left her.

"Who is yon briſk gentleman, that ſails up the walk, ſo placid and ſo ſmirking? Bleſs me!—can it be?——It *is*—by all that's witty, it *is* himſelf!——

Ah!

Ah!—my ſincere and excellent friend, *comment vous va?* Surpriſed—*you* at Margate!——The laſt perſon in the world——Why, I left you but Sunday evening in Richmond Gardens! In the name of the Muſes, what are you doing here ſo unexpectedly?"

"I am come to get a *character*."

"A character!——You aſtoniſh me; Mr. ———. *You have not* long *wanted one, ſure!*"

"Not very long———'T is but a month——— Pſhaw!" added the bard; "you do not know what I mean. The *character* I want is for my new comedy—an original character—and the company having evacuated the metropolis, I have followed them hither, to pick up one among the crowd."

"Oh! now I underſtand you. And, methinks, ſince you are on the ſpot, it would not be amiſs to carry home ſome *ſalt* alſo for the *ſeaſoning* of it; as it is ſaid that your comedies have been wonderfully *inſipid* and *taſteleſs* ſince you left———."

I thought it was now time to finiſh my experiments. ——Three perſons were examined; the firſt viſited Margate to get white teeth, the ſecond to dance, and the third to pick up an original character! Z.

THE MATRIMONIAL CREED.

WHOEVER will be married, before all things it is neceſſary that he hold the conjugal faith; and the conjugal faith is this:—That there were two rational beings created, both equal, yet one ſuperior to the other; and the inferior ſhall bear rule over the ſuperior: which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he ſhall be ſcolded everlaſtingly.

The man is ſuperior to the woman, and the woman is

is inferior to the man; yet both are equal, and the woman ſhall govern the man.

The woman is commanded to obey the man, and the man ought to obey the woman: and yet there are not two obedients, but one obedient.

For there is one dominion nominal of the huſband, and another dominion real of the wife: and yet there are not two dominions, but one dominion.

For like as we are compelled by the Chriſtian verity to acknowledge, that wives muſt ſubmit themſelves to their huſbands, and be ſubject to them in all things; ſo are we forbidden by the conjugal faith to ſay, that they ſhould be at all influenced by their wills, or pay any regard to their commands.

The man was not created for the woman, but the woman for the man; yet the man ſhall be the ſlave of the woman, and the woman the tyrant of the man: ſo that in all things, as is aforeſaid, the ſubjection of the ſuperior to the inferior is to be believed.

He, therefore, that will be married, muſt thus think of the woman and the man.

Furthermore, it is neceſſary to ſubmiſſive matrimony, that he alſo believe rightly the infallibility of the wife; for the right faith is, that we believe and confeſs that the wife is fallible and infallible: perfectly fallible and perfectly infallible, of an erring ſoul and an unerring mind ſubſiſting; fallible as touching her human nature, and infallible as touching her female ſex; who although ſhe be fallible and infallible, yet ſhe is not two but one woman, who ſubmitted to lawful marriage to acquire unlawful dominion; and promiſed religiouſly to obey, that ſhe might rule in all things. This is the conjugal faith.

AN IMPROMPTU,

ON A MRS. TROUT BEING DELIVERED OF A SON, WHO WAS AFTERWARDS NAMED JONAS.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

THREE days and nights, aſſerts the ſacred tale,
JONAS lay hid in belly of a whale—
A greater wonder now by far's come out,
JONAS—from nine months' lodging in a TROUT.

EPIGRAMS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

SAYS William to John, in ſplenetic fit,
Being ſtung by a pun, "Are you *ſetting up* wit?"
"No, faith," quoth a wag, "John has clearly diſplay'd
That his ſtock 's very ſmall, and he's *leaving off* trade!"

M. J.

"WHY, Tom, od zooks!
Theſe mournful looks?
Why thus to joy a ſtranger?
Your wife's not dead?"
He ſhook his head:
"Oh, no! *ſhe's out of danger.*"

THE PIOUS PAINTER:

A CATHOLIC STORY.

[From the Morning Poſt.]

THERE once was a painter in [illegible] ithplic days,
Like Job, who eſchew[illegible]
Still on his Madonnas the[illegible] is praiſe.
With applauſe and amaze
And delight was in pain

They

They were angels compar'd to the devils he drew,
Who beſieg'd poor St. Anthony's cell;
Such burning-hot eyes, ſuch a damnable hue,
You could even ſmell brimſtone, their breath was ſo blue,
He painted the devil ſo well.

And now had the artiſt a picture begun,
'T was over the Virgin's church-door;
She ſtood on the dragon embracing her Son,
Many devils already the artiſt had done,
But this muſt outdo all before.

The old dragon's imps, as they fled through the air,
At ſeeing it paus'd on the wing,
For he had the likeneſs ſo juſt to a hair
That they came as Apollyon himſelf had been there,
To pay their reſpects to their king.

Every child at beholding it ſhiver'd with dread,
And ſcream'd as he turn'd away quick;
Not an old woman ſaw it, but, raiſing her head,
Dropt a bead, made a croſs on her wrinkles, and ſaid,
"God help me from ugly old Nick!"

What the painter ſo earneſtly thought on by day,
He ſometimes would dream of by night;
But once he was ſtartled as ſleeping he lay,
'T was no fancy, no dream—he could plainly ſurvey
That the devil himſelf was in ſight.

"You raſcally dauber!" old Beelzebub cries,
"Take heed how you wrong me again!
Though your caricatures for myſelf I deſpiſe,
Make me handſomer now in the multitude's eyes,
Or ſee if I threaten in vain!"

Now the painter was bold and religious beſide,
And on faith he had certain reliance;
So earneſtly he all his countenance ey'd,
And thank'd him for ſitting, with Catholic pride,
And ſturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the painter aroſe,
He is ready as ſoon as 't is light;
Ev'ry look, ev'ry line, ev'ry feature he knows,
'T is freſh in his eye, to his labour he goes,
And he has the old wicked one quite.

Happy man! he is ſure the reſemblance can't fail,
The tip of the noſe is red hot,
There 's his grin and his fangs, his ſkin cover'd with ſcale,
And that—the identical curl of his tail,
Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks and retouches again with delight;
'T is a portrait complete to his mind!
He touches again, and again feeds his ſight,
He looks round for applauſe, and he ſees with affright
The original ſtanding behind.

"Fool, idiot!" old Beelzebub grinn'd as he ſpoke,
And ſtampt on the ſcaffold with ire:
The painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,
'T was a terrible height, and the ſcaffolding broke,
The devil could wiſh it no higher.

"Help! help me! O Mary!" he cried in alarm,
As the ſcaffold ſunk under his feet.
From the canvas the Virgin extended her arm,
She caught the good painter, ſhe ſav'd him from harm,
There were thouſands who ſaw in the ſtreet.

The old dragon fled when the wonder he ſpied,
And curs'd his own fruitleſs endeavour;
While the painter call'd after, his rage to deride,
Shook his pallet and bruſhes in triumph, and cried,
"I 'll paint thee more ugly than ever."

BUONAPARTE TO THE FRENCH DIRECTORY, GREETING:

[From the Oracle.]

ACCEPT, O Citizens! a letter,
Wrote from a tavern in Roſetta-r;
Where I am dining at my eaſe,
On turtle ſoup, and lamb, and peaſe;
A pigeon pie—a calf's head haſh'd—
A plate of fine potatoes maſh'd;
A Soland gooſe and Chineſe pheaſant;—
The reſt I can't deſcribe at preſent.

We

We drink Madeira, hock, and ſherry,
So officers and men are merry.
At night we quaff full flowing bowls—
You never ſaw ſuch merry ſouls!
But now to buſineſs—here we landed,
And not a ſingle ſoul was ſtranded:
Fortune her favours ſhowers on us,
Fire can't burn, nor water drown us;
All is propitious to our wiſhes—
We fly like birds, and ſwim like fiſhes;
And as we march'd along, we taught all
That every Frenchman is immortal;
That there 's no need of darns or ſtitches,
To mend a Frenchman's ragged breeches;
That Frenchmen's coats can ne'er decay,
However other mortals' may;
That Frenchmen need no common fare,
But fatten finely on the air.—
But now, O Citizens! to matters
May call your minds off from your platters—
Rejoice ye at the news I tell!
A few are dead—but all are well.
By day we 're very apt to fry—
But not a ſingle man is dry;
And if at night the welkin freezes,
There 's not a ſingle man that ſneezes.
By G—d we are ſo finely off,
We have n't got a ſingle cough
Among the whole of the raſcallions
That I have form'd into battalions;
And though the melons may be urging,
We have not had a ſingle purging;
And are in ſuch complete condition,
That home we do not fix a wiſh on.—
Our neighbours are a race of bucks,
I think they call them Mameluks—
A ſet of jolly dogs; but hang 'em—
You 'd ſplit your ſides to ſee us bang 'em—
To ſee us ſeize their huge firelocks,
With golden pans and ſilver cocks,
Their jackets all ſo fine and tawdry,
Bedizen'd out with rich embroidery!

And then the dingy ſons of whores
Have pockets cramm'd with louis-d'ors!
We've ragged elbows, and muſt piece 'em;
D—me, you 'd laugh to ſee us fleece 'em!
We kill'd all thoſe that choſe to ſtay—
As for the reſt, they ran away!
Now, Citizens, you may prepare O!
To hear how Buonapart' does fare O!
At the ſame town they call Grand Cairo:
The firſt night's ſupper I 'd, alas!
A fine freſh cod and oyſter ſauce;
The army—all their mothers' ſons—
Supp'd, and ſlept ſound, on well-ſpic'd buns—
And wak'd next morning to regale
On Banbury cakes and Yorkſhire ale!
As tall and broad as oaks the trees
Are laden with rare ſtrawberries.
See but their woods, and you'll allow
They've toaſted muffins on each bough.
In ſhort, we've all that we can wiſh,
Of fleſh and fowl, and fruit and fiſh;
All that can conſtitute a treat—
One thing we miſs—and that's the FLEET!!!

NEMO.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE JACOBIN COMMITTEE OF PROSELYTISM.

[From the True Briton.]

CITIZEN,

IT is very ſingular that you will perſiſt in your adherence to *old-faſhioned* (I wiſh I could ſay *obſolete*) patriotiſm, religion, and morality; that you obſtinately refuſe to adopt the "*new order of things*," which, notwithſtanding the preſent unfavourable circumſtances, WE hope at laſt completely to eſtabliſh. With a fooliſh predilection for ancient prejudices, and decked in the ruſty and battered armour of doting ages, you fancy that you are ſerving your country, and are the champion

champion of humanity, by exclaiming againſt what you term the *atrocities* of France—by execrating the noble *exertions of the ſovereign people to aſſume the throne*, which you blacken by the appellation of *ſedition* and *rebellion*—by battling for the exiſtence of that *ideal Being* to which you give the name of GOD, and for the ſupport of the *thing* called *religion*—and by ſtanding up in defence of that vile *ariſtocratical contrivance* which you dignify with the name of *ſocial order*. Theſe objects of *your* adoration are barriers in the way of that philoſophical perfection to which we aſpire.

Let me, then, as Preſident of the Committee of Proſelytiſm, endeavour to open your eyes, and raiſe you from your preſent grovelling ſtate to the ſublime heights of *Jacobiniſm*. To place before you OUR great *exemplars* appears the beſt mean to excite a laudable emulation: and though I have but little hope of your reaching *their* eagle flight, yet *you*, even *you*, may do ſome good.

Attend then to the following ſimple rules.—They are neither many nor complex, and are moſt admirably adapted to vulgar underſtandings. In carrying them into practice, never loſe ſight of OUR ſpeakers and writers; they are the archetypes you muſt ever have in view.

Firſt, you muſt, as THEY do, endeavour in every poſſible way to exalt the French republic, and to lower Great Britain and her allies in the minds of your countrymen—The former you are to repreſent as juſt, wiſe, and, above all, *invincible*; the latter as weak and deſpotic—their councils without wiſdom or energy—and their armies as a maſs of deſpicable cowards. Britiſh ſoldiers, in particular, you muſt on all occaſions brand with the name of brutal poltroons. Whenever you mention a *regular* government, let it always be accompanied by a ſneer. What you have hitherto called *French atrocities* you muſt bring forward as

ſeldom as poſſible; but when to mention them is unavoidable, you muſt ſpread over them as much as you can lay on of OUR genuine varniſh, with which you can be plentifully ſupplied by OUR daily prints. It is inconceivable what a prodigious effect this has. Rapine, devaſtation, and maſſacre appear meritorious—The great, philoſophic end, *liberty* and *equality*, ſanctifies the means. Viewed through this medium, men, I mean *anti-jacobin* men, appear as unrefined metals, and require and *receive from* US much *purgation* before they arrive at the ſtate of purity. It is true that the *quantity* is thus conſiderably diminiſhed; but the *quality*, you know, is all in all. N. B. Be not too explicit in your explanation of liberty and equality.

Second, Let the *abuſe* of the government of your country be unceaſing. Endeavour by every means to excite *diſcontent*, which is the hopeful germ of *revolution*. Din the ears of the people with their *rights*, but never mention their *duties*. Tell them that their rulers have *duties* which they totally neglect, but no *rights* at all. Aſſure them that *they*, the *governed*, ſhould be *governors*—that, inſtead of *ſubjects*, they ſhould be *ſovereign*. Be attentive to ſupport the cauſe of *ſedition* and *rebellion*. Let the robberies, the murders, the numberleſs enormities of *rebels*, be aſcribed to the divine efferveſcence of liberty, and to the inſufferable goadings of oppreſſion. Let the puniſhment of theſe crimes be repreſented as acts of the moſt tyrannical deſpotiſm againſt ſuffering innocence. If a rebel at the ga lows dies hard, exalt him into a hero, who expires conſcious of the goodneſs of his cauſe—If he cuts his own throat, or ſhoots himſelf in priſon, laud his truly *Roman* end. When treaſonable conſpiracies are carrying on, boldly deny their exiſtence, though in doing ſo you give the lie to both Houſes of Parliament. Never fail to brand the diſcoverers of traitors

traitors with the moſt opprobrious names, though the fooliſh law of the land has made it criminal to conceal treaſon. When rebellion appears open-faced, expreſs your doubts to which ſide rebellion is to be aſcribed; whether the *people* have rebelled againſt *government*, or *government* againſt the *people*.

Third, As to the department of *religion*, it is filled with ſuch conſpicuous ability, and ſuch unremitting perſeverance, by the *Morning Chronicle*, that little on that head will be left for you to perform. But, if you can overcome that ridiculous ſqueamiſhneſs which marks your party, your inferior labours (for in that department the preſent occupant muſt ever be ſuperior) will be gratefully received.

With due attention to the above rules, and with a ſteady perſiſtence, WE have no doubts of at laſt deſtroying that object of our deteſtation, *ſocial order;* and of eſtabliſhing our own *new order of things* in its room. Some difficulties we foreſee, and have provided againſt. OUR *ſovereign the people*, whom WE have lately ſo flattered and cajoled, may probably, when we have overturned the preſent government, inſiſt on appearing *perſonally* on Saliſbury Plain, to exerciſe the *regal* functions; and may, peradventure, be rather ſurpriſed and diſpleaſed on finding that, though inveſted with *ſovereignty*, the *ſubjects* are wanting. But WE of the *Directory* (I am to be one) will, by that time, have taken our meaſures, and will have ready a ſufficient number of well-armed, active citizens, to repreſs any ſelf important vagaries of OUR *ſovereign*. He ſhall be ſovereign, but we will be *viceroys* over him. True, this will coſt ſome *blood*; but that, you know, is a mere *revolutionary caſualty*, not worth mentioning. The *guillotine*, a few *republican baptiſms*, and *Lyons mitraillades*, will ſettle the buſineſs *à la Françaiſe*. What a glorious proſpect! Does not your boſom glow? Do

you not feel all the ardour of a *convert?* Be ſo—I will then ſubſcribe myſelf your friend and brother,

A JACOBIN,
Preſident of the Committee of Proſelytiſm.

ODD TRANSFORMATIONS.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

"In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas." OVID.

MR. EDITOR,

IN that beſt of all Engliſh claſſics, the Spectator, Sir Roger de Coverley is made to ſay that, "upon his courting the perverſe widow, he had diſpoſed of *three hundred acres* in a *diamond ring*, and that upon her wedding-day ſhe ſhould have carried on her head *fifty* of the *talleſt oaks* upon his eſtate. He would alſo have given a *coalpit* to keep her in *clean linen*—would have allowed her a *windmill* for her *fans*—and have preſented her once in three years with the *ſhearing* of his *ſheep* for her under-petticoats."

Such, Sir, were the transformations in the days of *landed property* and of *country gentlemen*.—In our happier æra we meet with many that are equally remarkable, eſpecially ſince *men* in *trade* (or their *wives*, which is preciſely the ſame thing) determined to vie with men of rank in their routs and aſſemblies, and empty their warehouſes that their drawing-rooms may be full. Hence thoſe ſingular changes upon goods *in tranſitu* from Thames Street to Piccadilly. Not only are *ſugar-hogſheads* (as hinted in your Thurſday's paper) converted into *green peas*, but even the *Greenland fiſhery* ſupplies ſome of our genteel tables with *cucumbers* and *aſparagus*. Very fine *peaches* have been raiſed from *Ruſſia tallow*, and, by one of thoſe ſingular viciſſitudes for which there is no accounting, we have *early grapes* from

from *port wine*; and I am told that the company at a late very fashionable rout sat, like the Lord Chancellor, upon *woolpacks!*

It was formerly a boast to *eat off plate*; but, in the singular revolution of vanity, we sometimes eat off *lead*, sometimes *tin*, and sometimes *iron!* The eatables themselves are subject to as extraordinary metamorphoses.—I have seen a tureen of most expensive and highly seasoned *soup* made of *raw cotton*; and I was lately present where the pier-glasses and *silver* candlesticks were of the finest Spanish *cochineal*, and the rooms were *lighted* with *broadcloth!* Nay, my neighbour, *Alderman Chuckle*, extends this principle a little farther, having a most spacious *country house* constructed entirely of *biscuits*, and intended to rival Mr. *Latitat*, on the other side of the road, who has a similar house built of *parchment*, in which a common eye cannot see a single *flaw*. The Alderman is no less whimsical in his treats, although a most hospitable landlord; his *champagne* and *burgundy*, positively the best I ever tasted, are nothing but *malt* and *hops;* and he has his *ices* from a baker's *oven* at Wapping! Addison somewhere says, that, when he contemplates a great feast, he fancies he sees gouts, fevers, and dropsies lurking among the dishes. My fancy, on a similar occasion, roves far beyond the precincts of Pandora's box, and sees that our stews, fricassees, soups, &c. &c. are nothing but *raw sugars*, *silk-worms*, *pepper*, and *logwood*, seasoned sometimes with *Virginia tobacco*, and garnished with *Jesuits' bark!*

On a lesser scale, I meet with transformations that Ovid never dreamt of:—sometimes I take *pot luck* on a *commission of bankruptcy*; sometimes I am asked to *cut up* an *arbitration*; and sometimes I have felt the effects of a full meal of *affidavits!* It was but a few days ago that my worthy friend *Jack Stocks* sent me a note, asking my company to dine upon a delicious *transfer!*—

No man, indeed, *carves* a *premium* neater. But the moſt ſingular character in my circle is a very worthy friend, who has built a pretty box in Surry upon *hat-bands* and *ſcarfs*, and poſitively entertains his friends on *dead bodies!* The ſame economy regulates the whole of his proceedings.—He gave a *month's bill of mortality* as a portion to one of his daughters, and would have probably given more if the young gentleman had not endeavoured to *ſcrew* him *down*; and he had ſettled *two churchyards* upon his wife, if ſhe ſhould *ſurvive him!*

Next to this, perhaps, may be reckoned thoſe gentlemen who furniſh their houſes with *aſthmas*, and can entertain upon plate made entirely of *nervous affections* —who drink the moſt expenſive French wines out of *pillboxes* and *vials*, and are ſuperbly dreſſed in *ſcorbutic habits!* But ſuch may appear trifling, compared to the *metamorphic* power of two gentlemen whom I could mention, who entertain his Majeſty's Miniſters upon *cheeſe-parings;* and light up the moſt extenſive ſuite of rooms with nothing but *candles' ends.*

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

AN OBSERVER.

IMITATIONS! IMITATIONS!! FASHIONABLE IMITATIONS*!!!

[From the Morning Herald.]

MRS. SWIPES'S ROUT, IN RAM ALLEY.

AMONG the moſt elegant and convivial parties the metropolis has to boaſt of the preſent ſeaſon, we muſt rank laſt night's aſſembly at the amiable Mrs.

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* This appears to be a plagiariſm from ſome leading articles reſpecting the FASHIONABLE WORLD in a daily print.

Swipes's.

Swipes's. To enumerate all the beauty, gaiety, and faſhion, that ornamented this charming *rout*, would be to recapitulate all that are worth noticing in London. The rooms were open about nine, and we can with the ſtricteſt truth obſerve, that if ever the charming hoſteſs exceeded herſelf, it was on this occaſion. "Her face," to uſe the words of our immortal bard, "was fired with labour;" ſhe was all attention, all politeneſs, and all feſtivity;—indeed, ſhe ſeemed to poſſeſs the power of ubiquity, for wherever we turned our eyes, ſhe ſtill preſented herſelf with a bottle of gin in her right hand, and a gill glaſs in her left. Her daughter, too, the lovely *Kitty Swipes*, ſeemed to vie with her mother in entertaining her gueſts, by carrying hot purl to every quarter of the rooms. About eleven, Miſs *Slang* was earneſtly entreated to charm the company with the much-admired *cantata* of "*Come tip us a glaſs of true blue.*" To thoſe who know the affability, the readineſs to oblige, and the ſweet condeſcenſion of this young lady, it will be needleſs to obſerve how cheerfully ſhe complied. She was accompanied by the two Maſter *Tripes*, one on the marrow-bone and cleaver, and the other on the Jew's harp; ſhe was, it muſt be confeſſed, in full ſong, a fine compaſs of voice, great light and ſhade, and a moſt enchanting *portamento*. Maſter *Tripe*'s performance too was aſtoniſhing; more firmneſs of finger and delicacy of touch we never witneſſed. At that pathetic part of the cantata, "*For Sal had the gift of the gab*," we obſerved a tear of ſenſibility gently ſtealing down the cheek of the fair Mrs. *Noggin*. On inquiring the cauſe, we found that her delicate feelings had been cruelly wounded by that part of the ſong reviving the fate of her unfortunate daughter, who a little time before, on account of ſome *amiable indiſcretion*, had been tranſported to Botany Bay. To this period nothing could exceed the decorum of the aſſembly, when, unluckily, a perſon (for we cannot call

call him a gentleman) who is ſuppoſed to have intruded himſelf under the ſanction of a forged ticket, abruptly exclaimed, "D—n all this cheek muſic, let us have a little jaw work of another ſort; where are the hot mutton pies that mother *Swipes* promiſed?" A reel was now performed in a capital ſtyle, by a part of the company, when the eldeſt Miſs *Dunſtan*, who was one of the dancers, in conſequence, as it was thought, of her having inadvertently mixed too much gin in her purl, tumbled with ſome force againſt Miſs *Slammerkin*, who, ſtepping back, aſked her, in an angry tone, if ſhe had a mind to be running her rigs, telling her, at the ſame time, that ſhe would "*dim her daylights.*"—Such an inſult was too much even for the gentleneſs and forbearance of Miſs *Dunſtan*, who, ſquaring her elbows, aſked Miſs *Slammerkin* "what ſhe was for?"—"A ring, a ring!" was inſtantly vociferated from every quarter of the room; when luckily Mrs. *Bunguy* interpoſed, and remonſtrated with great earneſtneſs on the impropriety of ſuch conduct, and deſired them to conſider how ſuch vulgar proceedings would be reprobated by the company who frequented any of the aſſemblies, which they might conſider as their competitors: this did not fail to bring all parties to a proper ſenſe of the reſpect that was due to their own characters, and every thing was amicably adjuſted. The hot mutton pies were introduced, and the ladies waited for no ſolicitations to teſtify their practical approbation of the gin and purl. About three in the morning, the aſſembly began to ſeparate; carts were provided for thoſe who could not walk, the riders in which, falling to blows ſoon after their quitting the rooms, were ſeized by the watch, and all ſafely lodged in Tothillfields Bridewell.

SIR WILLIAM ADDINGTON'S PARTY, BOW STREET.

[From the ſame.]

THE entertainments given by this gentleman may, without oſtentation, be juſtly claſſed amongſt the moſt ſplendid and faſhionable of the ſeaſon. At a party, a few evenings ſince (for which great preparations had been made by thoſe celebrated purveyors Meſſrs. *Rivett* and *Macmanus*, who, by the by, evinced much taſte in the *execution)*, we noticed not only, amongſt the gentry, Meſſrs. *Hawkins*, *Underwood*, *Galloping Dick*, *Smith*, *Jack Poſt-boy*, *Ned Hoſtler*, *Will Boots*, and a long *et cetera*; but, among the higher orders, ſeveral of the heads of the *Barebone* family; counts, paſt counting; and colonels and captains in abundance. Before the concluſion of the evening, the company obtained an elegant acceſſion of women, from Mrs. *Crimp's rout*, in Ram Alley; that lady, with her whole party, having been kindly conducted and introduced by Mr. *Townſhend*, who (with that penetration and addreſs which ſo peculiarly diſtinguiſh him upon all *faſhionable occaſions*) officiated as maſter of the ceremonies. Dances were propoſed, but either from the warmth of the rooms, or the deſtruction of equipoiſe (for the moſt *finiſhed* aſſortment of liquors had been prodigally furniſhed from the *Go)*, or, perhaps, from ſome awkward *aſſociations of idea*, the company were averſe from *dancing;* the eldeſt Miſs *Crimp* excepted, who ſtrenuouſly called for "*Drops of Brandy*," and "*Petticoats looſe*." The entertainments did not finiſh with the day; ſome of Mrs. *Crimp*'s party ſeeming inclined for *reels* ſo late as the following noon.

By way of promoting merriment, ſeveral public perſons, we underſtand, received *individual* invitations, but declined attending, except in their *united* capacities; in which we may yet expect to ſee them upon ſome future occaſion!

EXTRACT

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A CELEBRATED CHARACTER ON THE POLICE ESTABLISHMENT.

[From the ſame.]

MONDAY.—Got up at eight o'clock—had a *drap of Jackey*—drank two diſhes of *ſlop* with ſpouſe—took a gentle walk to the office, found all quiet, excepting a few night charges—paid my reſpects to Sir *William*, and the reſt of the *beaks*, and walked home—read half a dozen pages of a book called *Political Juſtice*—thought it had been ſomething in our way—deviliſhly miſtaken—couldn't underſtand a ſyllable, ſo fell faſt aſleep, and did not wake till it was time to attend Lady *Fleec'em's rout*—the coachmen and chairmen being a little *obſtropolus*, was *obligated* to tip them a little *patter*.

Tueſday.—Did not get up till noon, having drank rather too free of *black ſtrap* the night before—very queer at dinner—took a walk afterwards to Fulham—returning home, met *Bob Blunderbuſs* and *Ben Bounce*, going out on their *prads*—in the evening attended my duty at the Opera—had a long talk with Lord *Flutter* about *Galloping Dick* and *Boniparty*—handed Lady *Wheedle* and the young ladies to their carriage—called at a *ken* in the way home, drank four *goes* of brandy and water, ſmoked my pipe, and went to bed.

MEMORANDUM.—If any thing done by ſcampſmen on the Fulham road, ſend the *traps* to *pull up* Bounce and Blunderbuſs, two *forties* at leaſt, beſides what the *prads* will fetch at the Repoſitory.

Wedneſday.—Not being at the office yeſterday, took a ſtroll there—found the *beaks* and *titlarks* reading the papers and taking ſnuff—looked over the information-book—plenty of buſineſs—ſeventeen burglaries, twenty-four highway and footpad robberies, all entered ſince

ſince Saturday—none of the parties *ſpoke to* on the road able to ſwear poſitively, becauſe the dogs wore crapes and handkerchiefs over their faces.

Thurſday.—Did not get up until it was time to attend the drawing-room at St. James's; after which, *Mack* and I called at a *flaſh ken* in St. Giles's—cloſetted with the *cove* and *Sal Sly* for half an hour—had a ſpecial meeting of the *traps*, at the *Ruſſian Coffee-houſe*—agreed to *grab* about a dozen old acquaintances for examination next week.—In the evening went to the Opera—Lord *Spoony* preſented me with two guineas, for the new flaſh ſong made on the laſt execution, beginning,

"Within a *rattler* ſtands *Moll Flaſh*,
To ſee the kiddies die."

Friday.—Attended at the office—three boys brought in for *prigging* of *wipes*—no proſecutors appeared—blew up the patrole for not apprehending them, as well as the thieves.—At twelve o'clock, went to the lectures at St. James's—the church amazing full—pickpockets very numerous—met with ſeveral old friends from Botany Bay, who appeared to pay as much regard as ever to the eighth commandment.—At night dined with Sir —— and Lady—both expreſſed a great deſire to learn the ſlang language—agreed to teach it for a guinea a leſſon—at eleven o'clock took him to a *ken*—heard ſome capital knowing ſongs—Sir *John lipt* us the favourite *chaunt* of poor *Jerry Aberſhaw*'s—

"Ye ſcamps, ye pads, ye divers,
You 're all upon the lay."

Staid till five in the morning—both got dead drunk, but made ſhift to reach the *Finiſh*, where we took coffee.

Saturday.—Went into the city—had a conſultation with

with the Bank Directors about the forged notes—after which, attended their Lordſhips of the Poſt-office, about a mail robbery—drank chocolate at both places, put on ſome very knowing looks, but know juſt as much who forged the notes, or robbed the mail, as the Pope of Rome—muſt find out, if can—becauſe why? theſe proſecutions pay a body very well for one's trouble.

Sunday.—Put on my beſt mourning—went to Chapel Royal—loſt my new *caſtor*, coſt 25*s.*—the King and all the royal family (God bleſs 'em) laughed ready to ſplit their ſides to think how the knowing one was done.—Went home rather croſs, eat a hearty dinner of roaſt beef, and drank plenty of punch—read *Moll Flanders* and *Lord Cheſterfield's Letters.*—At nine o'clock went to St. Giles's as agreed by the officers, and *grabbed* about fifteen *pretty boys*, for an exhibition before Sir *William* the next morning.

MEMORANDUM.—Muſt aſk ſome of my friends, *the Judges*, whether hat-ſtealing in a church is not ſacrilege; and whether, as the robbery was done between ſun-riſe and ſun-ſet, I can't ſue the county for the twenty-five ſhillings?

Gloſſary of faſhionable or cant Phraſes.

Beaks—Magiſtrates.
Black ſtrap—Red port.
Caſtor—A hat.
Cove—The landlord.
Flaſh ken—Public-houſe for thieves.
Forties—Rewards.
Go—Half a quartern.
Grabbed—Pulled up—Synonymous for apprehending.
Jackey—Gin.
Lip a chaunt—Sing a ſong.
Noſed—Obſerved.
Prads—Horſes.
Prigs—Thieves.
Ruſſian Coffee-houſe—The Brown Bear.

Slop

Slop—Tea.
Spoke to—Robbed.
Titlarks—Spectators at Bow Street.
Traps—Runners.
Wipes—Pocket handkerchiefs.

PANDOLFO ATTONITO!

OR, LORD G—LL—W—Y'S POETICAL LAMENTATION ON THE REMOVAL OF THE ARMED CHAIRS FROM THE PIT AT THE OPERA HOUSE!!!

[From the ſame.]

"Chi mi riſponde?
Voci profonde
Par che mi dicano,
PAPE SATAN!"
Gli Zingari in Fiera.

THE ARGUMENT.

A month or two ago, Lord G—LL—W—Y came to the Opera, and on the pit door near the orcheſtra being opened, he perceived, to his confuſion and aſtoniſhment, that a long bench was ſubſtituted in the place of the row of *armed chairs* at the bottom of the pit, the principal or central of which he had filled ſo many nights with diſcernment and dignity, and to the general ſatisfaction of every body preſent. Conceiving, rather haſtily, that this meaſure was intended as a perſonal ſlight to himſelf, he retired diſconcerted, without taking his ſeat; and, as he is a votary of the Muſes, penned this Lamentation, which he ſent to Lord S—L—SB—Y the next day, and recovered his wonted good humour.

WHAT!—the proud honours of the CHAIR
Muſt I no more with CECIL* ſhare?—
Still be my ſoul ſerene:
Virtu, or virtue, 's but a name,
BRUTUS and G—LL—W—Y exclaim,
And, ſighing, quit the ſcene.

* "Our Midas ſits *Lord Chancellor of Plays.*" *Dunciad.*

Too

Too ſure, I heard a warning knell,
Which told, by critic-brother, BELL,
The fall of ſeats and *ſtocks*,
Yet, fondly ſooth'd by BOLLA's airs,
Thought TAYLOR's *bottom*, and his chairs,
Secure with keys and locks*.

But ah! how fortune loves to joke!
Expell'd am I, who ſung and ſpoke,
As loud as at the fair†,
While yearly, with ſix thouſand pound,
The Commons ADDINGTON have bound
Their ſervant to the CHAIR.

My purer taſte, my claſſic eye,
Unzon'd THALIA could deſcry,
Who ſtepp'd beyond her place;
How oft I warn'd, in either Houſe,
That charms *too plain* at laſt would rouſe
The *mitre* and the *mace!*

I, with PANDOLFO, watch'd the ſphere,
When Mars on Venus ſhone ſo clear,
That Saturn ‡ felt the ſhock;
Grave SHUTE and HENRY ſhrunk at love,
And at the looſe fleſh-colour'd glove,
That bluſh'd *at twelve o'clock.*

I ſaid, ſome folks would thunder Greek
At HILLIGSBERG's *morale lubrique*,
And PARISOT's *coſtume!*
Where ſhall *Paull-inia* ||, tight and round,
In veſt appropriate now be found,
With India's palm and plume?

Old Q—NSB—Y feels his dotard qualm;
TERPSICHORE can pour no balm
O'er *half* his viſual ray;

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* The bottoms of theſe lamented chairs were kept under lock and key.

† *i. e.* as the gypſies themſelves on the ſtage, *at the fair.*

‡ "Quel *Saturno briccon* ti guarda trino!" *Gli Zingari.*

|| The faſcinating ballet of *Paul et Virginie*;—*Bacchus et Ariadne*, too, now appear in patch-work dreſſes.—*Jacet ſemiſepulta Venus!*

Nor

Nor WILLIAM can conſole the ſage,
Nor ELISEE§ his pain aſſuage,
Nor Y—RM—TH ſmooth his way.

When MARINARI's * magic hand
Trac'd the bold view in fabled land,
For fauns and wood-nymphs meet;
Ah, ſoon, I cried, may S—L—SB—RY think
'T is juſt that they who dance ſhould drink,
And they who ſing ſhould eat.

For this, in arbitrating ſtate,
In preſence of the wiſe and great,
I ſung the *ſovereign*'s † air;
Firm was my voice, for TAYLOR ſmil'd,
Nor deem'd I (too, too well beguil'd)
How ſlippery was *the chair*.

Not G—RD—N's coarſe and brawny Grace
The laſt new woman in THE PLACE
With more contempt could blaſt;
Not M—RLB—R--GH's damp on BL—NDF—RD's face,
To *me* could prove a heavier curſe,
Thus down from honour caſt.

Fall'n though I am, I ne'er ſhall mourn,
Like *the dark peer* on STORER's urn,
Reflecting on *my ſeat*;
In vain that mean *myſterious fire*
In embers would conceal the fire,
While Honour's pulſe can beat.

For me ſhall droop th' Aſſyrian queen ‡,
With ſofteſt ſtrain, and tragic mien,
The SIDDONS, in her art;
E'en BOLLA ‖ ſhall forget to pleaſe,
With ſparkling eye, and playful eaſe;
And DIDELOT ſhall ſtart.

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§ PERE ELISEE. Conoſcente e Medico di Camera al Sereniſſimo Duca. "*Corpo dotato di Sanita.*" *Gli Zingari in Fiera.*

* The ſcene-painter at the Opera.

† The air of King Midas in the Burletta, "I'm given to underſtand that you 're all in a pother here," &c. &c &c.

‡ BANTI, *La Sovrana.*

‖ BOLLA, *La Vezzoſa.*

LEO,

LEO, enthron'd, bade QUERNO ſit;
And GIANNI's * verſe and regal wit
The CONSUL loves to ſhare;
PYE has the laurel and the ſack,
And C—MBE the fool's coat on his back,
But G—LL—W—Y NO CHAIR.

Yet though reduc'd by TAYLOR's pranks,
I ſit confounded *in the ranks*,
Good humour 's ſtill my own;
Still ſhall I breathe in rapt'rous trance,
"Eternal be the ſong, the dance,
THE OPERA AND THE THRONE!"

S. W. o ſia *Maſtro* SCEVOLA.

AN ALMANACK AN EXCELLENT TREATISE OF PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC.

[From the Univerſal Magazine.]

AS every ſeaſon has its appropriate charms which delight the taſte of connoiſſeurs in nature's grand and pleaſing works, ſo each ſeaſon is accompanied with a periodical return of certain circumſtances which would ſufficiently point it out, although we were even to forget the time of the year according to the calendar. Thus the approach of Chriſtmas is viſible in the metropolis by a more than uſual proportion of country couſins, who come up to ſpend that joyous ſeaſon with their London relations, and furniſh themſelves at the enſuing birth-day with faſhions for the remainder of the winter: this acceſſion of inhabitants is alſo attended by an extraordinary riſe in the price of poultry, notwithſtanding the arrival of innumerable turkies from the land of Norfolk; and other infallible ſigns of Chriſtmas are the frequent advertiſements, informing

* GIANNI, the Italian poet laureat to BONAPARTE, as QUERNO was to Pope LEO X.

ns where books of devotion and cookery are to be had "per dozen by thoſe who buy them to give away." But what generally gives full aſſurance that the year is about to take its leave, is the appearance of thoſe harbingers of the new one, commonly called almanacks, and which are a ſpecies of publications different from all other, in as much as they deal only in what *is to* happen, inſtead of retailing paſt events. On this account they are held in great eſtimation by all who wiſh to look a little before them, and prepare for the tranſactions of the year by a courſe of ſober meditation.

Stepping into my bookſeller's about the beginning of the year, he urged me much to become poſſeſſed of one of theſe books of prophecy, and having obligingly made me a preſent of one, I could do no leſs than accept, and promiſe to make uſe of it. Upon inſpecting it, I indeed found that my friend had not exaggerated in his character of it. It raiſes my opinion of the ingenuity of the preſent day very high, when I find that we have ſo many inſpired writers, in this wicked age, who are both able and willing to communicate the knowledge of future events at a price ſcarcely worth mentioning, and in a ſize ſo compact and fit for the pocket, that the meaneſt ſubject of this kingdom, who has a pocket, may carry about with him the motions of the heavenly bodies, and the fate of empires, for twelve months; and what is more, be able at the ſame price to renew his acquaintance with futurity every year as long as he lives.

The little publication which I was preſented with on this occaſion, purports to be written by Mr. Cardanus Rider, as he ſays, "for his country's benefit," and, ſtill to uſe his words, "is adorned with many delightful and uſeful verities fitting all capacities in the iſlands of Great Britain's monarchy." Who Mr. Cardanus Rider is, I have not been able to learn, but it is certain that he is very old, as he ſucceeded to the title of the *Britiſh Merlin* ſeveral centuries ago. Ambroſe Merlin

Merlin was a Britiſh writer, who flouriſhed toward the latter end of the fifth century, but of whom we know nothing, except that he came into the world not in the common way, and it is doubtful whether he ever went out of it in any way; for ſome ſuppoſe that he did not die, but was laid aſleep by magic, and was, after a long period, to awake and live again. Certain it is, he was a great prophet in his day, and all our yearly prophets may be conſidered as deſcended from him, and inheriting a portion of his talents. I moreover have diſcovered, that one Cardanus was an approved prophet about the beginning of the ſixteenth century, although William Lilly took upon him the excluſive direction of all public events during the laſt century, and only occaſionally mentions Cardan as an author of ſome reputation. There is a notable ſtory of one Cardan, that having propheſied that he ſhould die on a certain day, he ſtarved himſelf in order to be within the time, and to ſave his reputation. For this his memory ought undoubtedly to be held in honour, although he be not the kind of prophet that we ſhould wiſh to employ in the caſe of a *friend*. But I am running into a hiſtory of ancient prophets when I ought to confine myſelf to the ſubject before me. I ſhall, therefore, ſay no more concerning the author of the little book on my table, nor inquire whether this Cardanus be that Cardanus, or whether he be only a deſcendant of the ſame name.

What ſtrikes me as an objection to moſt of theſe annual books of prophecy is, that however valuable prophecy is in a blind world like the preſent, yet theſe works would be of more general utility if the inſpired writers would direct their foreſight to matters of a more general kind, more ſuited, for example, to the affairs and buſineſs of a great metropolis, and a faſhionable world. In the one before me, the prophecies are entirely confined to the weather, and the ſage counſels are divided between farming and phyſic. All this may

ſuit

ſuit the country very well, but of what uſe is it to the polite circles? But before I proceed to my plan of reform in theſe books, I ſhall beg leave to make a few remarks on the medical advice they afford, which I am afraid may be often miſunderſtood.

In the firſt month of the year we have the following advice: "Let not blood, and uſe no phyſic, unleſs there be neceſſity. Eat often, and avoid too much ſleep." The firſt part of this admonition, in my humble opinion, does not ſeem to agree well with the laſt. Certain it is, that no wiſe man will let blood, or uſe phyſic, unleſs there be neceſſity; but on the other hand, if he eats often, there may be danger of his creating a neceſſity, and it is what people are very apt to do in a month diſtinguiſhed for ſocial meetings. In February, I find the ſame caution againſt bleeding and phyſic "without abſolute neceſſity;" and a caution likewiſe againſt catching cold, which, by the by, I don't think more neceſſary in this month than any other.

In March, our phyſician grants a diſpenſation in the above articles, with the ſpirit of a Sangrado: and even in April he ſays, what he did not ſay before, that "it is now a good time to bleed and take phyſic," and we are likewiſe ordered to "abſtain from *much* wine and other ſtrong liquors;" an advice which I am ſorry to find given ſo late in the year as April: and I think he ought to have told "fat people," a little ſooner than May, "to avoid exceſs of liquors of any kind." Indeed, to prevent miſtakes, I would have this turned into a yearly precept, inſtead of a monthly one.

I paſs on to November, wherein we are told that "the beſt phyſic is good exerciſe, warm clothes, and wholeſome diet. But if any diſtemper afflict you, *finiſh* your *phyſic* this month, and *ſo reſt* till March." On this, I have only to obſerve that it ſeems equally applicable to all months in the year; for if a diſtemper

afflict any man, he will no doubt be desirous to *finish his physic*, though it is not quite so clear that he may be able to *rest* all the while from November to March.

However well these advices, with any alterations, may be calculated for the country, it is plain to every observer of the manners and dispositions of the age, that they are not quite so well contrived for the use of the metropolis. And this remark will apply likewise to the subjects of the prophecies contained in these little volumes. The weather, eclipses, and comets, are matters in which the fashionable world take so little concern, that it is to them a matter of indifference how they may be regulated. Of what use is it to a lady of Ton, who sends out cards for an assembly six weeks distant, to be told whether there will be "cold sleets, or snow," or whether there will be "fine warm weather?" Or how can a man of fashion be interested in the proper time of sowing beans and peas, or setting willows? I have scarcely less reason to complain of the articles with which our *calendars* are filled. Of what consequence is it to be told that such a day is Good Friday, and such a day Easter Sunday, when, in the case of many persons of distinction, all days are alike? Saints' days, indeed, may be retained, because, if observed at public offices, they may be useful in money-matters. But in all other respects, our calendars, in order to be useful to the polite world, ought to be filled with articles of a very different description; and as I can do nothing in this affair, without prophetical assistance, I have written this paper expressly for the purpose of addressing our modern astrologers on the plan of a new almanack, calculated entirely for the beau monde.

The prophetic part of the almanack, I would propose, should consist of the events that usually happen in the fashionable world, and principally engage their attention, and I find that I have the practice of the

astrologers

aſtrologers of the laſt century on my ſide, who gave the public ſome, at leaſt, of thoſe very articles I now contend for. I have before me at preſent, the "Ephemeris, or Diary for the year 1680, by John Gadbury, Student in Phyſic and Aſtrology," who dates from Brick Court, by the Dean's Yard, Weſtminſter. Anthony Wood informs us, that this John Gadbury was an apprentice to William Lilly (for the knowledge of futurity was then a regular trade, and a man might be bound an apprentice to a conjurer or a carpenter, according to the bent of his genius). Having ſerved his time, he ſet up for himſelf, and ſoon gained a very pretty *fortune* by telling the fortunes of other people. As a ſpecimen of his ſkill, and in which reſpect I wiſh our aſtrologers would follow him, my readers may take the following: January: "A great lady leaves this life for a better, having (like Queen Dido) ſcarce lived out half her days." April: "An eminent female perſonage meets a diſhonour, hard to be removed from the breaſts or belief of a cenſorious world." October: "A great ſtateſman meets his period, and is not much lamented." November: "We ſhall find ſundry briſk removes of many in public honour and office, as well in the law as in the church, and courts of princes: poſſibly occaſioned by the death or diſgrace of one or two great officers."

It is obvious that theſe are the matters into which the faſhionable world ſeek moſt earneſtly to pry. If we were, for example, to be told in the month of June or July of this year, "A great lady leaves this life for a better," what a pleaſing anxiety it would create, how many wiſe conjectures would be formed, and how many ſagacious gueſſers would be certain that they had fixed upon the identical perſon! Various diſpoſitions, indeed, would be variouſly employed. Some would be intent only on diſcovering who the great lady was, while others would be puzzling their brains to find out

what *world* a great lady would think *better* than the preſent. Then, were we to be told of the day and hour when "an eminent female perſonage was to meet with a diſhonour," how anxious ſhould we be to diſcover beforehand the parties concerned! and this probably would be much eaſier accompliſhed than in the former caſe, as there are many ſagacious foreſeers who can calculate the loſs of a reputation, yet who have ſeldom conſidered the loſs of life. I am not, indeed, an advocate for the obſcurity in which theſe prophecies are wrapt. To ſay that one great lady in a twelvemonth may go to a better world, and that only one female perſonage may meet with a diſhonour, is a random way of propheſying, little better than conjecture. On the other hand it may be ſaid, that if our prophets proceed a little farther, and give us the name of the party, they have it in their power to render the prophecy null and void. But I am not of this opinion, for I have obſerved that we pay a great reſpect to prophecy in every caſe but where we are ourſelves concerned, and I know not any two things which the faſhionable world are more convinced they can get the better of, than death and crim. con. nor any that comes upon them more ſpeedily, in ſpite of all warnings, "like a thief in the night."

But theſe more diſmal matters ought not entirely to fill our calendars. I would propoſe a total change in the preſent ſet of red-letter days, and in their room to be inſerted the weekly concerts, or card-parties "where all the world goes;" the commencement of the opera ſeaſon ſhould likewiſe be as accurately put down, as the law terms now are; and the arrival of a new dancer, or a new faſhion, ſhould be calculated to a day. Nor would I omit even the performance of a new play. Theſe might take place of the part now appropriated to eclipſes, things which, as merely pertaining to the ſun and moon, are of no conſequence to

perſons

perſons who paſs their lives principally by candlelight. Thus our prophets ought to announce: "There will be five tragedies this year: Feb. 5. Of Drury Lane, merit viſible half paſt 8 evening. March 16. Of ditto, viſible only one night, &c." and ſo of the others. April 1. "There will be a tranſit of comedy into pantomime, to begin at half paſt ſix in the evening, and end about twelve." Thus might be announced that happy conjunction of ſenſe and nonſenſe, which forms the major part of our dramatic pieces.

One very deſirable article of intelligence, when we had prophets whoſe aim was to pleaſe the public taſte, was ghoſts, and barbarous and bloody murders. Of theſe, as the ſame taſte has lately been revived in romances and plays, our conjurers might make a very happy ſelection in the gaming-houſes, and other reſorts of *mortal* fame. Perhaps, indeed, in this as in other caſes, they would rather gratify the curioſity of the public, than adminiſter admonition to the party; yet it is poſſible, that if, inſtead of telling a young man when "the ſun entered Aries," they were to inform him that he who enters a gaming-houſe has already nearly decided his fate, it might be an uſeful caution; and the ſame might follow, if, inſtead of enabling him to know the hour of the ſun riſing and ſetting every day in the year, they were to ſuggeſt that the moment he becomes attached to the pleaſures of the diſſipated, the ſun of his happineſs is ſet for ever. The ſame effects have followed the ſame cauſes for ſo many years, that it would require a very ſmall ſhare of conjurerſhip for every man to calculate his own fate, if he could be prevailed upon to beſtow *any* conſideration upon futurity. In the infancy of ſociety, or when particular follies are firſt introduced into the world, ſome who may in other matters lay claim to a conſiderable degree of wiſdom, are liable to be deceived; but in our age, where the effects of certain follies may be

calculated with almoſt as much certainty as a queſtion in arithmetic, and when the ſame effects, and the ſame cauſes, follow in a round as regularly as the events of an almanack, thoſe who eſcape the imputation of bad hearts, muſt not be affronted if in tender judgment we pronounce that they muſt have very weak heads, if they ruſh unappalled into the gulf of miſery, and know not the features of deſtruction when it ſtares them in the face.

HINTS FOR OLD BOYS.

[From the ſame.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I HAVE lately ſomewhere ſeen it remarked that it is *difficult to grow old*; and, indeed, if we look around us, and behold the juvenile pranks of elderly perſons, we ſhall at leaſt be convinced that if it is not difficult to grow old, it is very painful to acknowledge it. "To flouriſh in immortal youth," is a moſt pleaſing ſpeculation, and ſuch an exiſtence would by many be preferred to a Mahomet's paradiſe. Hence we ſee ſo many aping the tricks of young men, although oppoſed by all the debilities of age; dancing, although they have ſcarce breath ſufficient to aſcend a pair of ſtairs, and ſinging, although repeatedly interrupted by a cough.

But all this will not do.—A man may *ſwear off* from the approach of old age, or he may blot out the regiſter, in hopes to keep his acquaintances in the dark: yet all this availeth him not. Age has certain indelible marks which paint will but faintly cover, and want of ſtrength is what a man may imitate much better than he can put on the vigour of a Hercules, or the agility of a Veſtris. Still how difficult it is to allow all this!

How

How *ſhameful* to be obliged to confeſs that the days of health and ſtrength are paſt, that he who, charmed by his motions, muſt now be content to ſit ſtill, and he who could with impunity exceed in the pleaſures of the table, muſt be nouriſhed by broths, and ſupported by medicine!

It has been ſaid that life is ſweet. It would perhaps be more correct to ſay that youth is ſweet; for when that period is paſt, all wiſh to return to it. None have any pleaſure in contemplating what is to come, and all recollections are painful except thoſe of merriment, joviality, and gaiety. A retroſpect of the amuſements of youth continues to pleaſe in ſome degree in narration. The hare and the buck are again hunted down in a tedious ſtory; the watchman's head and lantern are again broke in an angry tone; and feats of gallantry are again performed in imagination.

Yet ſtill, all this is *but* imagination. We ſigh to think that ſuch things have been and will no more be, that we can no longer lead in a midnight frolic, no longer ſtorm a tavern, or ſpread diſmay among the guardians of the night, no longer be the munificent patrons of waiters and poſtboys, no longer be famed for being able to bear much wine, and be ſatisfied with little ſleep. All this is over; and our comforts centre in the arm-chair, the wrappings of flannel, and the blazing hearth. We hear the noiſe of joy and revelry without being able to partake of it; and when we do pluck up a little ſpirit, and try to mimic the ſtrength of former days, that one word, that little word *old*, damps all our merriment, and we ſink with ſhame upon our couch, as a confirmation that it has not been miſapplied in our caſe.

"When does a man grow old?" is a queſtion which has been often agitated, but never determined. It cannot, indeed, be determined in a general way. It would then operate as a ſentence upon all mankind

equally. The once beautiful, gay, and fashionable Flirtilla used to declare that a woman was not *fit to live* after forty, and that if she was so mean-spirited as to survive that age, she ought to be put out of her pain by others. Alas! Flirtilla passed this age ten years ago, and still lives, to exhibit a fine piece of ruins—ruins which we should prize if our taste in gallantry and in architecture were the same.

There are *old young* men, and there are *young old* men. Some at thirty are ancient in all their faculties, worn out with a variety of experiments to acquire a knowledge of the world, as it is called; trained up to be fine jolly fellows from their infancy; at fifteen are bucks of spirit; at twenty can carry off their three bottles a man; but at thirty die *in the seasoning!* leaving their fathers hale and hearty, and able to provide themselves with other heirs.

"Difficult to grow old!" said a friend of mine the other day—"why, that might have been the case formerly, but now it is the easiest thing in nature. Every boy and girl can grow old before one has time to learn that they are come into the world. All the difficulty is in getting them to confess it, and endeavouring to grow young again."

There are still some of the true old English breed left, who are called *Old Boys*, fellows who seem to defy the ravages of time, and find it amazingly difficult to grow old. The monkies are said to imitate all the actions of a man except speech. The *old boy* imitates no action unless in speech. If you believe him, he is the youngest, strongest, most clever and active fellow in the world. What is it he cannot do, or boast of doing? Yet all this you had best believe at once, for if you put him to the proof, it is odds but you will find he has been fighting his old battles over again, and that he is not the man he was forty summers ago.

It is very painful for an *old boy* to decay, and he leaves

leaves no means untried to keep up his *charter*, as he calls it. It is a confeſſion not to be wrung from him but with great agony, that he cannot drink ſo much as he did, that his appetite fails him, that he does not feel quite ſo ſtrong as he uſed to do, that he cannot leap on his horſe as he was wont, that he does not reſt o'nights, and, in ſhort, that *old age will come*. Theſe are acknowledgments of a very mortifying kind, and it is ſuppoſed moſt generally made in ſecret, or given *in confidence* to the phyſician.

A late writer obſerves of the following lines from Jane Shore,

> "My form, alas! has long forgot to pleaſe,
> The days of beauty and delight are o'er,"

that this bitter confeſſion proceeded from the ſex peculiarly framed to pride itſelf in beauty of form. But, he adds, acknowledgment of age is unpalatable even to man. This averſion is uſually imputed to vanity; yet it does not always proceed from vanity, but often from want of conſciouſneſs. The mind does not grow old by equal ſteps with the body. The ſpan of life is ſo ſhort, that to ſtrong memory and lively imagination every part of it may be ſaid to be preſent. The ſpirits of infancy, and the animated ſcenes of youth, ſeem but of yeſterday. The perſon who is now ſhoved off the ſtage, has in freſh remembrance his being conſidered as a child, recollects himſelf repreſſed and neglected by the ſenior part of the company, and cannot believe that in a ſpace to him apparently ſo ſhort, he can have occupied the place of thoſe who deſpiſed his youth; his ſpirits perhaps are good—his health not impaired, his ſoul is young, and he will not credit the decay of his body. Much ſtronger muſt the deception be with the ſofter ſex, whoſe reign of faſhion and admiration ſeldom exceeds the trifling period of ten years at moſt. The paſſage is too ſhort, the voyage too pleaſant, to let them

liſten to the pilot *Time*, announcing that the gale of adulation has ceaſed to blow, that the tide of pleaſure and admiration has ſubſided, and left the veſſel far on ſhore.

All this is very fine and very true. But here is the great ſecret—"The *mind* does not grow old by equal ſteps with the *body*;" and a want of attention to this is what, I am afraid, occaſions the great difficulty ſome perſons find in growing old. Becauſe the mind is in full power, they think the body muſt follow it. Becauſe they can *talk* great things, they think they can *do* great things. Alas! what can the mind do after the body begins to walk off? The mind may be a very pleaſant regiſter of paſt events (and I wiſh it were always a *pleaſant* regiſter of ſuch); but without its former able aſſiſtant, it can do no more. We may raiſe our voices, call aloud, utter terrible threats of terrible things; but what is all this when the legs are cafed in flannel, and the head ſhaken with the palſy?

Do you wiſh, gentle reader, to know when you grow old? Truſt to your feelings, and never think of what you have been, but what you are. So ſhall we again ſee a revival of old men and old women (at preſent, particularly the latter, very ſcarce articles), and no perſon ſhall pretend to be young and vigorous, who cannot back his pretenſions by health and ſtrength.

"When does a man grow old?" This queſtion will be perpetually recurring. I ſhall ſay but a few words to it. We all know to how many years men's lives in general extend—and we may obſerve how they *carry their age*, as it is called. Let us conſider *that* in the firſt place: and in the ſecond, let me inform you, my dear readers, that although there may be exceptions, as there are to all general rules, which nevertheleſs do not deſtroy thoſe rules, you may be pretty certain that if you are paſt *forty*, *you have turned the corner!*

I am yours, &c.

DEMI-SENEX.

PUNNING, A NATURAL DISCHARGE.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

IT is in vain that I endeavour to ſearch into the annals of kingdoms for the effects of *punning*. It does not appear to have been the inſtrument of revolutions; it has not added to the catalogue of wars; no king ever ruled the better or the worſe for the want of a pun; it contributed nothing to diſpel the darkneſs of the middle ages; it ſupported not the efforts of the firſt reformers; nor can it be truly ſaid that it has added to the genius, the taſte, or liberality of the moſt poliſhed times. Uſeleſs in all theſe reſpects, punning has feeble claims on public attention, and much cannot be expected from an elaborate diſcuſſion of the ſubject.

Yet among the ancients I can find a tendency to punning. When Plato heard an eminent citizen, one Leo *(lion)*, loud and immoderate in his clamours in the ſenate, he ſaid, "This is to be a lion indeed;" a pun not of the very beſt kind, for many better are to be found in the writings of the ancients, could any one be prevailed upon to overlook their taſte, their morality, their fine language, and only ſeek for their puns. Our own day and time, however, is moſt diſtinguiſhable for punning. I need not inform my readers that the laſt and preceding centuries have left us ſome famous punſters of all profeſſions, law, phyſic, and divinity. But the preſent century has the merit of having produced the greateſt punſter the world ever ſaw. Need I add his name? Every friend to punning muſt recollect his great patron, the Dean of St. Patrick's.

Other punſters *practiſed* the art only. Swift wrote upon it, and reduced it to a ſyſtem; he united profeſſion with practice, and no man ought to be deemed

a legitimate punſter who has not made himſelf maſter of the Dean's writings on this ſubject. One treatiſe I in particular recommend, wiſhing only he had given it another title: "God's Revenge againſt Punning. Showing the miſerable Fate of Perſons addicted to this crying Sin, in Court and Town;" and his "Rules for Punning," which are to be found in his Poſthumous Works. I have, indeed, long had an intention of improving on the former treatiſe, by giving to the world, in three or four volumes, "The Lives of eminent Punſters," having been perſonally acquainted with ſeveral of the moſt famous of the preſent time; but as ſome of their lives are not in any ſenſe finiſhed, I muſt poſtpone my intentions to ſome future period, and in the mean time content myſelf with collecting materials for this great biographical work. A ſhort ſketch of the contents of one of my lives will ſhow the plan. "Of A. B. a notorious punſter—Of his education, and how he punned at ſchool—Is ſent to the univerſity, and puns there—Takes a journey to London, and how he was introduced among the punſters of the inns of court—Viſits the continent, and learns to make puns in foreign languages—Of his death and dying puns, &c."

Although punning be ſo general that no ſex or profeſſion are free from it, yet we find there are ſome perſons ſo peculiarly formed by nature as to be incapable of giving or receiving a pun. Servants, generally ſpeaking, are not punſters; your very great men are above it; and your money-making men finding by calculation that a pun will fetch nothing, appear not to be ſuſceptible of punning. But on the other hand, we ſee many hundreds in whom punning is ſo natural, that we are inclined to think it ariſes from ſomething in the conſtitution. If I might be permitted from experience to advance a theory on this ſubject, I would venture, though at ſome riſk of reputation

tion in medical knowledge, to aſſert, that "punning is a natural diſcharge of a certain matter, which ſuddenly riſing and fermenting in the brain, would produce a diſorder were it not ſpeedily expelled." This is my theory of punning, and I think it may be confirmed by the following obſervations.

No man can keep in a *pun* without much uneaſineſs, and the head that is much oppreſſed with puns muſt have ſome vent. What would a lady in grief do if it were not for *tears?* The ſame uſe, I take it, is ſerved by punning. Indeed, a few nights ago, a lady of my acquaintance, very ſubject to puns, was ſuddenly ſeized with an excellent one; but not having an opportunity of diſcharging it, fell into hyſterics, as I thought; but ſhe candidly informed me that this was only the effect of a pent-up pun. I recommended ſome *Hollands*, but ſhe anſwered, "ſhe was not yet put to her *ſhifts*."

Many perſons ſuffer very much by endeavouring to ſtop natural diſcharges; and we know that when perſpiration is ſuddenly obſtructed by our coming out of a warm room into the cold air, the conſequences may be very dangerous. An obſtructed pun, if no relief be at hand, is likewiſe attended with very bad conſequences, for it is an affection ſo connected with the animal ſpirits, that thoſe perſons whoſe puns have been ſtopt, have frequently been dull, diſcontented, and ſtupid for a whole evening. Tom Quibble, an old friend of mine, and an incurable punſter, takes care to procure a free diſcharge for his puns, bawling them out ſo vociferouſly, and with ſo little attention to good manners, that he ſometimes gives offence; and a gentleman lately told him very reſpectfully, that it was the deſire of the company he "ſhould not *let* another pun that night." All this, however, ſhows that there is ſomething in punning, which, to ſay the leaſt, cannot be obſtructed without much difficulty.

Having

Having ſtated that punning is a natural diſcharge, it follows that where that diſcharge is too great, ſome remedy ſhould be taken to keep it within due bounds. But in this, I own, I have been diſappointed in every experiment. I have had ſeveral patients recommended to me in this diſorder, but, after long and repeated trials, have been obliged to diſmiſs them as incurable. Severe remedies are always improper, and it is a very difficult matter to get at the ſeat of the diſorder: nay, what is worſe, many think the diſorder a credit to them, and when that is the caſe, we cannot be ſurpriſed if they refuſe to hear of a remedy. But a diſcuſſion of the medicines proper for this diſeaſe would lead me into a wide field, and although it might procure me the approbation of the regular faculty, I am afraid that, with the parties affected, I ſhould have only the reputation of a quack.

C.

SWEARING, NOT A NATURAL DISCHARGE.

[From the ſame.]

MR. EDITOR,

ON parting with a few friends ſome evenings ago, one of them, who walked my way, obſerved, "I ſhould admire that young man much more, who entertained us to-night with his wit and vivacity, if he had not ſuch a *habit of ſwearing*."

Theſe words, which nearly cloſed our converſation for the night, threw me into a reverie or fit of thinking, on a habit ſo ſtrange as that of *ſwearing*, or interlarding every ſentence in converſation with certain expletives, which are too well known to require ſpecifying here; and this is not upon extraordinary emergencies, or burſts of paſſion, which ſome think may admit of a *little ſwearing* (although, perhaps, this

is

is a miſtake), but continually, on all occaſions, and as we may ſay, in cool blood.

A *habit* of ſwearing! It appears the moſt unaccountable of all our bad habits. It leads from nothing, and to nothing. How a man may learn to ſwear, may be probably determined by the company he keeps; but how it becomes a fixed habit, is a more difficult queſtion to anſwer, and that, becauſe we obſerve it in, otherwiſe, men of ſenſe and education. Aſk them why they uſe ſo many ſtrange oaths to eke out their converſation, and they will frankly confeſs it is an idle cuſtom. Aſk them to give it over, and they will, while you are preſent, put on ſome reſtraint, but return again, from the force of habit, to their original quantity.

Swearing, even when not a habit, is a very unaccountable thing. There is ſomething to be ſaid for every bad practice, but this. No man defends it—no man has written in its favour. Atheiſm, blaſphemy, drunkenneſs, and every ſpecies of profligacy, have had their open and avowed advocates among the pretended philoſophers of our day; but ſwearing has been left to ſtand or fall by its own ſtrength, and we find that it has ſtrength to ſupport itſelf againſt enemies of moſt potent charms, againſt common ſenſe and good manners; for it is to be found in all ranks of life, in poliſhed as well as the ruder circles; in brilliant aſſemblies as well as humble parties; in faſhionable ſquares as well as blind alleys. Yet ſtill, no one defends it; an eſſay in its favour would be a great curioſity, yet the genius of mankind has not yet been adequate to ſuch a work. How wonderful that a practice ſhould have ſo long ſubſiſted in full vigour, for which not a ſyllable of excuſe or vindication has ever appeared in print!

And here, by the by, is one of its ſingular characteriſtics. It can ſcarcely ever appear in *print*. The

few

few expreſſions uſed on the ſtage, as copied from real life, if printed, are printed with the cautious —— or ****, which uſed to be employed in ſeditious writings. No man has ventured to print an entire ſwearing ſcene, ſuch as may be often heard in houſes as well as in the ſtreets. Nay, what is more, I have never heard of any habitual ſwearer, who conveyed his oaths by poſt to his correſpondents. I have ſeen many letters from *gentlemen* of the above deſcription, but they were as pure from ſwearing as the circular charge of a biſhop. I almoſt wiſh they would ſwear a little with the pen; the *ſight* would probably evince the abſurdity which does not at preſent ſtrike in the way of *hearing*. I am perſuaded, that if one of our *round ſwearers* were to ſee half an hour of his converſation committed to paper, he would deny it, as the ravings of a bedlamite; or, at leaſt, he would be ſurpriſed how any man ſhould make uſe of ſo many words without any meaning.

In what I have ſaid of ſwearing on the ſtage, I may, perhaps, be in ſome meaſure liable to contradiction. I am aware, indeed, that of late more ſtage oaths than uſual have crept into print, but I have the opinion of the beſt critics on my ſide, that they ſhamefully deform the page, and are an inſult to the decency of the age: another inſtance in which *poor ſwearing* is miſerably deſerted and forſaken, having none to ſtand up in its defence, no not even they who are moſt addicted to it.

I have, indeed, heard ſome perſons aſſert, whether in jeſt or earneſt my readers muſt judge, that ſwearing is a *natural diſcharge*, and therefore to be regulated by the laws which we apply to bodily diſcharges in general. Now, it ſtruck me that this defence would not be admitted by the learned gentlemen of Warwick Lane; and upon application to one of them on this ſubject, he very freely gave me his opinion, which, as I paid no fee for it, I ſhall as freely communicate to my readers.

"Swear-

"Swearing," ſaid my learned friend Dr. *Periwigmenos*, "cannot be a natural diſcharge, becauſe it hath none of the characteriſtics of a natural diſcharge. Firſt, It is to be obſerved, that a natural diſcharge is for the promotion of health, but it never yet was known that ſwearing was beneficial to the health; nor can it be ſaid that ſwearers are ſtronger or ſtouter men than others, nor do ſwearers live to a greater age. An old man, indeed, may be heard to ſwear, as my old porter does, when he is obliged to get up in the night, but he is not old becauſe he ſwears. On the contrary, I ſuſpect that ſwearers are very liable to certain diſorders, as inflammations; and in their own language, they ſeem to confeſs that ſwearing is rather a *fit* than a natural diſcharge: now we know that *fits* are very unnatural things. Secondly, Swearing is not a natural diſcharge, becauſe it is violent and ungovernable. Who ever heard of a gentle ſwearing, as we ſay, a gentle perſpiration? Thirdly, It is eſſential to natural diſcharges, that they be regular; but no man has yet pretended to ſay that ſwearing is not the moſt irregular thing in the world, and the cauſe of much want of regularity in all who practiſe, or even who hear it. Fourthly, Moſt natural diſcharges are imperceptible and ſolitary; it would be very abſurd, therefore, to call ſwearing a natural diſcharge, becauſe it almoſt always requires the preſence of two perſons, at leaſt, to promote it; ſuch as a couple of *dear friends*, a maſter and his ſervant; or, in very ordinary caſes, even a man and his wife. If it *be* a natural diſcharge, in the name of decency, why affront a company with it? Let a temple be built, and dedicated, for this purpoſe in ſome ſolitary place, where the ears of delicate people may not be offended with ſuch copious diſcharges of oaths and curſes. But it is plain that this argument will not hold good. Then, fifthly, it is peculiar to natural diſcharges, that, if obſtructed, a

diſeaſe

diſeaſe comes on; if perſpiration, for example, is obſtructed, why, there are colds, and coughs, and fevers. But who ever heard of a man ſuffering by the obſtruction of ſwearing? They tell us, indeed, ſometimes, that when any conſtraint is upon them, as the preſence of a ſuperior, the inſide of a church, or even the ſight of a cudgel, they are ready to burſt: but there is no caſe on the records of medicine of any ſuch event taking place. No: a *pent-up* oath will never hurt any man; and if the ſource of ſwearing were to be dammed up (they like that word, it ſounds ſo like ſwearing), I will venture to ſay the parties will not ſuffer in their health, but, on the contrary, be better men, both in body and mind. I have only one more argument on this ſubject, and that is, ſixthly, That natural diſcharges are ſo called, becauſe they are common to all mankind; and in this reſpect, therefore, it is to be hoped, differ eſſentially from ſwearing, which is confined to a certain deſcription only of men, and is found among very few women, and thoſe of the lower order, with, perhaps, half a dozen exceptions, to be picked up at the faro-tables. Upon all theſe accounts, my good friend," added Dr. *Periwigmenos*, "you plainly ſee that they who would defend ſwearing upon the ground of being a natural diſcharge, underſtand very little of the ſubject they are talking about. Had the caſe been otherwiſe, the College would not have been ſo inattentive to the intereſts of mankind, and their own, as to have omitted a liſt of *anti-ſwearing* medicines in the laſt edition of the London Pharmacopœia. No; no. All the natural diſcharges have been ſettled long ago, and we have had too much plague with them to wiſh to add another to the collection."

I am, Sir, yours,

C. A.

THE

THE MISERABLE DOG.

[From the ſame.]

" What 's more *miſerable* than diſcontent?" SHAKSPEARE.

MR. EDITOR,

ALTHOUGH I have been many years a conſtant reader of your Magazine, I know not whether any of your correſpondents have ever given us the character of a *Moſt Miſerable Dog*, one of thoſe animals who, with an outward figure and appearance like other men, and a decent proportion of underſtanding, has, nevertheleſs, made war againſt the whole creation, and has in particular ſworn to be diſpleaſed at whatever happens, either on earth, ſea, or air. Perhaps your readers in remote parts of the country may not be aware that ſuch characters exiſt. The metropolis, indeed, is the only place where they exiſt in the higheſt perfection, becauſe, as it abounds more in perſons and events than any other place, it muſt conſequently afford the higheſt degree of gratification to him who is determined to find out the greateſt poſſible number of faults.

I am never ſurpriſed when I find that London is the favourite reſidence of all oddities. There is no place that affords them ſo much liberty and ſecurity, or where they can feed their various propenſities ſo cheaply; for whether they love or abhor company, they may be more at large or more ſecluded here than, perhaps, in any part of his Majeſty's dominions. But with reſpect to the character mentioned in the beginning of my letter, it is obvious that London is the only place for him. A man whoſe pleaſure is to find faults, muſt neceſſarily go where they moſt abound, as he who would purchaſe a very large ſtock of any commodity, muſt go to the moſt extenſive markets.

Although

Although I have frequently met with the claſs of *moſt miſerable dogs*, I cannot exactly ſay how numerous they are. Some appear much more perfect in the art of complaining than others, and therefore are a leſſer ſpecies. Some, for example, may think it enough to mutter and grumble about the affairs they are more immediately intereſted in, as their trade, the heavy taxes, and bad payments: but in general a *truly miſerable dog* does not ſtop here, but takes a wide range through all created objects; and if one day he is venting his ſpleen upon a foreign Gazette, you may perhaps the next find him inveighing againſt a north eaſt wind, or lamenting, in doleful dumps, that the ſun does not ſhine as it uſed to do in his young days, and that our moons have fallen off very much ſince he can remember.

With a character of this deſcription, the ſeaſons never fail to be in the wrong. If you watch his opinion for a whole year, you will not be able to catch a ſingle day that is made as it ought to be. He can always remember or ſuppoſe ſomething more agreeable and healthy. If you believe him, indeed, the weather is always in extremes. The ſun either does not ſhine at all, or it dazzles with an uncomfortable meridian brightneſs. The air is either too cold, or too hot, and conſequently never hits the happy medium. We have either perpetual drought, or a continued deluge of rain; and as to the winds, they appear to have loſt all ſenſe of conſtancy, and are more fickle and variable than ever were known *in his time*. Indeed the weather-glaſs and the weather-cock are perpetual ſources of miſery to him, and might long ago have felt the weight of his indignation, if he did not conſider them as harmleſs agents, and not guilty of any intention to offend him by their various changes.

If you take one of the *miſerable dogs* into the country, it is only to hear how much worſe every thing is there than

than in town; that it is ſo hot, there is no ſhelter from the parching ſun; while in town, when the fit is upon him, you are told we are moſt uncomfortably ſheltered from the leaſt breath of freſh air. In your journey, beſides, you will find that the inns are all bad, the bills exorbitant, the drivers of carriages inſolent, and not a gentleman's houſe on the road worth looking at; nay, the roads themſelves are impaſſable, and that for two reaſons, which one with another laſt him the whole year; either they are half filled with water, or ſo dry that the duſt is intolerable; and, in ſhort, nothing pleaſes *as in town*.

But when you come to town, and expreſs your ſatisfaction at any object, you will find, that is, he will tell you, how very inferior every thing is to the ſame thing in the country; that you are paying pounds for what you may have for ſhillings in the country; that every body impoſes on you; that you can't go a mile out of town without the danger of being robbed; nay, that you may be knocked on the head in the next ſtreet; that every perſon in a ſhop is ready to cheat you, and every boy you meet ready to pick your pocket; and that the whole is ſuch a ſink of iniquity as no man would live in, who knows the purity and primitive ſimplicity of a life *in the country*.

This may appear ſomewhat contradictory; but contradiction is ſo much the eſſence of the character I am deſcribing, that no *miſerable dog* could exiſt without being as much at variance with himſelf and his own opinions, as with thoſe of other people. There is no perſon, indeed, that a *truly miſerable dog* ſo frequently quarrels with as himſelf; and it would be a miracle, indeed, if you found one of the ſpecies agreeing with himſelf for two hours together. They *agree* in nothing but *difference*, as infidels are humorouſly ſaid to *believe* in all manner of *unbelief*. Whatever objects are preſented to them are wrong, whether they be

works

works of nature or art. Books, fields, buildings, gardens, meats, and drinks, are all worſe than they ought to be, and worſe than *a miſerable dog* has ever ſeen. But let me not, while I repeat the words ſo often, be thought to give them an uncivil name, for it comes from their own lips. Not one of them but exclaims when any *calamity* befalls him. When, for inſtance, a fowl is over-roaſted, or a banker ſtops; when inſects devour the vegetables, or a light guinea comes in his way; when the wind blows freſh, or the wine taſtes of the cork; when beef is at a ſhilling a pound, or no places to be had for the new play; when his child dies of the ſmall-pox, or his wife has taken a bad ſixpence; if he has no umbrella when it rains, or an uncouth preacher mounts the pulpit; if he be ſuddenly ſeized by a ſore throat, or a bailiff: in all theſe afflicting circumſtances and dreadful perils, his exclamation will be, "Sure I am the *moſt miſerable dog* alive!"

To ſuch a character as this, it will not be thought ſurpriſing, if politics ſhould afford many a rich repaſt of complaint. Indeed that ſcience, as it is very frequently ſtudied, gives great ſcope for diſcontent. Beſide other matters, we are always ſure of new taxes, and who does not love to complain of them? Nor will it be thought ſurpriſing, if one of the ſpecies of miſerable dogs ſhould generally be, on what is called the oppoſition ſide, not from any particular attachment to a particular ſet of men or of opinions, nor from any motives of a diſloyal kind, but merely becauſe the oppoſition ſide is that which is moſt watchful in making objections, finding faults, and preparing cenſures. Upon this account the miſerable dog-kind generally take part with oppoſition, not this or that party, but with the oppoſition for the time being. I at preſent know a character of this deſcription who ſupported the oppoſition throughout the whole American

can war, and never lived ſo happily, for that happened to be a continued ſeries of finding fault; but the moment his friends got into power he deſerted them, and has performed the ſame *conſtant* round of *inconſtancy* in the various changes ſince. Indeed to the *truly miſerable dog*, nothing can be more acceptable than the general tenour of oppoſition politics, or rather I ſhould ſay party politics, where the two parties mutually agree, and lay it down as a rule that neither can be right, or ſhall be right. Beſides, the *pleaſure* a man has in aſſerting every now and then that his country is ruined, muſt be a gratification of a very ſuperior kind, and peculiarly agreeable to *miſerable dogs*, either individually or collectively.

Although from theſe *traits* in the character of theſe *miſerable dogs*, it appears that they derive a pleaſure from complaint; it has not yet been determined among writers on the ſubject, of what kind that pleaſure is, nor has it been as yet ranked among the ſources of happineſs. Nevertheleſs, it muſt be admitted ſomehow or other into this claſs, for we cannot ſuppoſe any man poſſeſſed of common reaſon, who would perſiſt for a long time in any ſyſtem, directly contradictory to the general notion of happineſs, without finding in it a *ſomething* of comfort or ſatisfaction, which lies too deep for the penetration of others. This queſtion, therefore, muſt remain undetermined, unleſs ſome one of the fraternity will, in the manner of Rouſſeau, and others, publiſh his *Confeſſions*, and let us into the ſecret of being really happy by being apparently miſerable, moſt pleaſed when moſt diſcontented, and perfectly contented when every thing goes wrong. Such a diſcloſure of feelings would undoubtedly be a great curioſity in the hiſtory of the human mind; and if there happens to be, as I think there muſt, among your numerous readers, one *miſerable dog*, who reads this letter, he may be aſſured he will

gratify

gratify the public in no inconſiderable degree by explaining the principles of his ſyſtem. In the mean time, I ſhall conclude with their character, as depicted by another hand, under the name of *Screech-owls*.

The ſcreech-owls, ſays my author, ſeem to be ſettled in an opinion that the great buſineſs of life is to complain, and that they were born for no other purpoſe than to diſturb the happineſs of others, to leſſen the little comforts, and ſhorten the ſhort pleaſures of our condition, by painful remembrances of the paſt, or melancholy prognoſtics of the future: their only care is to cruſh the riſing hope, or damp the kindling tranſport, and allay the golden hours of gaiety with the hateful droſs of grief and ſuſpicion. To thoſe, whoſe weakneſs of ſpirits, or timidity of temper, ſubjects them to impreſſions from others, and who are apt to ſuffer by faſcination, and catch the contagion of miſery, it is extremely unhappy to live within the compaſs of a ſcreech-owl's voice; for it will often fill their ears in the hours of dejection, terrify them with apprehenſions, which their own thoughts would never have produced, and ſadden, by intruded ſorrows, the day which might have been paſſed in amuſements or in buſineſs; it will burden the heart with unneceſſary diſcontents, and weaken, for a time, that love of life, which is neceſſary to the vigorous proſecution of any undertaking.

I am, Sir, yours,

LUCIUS.

SPECIMENS OF THE KIND OF FAMILIAR HISTORY INTENDED FOR A NEWSPAPER.

[From the ſame.]

"BY our laſt advices from Knightſbridge, we hear that a horſe was clapped into the pound on the 3d inſt. and that he was not releaſed when the letters came away.

"We are informed from Pancras, that a dozen weddings were lately celebrated in the mother church of that place; but are referred to their next letters for the names of the parties concerned.

"Letters from Brompton adviſe, that the widow Blight had received ſeveral viſits from John Mildew, which affords great matter of ſpeculation in thoſe parts.

"By a fiſherman who lately touched at Hammerſmith, there is advice from Putney, that a certain perſon well known in that place is likely to loſe his election for churchwarden; but this being boat news, we cannot give entire credit to it.

"Letters from Paddington bring little more than that William Squeak, the ſow-gelder, paſſed through that place on the 5th inſtant.

"They adviſe from Fulham, that things remained there in the ſame ſtate they were. They had intelligence, juſt as the letters came away, of a tub of excellent ale, juſt ſet abroach at Parſon's Green; but this wanted confirmation."

Theſe ſpecimens, it is evident, though very ingenious, are not quite ſo minute in point of information, as the curioſity of the preſent day requires; and therefore, in what follows, we venture a more

cloſe imitation of modern newſpapers, eſpecially in the article of what they call *Bon Ton*, or Faſhionable Intelligence.

"Yeſterday, as his Majeſty was coming to town, the hat of one of the poſtillions was blown off; at which three of the horſe-guards laughed moſt immoderately.

"It is with great concern we inform the public, that Mr. Simon Softly, an eminent cork-cutter, lies dangerouſly ill of the gout at his country-ſeat near Gray's Inn Lane.

"A battle was fought yeſterday in Five-farthing Fields, between a chimney-ſweeper and an old-clotheſman of ſome diſtinction, which terminated in favour of the latter. There were ſeveral *amateurs* of the firſt rank preſent, as Lord ——, Colonel ——, the Hon. Mr. ——.

"Friday laſt, as Mr. Humphrey Tripping, a grocer of conſiderable property, was riding along the High Street, Iſlington, his horſe had the misfortune to loſe one of his ſhoes.

"The accompliſhed Miſs Amelia Wilhelmina Boggis, of Clerkenwell Cloſe, ſet off yeſterday for Brighton. The *ſea air* has been recommended, which for ſome weeks has been very ſenſibly felt on that coaſt.

"Yeſterday, as Mr. George Conundrum, of Moorgate, was converſing with ſome friends in his uſual way, he fell into a grievous miſtake, and was extricated with great difficulty.

"Wedneſday evening the following melancholy accident happened. As Mr. Thomas Belch, of Gun Dock, was returning home from the tavern, he was ſuddenly attacked by two bowls of rack punch, which deprived him of his ſenſes and recollection. He left a buſineſs and two apprentices to regret his loſs.

"Mr.

" Mr. Grubble has given his brother George the uſe of his horſe, while he remains at Margate.

" Advices from Limehouſe mention that a violent quarrel broke out between Mr. and Mrs. Tarpaulin, which was not got under when the poſt came away.

" The overſeer of St. Bartholomew's pariſh came to town laſt night. He immediately went to the Cat and Fiddle, and was waited upon by the landlord. We hope to be able to lay before our readers in a few days the real object of his journey to Iſleworth.

" An intelligent correſpondent informs us, that the clerk of St. John's has given orders for a new Bible and Prayer-book for the church, but in rough calf, and not in morocco, as aſſerted in an evening paper.

" Mr. Simpkins is about to repair his houſe in Lant Street. The nightmen were there on Friday and Saturday.

" Mrs. Dingley and family are at Ramſgate: they return by the hoy. There is an evident deſign in keeping the public ignorant of the cauſe of this extraordinary meaſure.

" Mr. Sapſcull and Mr. Henry Blink are ſtewards for the next anniverſary of the Odd Fellows.

" The hoſpitality and condeſcenſion of Mrs. Truby and her beautiful daughters, are much talked of in Bermondſey Street.

" Captain Stout, late of the Train Bands, has taken a ſnug box next the turnpike, Iſlington. It is that with the brown door, oppoſite the public houſe.

" Mr. Grantley has come to his new houſe in Roſamond's Row. He has ſold his ſhare in the ſhop at Norton Falgate, which occaſioned a good deal of ſpeculation.

" George Wigley, Eſq. we are ſorry to find, leaves the ſnuff-ſhop in Barbican, the air not agreeing with his health.

"Bartholomew-fair yeſterday boaſted of much faſhion—Mr. and Mrs. Biſhop, Mrs. Boggle, the widow Brady, and her daughters, the two Miſs Jones', with a long &c. of faſhionable names."

After this ſpecimen, we ſhould, perhaps, be blamed for leaving our work half finiſhed, if we omitted propoſing ſome alterations of novelties in the way of advertiſements. We therefore ſubjoin a few ſpecimens of theſe.

"WASHBALL and COMPANY reſpectfully inform the public, that they have juſt imported a large quantity of the true, genuine, celeſtial waſh, for the face and neck. It converts the greateſt uglineſs into the greateſt beauty, and not only removes all freckles, but ſmooths the face, removes ſquinting, and the pernicious effects of a wry noſe, as can be atteſted by many ladies of diſtinction. Price, in bottles, one guinea each, ſtamp included.

"BATHING.—Bathing being ſo healthy and uſeful, at this ſeaſon of the year particularly, Meſſrs. Iriſh and Company beg leave to recommend their yard-ſquare towels, which have been ſo long approved by the public, as much ſmoother, and better for wiping the body than any other. May be had in any quantity fit for immediate uſe.

"TO THE CLERGY.—A valuable living to be diſpoſed of, in a fine ſporting country, within a hundred miles of London. The duty may be done for 20*l.* a year. None but men of principle will be dealt with.—N.B. The uſe of a pack of hounds in the ſeaſon.

"TO THE CURIOUS.—To be ſeen, at the ſign of the Loggerheads, Stepney Cauſeway, an extraordinary child, that has two heads, four arms, four legs, and every thing elſe in proportion. It is two years old, and

and can feed itſelf. Admittance, one ſhilling. Children and ſervants, half price.—N. B. Stay will be ſhort.

"To BE SEEN. At the great room, corner of Sweeting's Alley, Threadneedle Street, a large and curious aſſortment of wild beaſts, many of which have come from Germany, Holland, Italy, and other foreign parts. Some remarkable bears, and ſome Engliſh bulls of an uncommon breed. Alſo ſeveral ducks which have the ſingular property to be *lame*, and waddle in a very peculiar manner. To be ſeen from ten to three in the afternoon.

"HERCULANEUM, BIRMINGHAM.—Meſſrs. Humbug and Company, agents for the Herculaneum at Birmingham, have juſt received a large cargo of real antiques, manufactured at that place, and preferable to thoſe which are town-made, conſiſting of Othos, Galbas, Neros, Cleopatras, and Mark Antony's. At the above place, antiques repaired, and coins defaced agreeable to hiſtory. Gentlemen ſending their own patterns, may have antiques made accordingly. Several new Queen Anne's farthings, and Roman pennies.

"NOTICE.—If A. B. does not remove the child he left at the widow Wiſhfort's lodgings, nine months ago, it will be ſold to defray expenſes.—N. B. This not to be repeated.

"BIRTHS.—The lady of Mr. Solomon Squirt, apothecary, of a ſon and heir.—Miſs Matilda Mop, only maid to Mr. Twigg, of Little Britain, of a daughter.—Lady Dunſtan, of a fine boy.

"MARRIAGES.—Mr. Deputy Grizzle, to Miſs Anne Maria Skeggs, of Norton Falgate, an amiable lady, with a handſome fortune.—Mr. Napper Brian, of Duck Lane, to Miſs Sarah Matilda Auguſta Jenkins, of the ſame place.—Walter Morgan, Eſq. of

Liquorpond Street, to Miſs Eſtifania Amelia Hogsfleſh, of Melancholy Walk.

"DEATHS.—George Griſkin, Eſq. of Newgate Market, many years an eminent dealer in pork.—Thurſday, after eating a hearty dinner, John Bullhead, Eſq. common-councilman, undertaker, and major of the Train Bands. He was in perfect health but a minute before, and had drunk the firſt toaſt in a bumper.—This morning, at his country ſeat near Goſwell Street, Mr. Ephraim Muzzy, a great and eminent horſe-ſhoe maker, and many years a member under the Cauliflower. The buſineſs will be carried on as uſual, by his diſconſolate widow.—Yeſterday evening, univerſally lamented, in the ſixty-third year of his age, Mr. William Melt, one of the principal tallow-chandlers of Shoe Lane.—Same day, Mr. John Ketch, chief aſſiſtant at the Court of Seſſions, held at the Old Bailey. He was an affectionate father, a faithful huſband, and a *tender friend.*"

OLIVER QUIDNUNC.

EPIGRAMS.

Miſerum eſt alienæ incumbere famæ. JUV.

"MY *anceſtors* acquir'd a name
That brilliant decks the roll of Fame:
Laurels in war my *grandſire* won;
My *father* in the Senate ſhone;
My ——" "Stop, Sir:—ſay what *you* have done!"
"Done!—all their honours I inherit!"
"True, great Sir: *all*—except their MERIT!"

Interdum

Interdum vulgus rectum vidit. HOR.

PATRICIUS cried—"While you've exiſtence,
Keep, ſon, *Plebeians* at a diſtance!"
This ſpeech a *Butcher* overheard,
And quick replied—"I wiſh, my Lord,
You'd thus adviſ'd, before your ſon
So deeply in my debt had run!"

ON THE UNPRECEDENTED INCREASE OF PEERAGES UNDER THE PRESENT PREMIER.

SAYS the firſt WILLIAM PITT, with his wonted emotion,
"The Peers are no more than a drop in the Ocean;"
But ſo far from this point his ſucceſſor now veers,
That himſelf 's but a drop in an Ocean of Peers.

JOHN BULL'S COURTSHIP OF MISS ERIN.

[From the Morning Chronicle.]

MR. EDITOR,

IN your paper I obſerve a paragraph informing us, that "Mr. Bull is about to rebuild his houſe for the reception of his *Iriſh Bride* *." The public are, no doubt, obliged to you for this piece of intelligence; but you muſt give me leave to ſay that you have been hitherto ſomewhat remiſs in furniſhing the tea-tables with anecdotes and particulars relative to this marriage. As, however, I am convinced that your attention to the *faſhionable* part of the Morning Chronicle is not

* New buildings for the meetings of Parliament began at this time to be talked of. EDIT.

diminiſhed,

diminiſhed, I ſhall ſupply you with ſome *items* from undoubted authority, with which you may gratify the curioſity of your readers during the ſhort period of courtſhip which remains. Marriages ever ſo prepoſterous afford but "a nine days' wonder." Goſſips, therefore, muſt be deſirous to fill up thoſe nine days as well as they can.

That the whole affair is one of the moſt extraordinary of the kind, appears even in the preſent ſtage of the buſineſs. What it will be when the parties come together, I ſhall not gueſs. It is not for me to profane the chaſte myſteries of Hymen. Truth, however, obliges me to ſay, that Mr. Bull's mode of *courtſhip* is ſo ſingular, that I am perſuaded the whole annals of love exhibit nothing like it. Juſtly may we ſay with the poet—

> "Was ever woman in ſuch humour woo'd?
> Was ever woman in ſuch humour won?"

Mr. Bull's attachment began to be ſuſpected many years ago by the Lady, who was nowiſe inclined to encourage it. About the year 1782, juſt after ſhe was recovered from a *ſcarlet* fever, John appears to have paid his addreſſes; but ſhe was ſo decidedly againſt the match, that he conſented to withdraw his pretenſions, and ſhe conſidered this as a *final ſettlement*; and John himſelf (if we may believe ſome people who were ſervants in his houſe at that time) conſidered it in the ſame light, and, perhaps, thought he had conquered his attachment. It returned, however, ſome time ago, and with increaſed *violence*; which you will not be ſurpriſed at, if what he ſays be true, that *jealouſy* was added to his former love, and that the appearance of a *French ſuitor* awakened all his hopes and fears.

John, therefore, again made a declaration of his paſſion; and this conſtitutes the moſt extraordinary part

part of the buſineſs. It might be ſuppoſed that a lover, whoſe paſſion was heightened by the appearance of a rival, would have urged his ſuit with all the trembling and tender reſpect preſcribed by the laws of Cupid; that he would have wept, knelt, adored, ſighed, and offered to hang himſelf; that he would have talked of charms, graces, darts, and flames. No ſuch thing: *flames* there were, indeed, and not altogether of the *metaphorical* kind; and there was a ſpecies of *demi-hanging*; but John began with calling his ſweetheart all the bad names he could think of; and, although but a few minutes before he would have turned any ſervant out of doors that dared to wag his tongue againſt her, he now gave them an unlimited privilege to abuſe her in any way they thought proper. One ſaid that John's attachment to her was like that of a man who had a wolf by the ears, and could neither keep his hold nor let go. Another ſaid ſhe was a drunken, ill-bred, thriftleſs trull. A third——but it would be endleſs to recount all the abuſive things ſaid of her. I muſt, however, mention, as the finiſhing of all, that ſhe had not only carried on a correſpondence with the French rival above mentioned, but that the fellow had actually got acceſs to, and ſlept in her houſe for ſeveral days, notwithſtanding John had employed a number of ſervants to drive him away. This latter affair is, indeed, I am afraid, *no ſtory:* it is certain that the French Gentleman did land; and why he was not ſent about his buſineſs ſooner, is either a paradox, or we muſt explain it by ſuppoſing that ſhe had a ſecret preference for him. Another objection raiſed againſt her is, that ſhe was utterly incapable of managing her own affairs, and that, upon the whole, her character was ſo bad, that it could be mended only by John's making "an honeſt woman" of her.

Nor was the Lady's *moral* character the only *defect* which John converted into a *pretence*; even her perſon

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was attacked: ſhe was ſaid to be liable to *inflammatory* diſorders and *breakings out*, which, humanly ſpeaking, might be as much her misfortune as her fault; and it was finally alleged, as the beſt of all poſſible pleas for marriage, that ſhe had been lately afflicted with the *green* ſickneſs. And to all theſe diſorders of body and mind, it was not unfrequently hinted that ſhe was much *more* of a Papiſt than of a Proteſtant; and that it was abſolutely neceſſary John ſhould marry her, becauſe he had an *infallible* knack at curing that as well as other damnable hereſies.

After this deſcription, which I have had at various times from John's own mouth, your readers may juſtly ſuppoſe that none but a fool would take a woman of this kind to his arms. Yet John is, upon the *main*, no fool; and he ſays, whatever we may think of it, that he knows what he is about. I ſhall not give my *full* opinion on the ſubject; but I muſt ſay that in all this abuſe of his *intended*, I perceive ſomething of *cunning*, though not much ſuperior to a cuſtom which I am told certain country clowns have of *ſpitting in their porridge*, that no intruder may put his ſpoon in. And likewiſe, I perceive that the affair ſmacks not a little of thoſe Smithfield bargains, where the inclinations of the parties are leſs conſulted than their fortunes. Now, John is always harping upon the contiguity of his bride's eſtate: they lie, he ſays, ſo ſnug together; although this ſnugneſs is interrupted by a piece of water ſo large that all the ſtones on his eſtate would not ſuffice to build a bridge over it.

On the part of the Lady I have only to ſay, by way of information, that ſhe is neither ſo good nor ſo bad as has been repreſented: the worſt I can affirm with certainty is, that her *education* was very much neglected, and that John will find her a very uncouth companion, unleſs he provides able tutors for her; not mere men of diſcipline—men who would *flog* their ſcholars

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in a *public ſtreet*, to make them confeſs robbing an orchard, but men of ſenſe and humanity as well as knowledge. I muſt remark likewiſe, that her repugnance to this match, although, perhaps, not ſo great as formerly, is yet too much ſo for the mutual raptures of the honey moon. John has got over moſt of her ſervants (and we all know the power of ſervants over the wiſeſt of miſtreſſes), and he has made large promiſes to others; to ſome he promiſes to continue them in their *places*, and to others to get them better places on his own eſtate.

But allowance muſt be made for a woman's fears. As John affects to know a great deal of his bride, ſhe likewiſe pretends to know ſomething of *him*; and among other objections, twits him with having married a former wife, a *Scotch girl*, who has gained the aſcendancy over him ſo far, that he has ſcarcely any thing but Scotch ſervants about him. To this John replies, that the Scotch woman has long ago been dead in law, that it is true he has a numerous progeny by her, to whom he has been very kind, becauſe they were the quieteſt and moſt comfortable family any man ever had; and he adds—"If your children behave as well, they will be as well treated." This brings on an altercation and very high words, all ending in a *diviſion*, in which John ſhows his ſuperior ſtrength.

In the mean time, the marriage articles were drawn up, and have been peruſed and reperuſed again and again; and the Lady, over-perſuaded by her ſervants, has been obliged to ſubmit, though ſome think with a very bad grace. To ſhow a little ſpirit, however, ſhe pretends to haggle about pin-money, her allowance of linen, pork, and butter, and ſome trifling articles of houſekeeping. The bans have been proclaimed in *her* pariſh-church, and the wedding, it is expected, will be ſoon celebrated. What happineſs may be expected from a match begun under ſuch inauſpicious circumſtances,

ſtances, is not for me to conjecture. It is certain that John has been open and candid even to an extreme. He has not gained his wife by any of the uſual flatteries that are poured into the ears of women by gay ſeducers. He may have a ſecret hankering after her dirty acres, but, as already proved, he has not complimented her beauty or her virtues. If we judge from common experience, he muſt remind every perſon of the old ſong,

"There lived a man in Ballinocrazy,
Who wanted a *wife* to make him *unaiſy*, &c."

John is not ſo young as he was *forty* ſummers ago; and although in *that time* he has buried *thirteen children*, he has as numerous a family as can well be provided for *under one roof*, beſides ſome *by-blows* abroad, which coſt him no little expenſe and care to maintain. However, there is no accounting for love, eſpecially in elderly gentlemen.

ONE IN THE SECRET.

FINIS.

S. GOSNELL, Printer,
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